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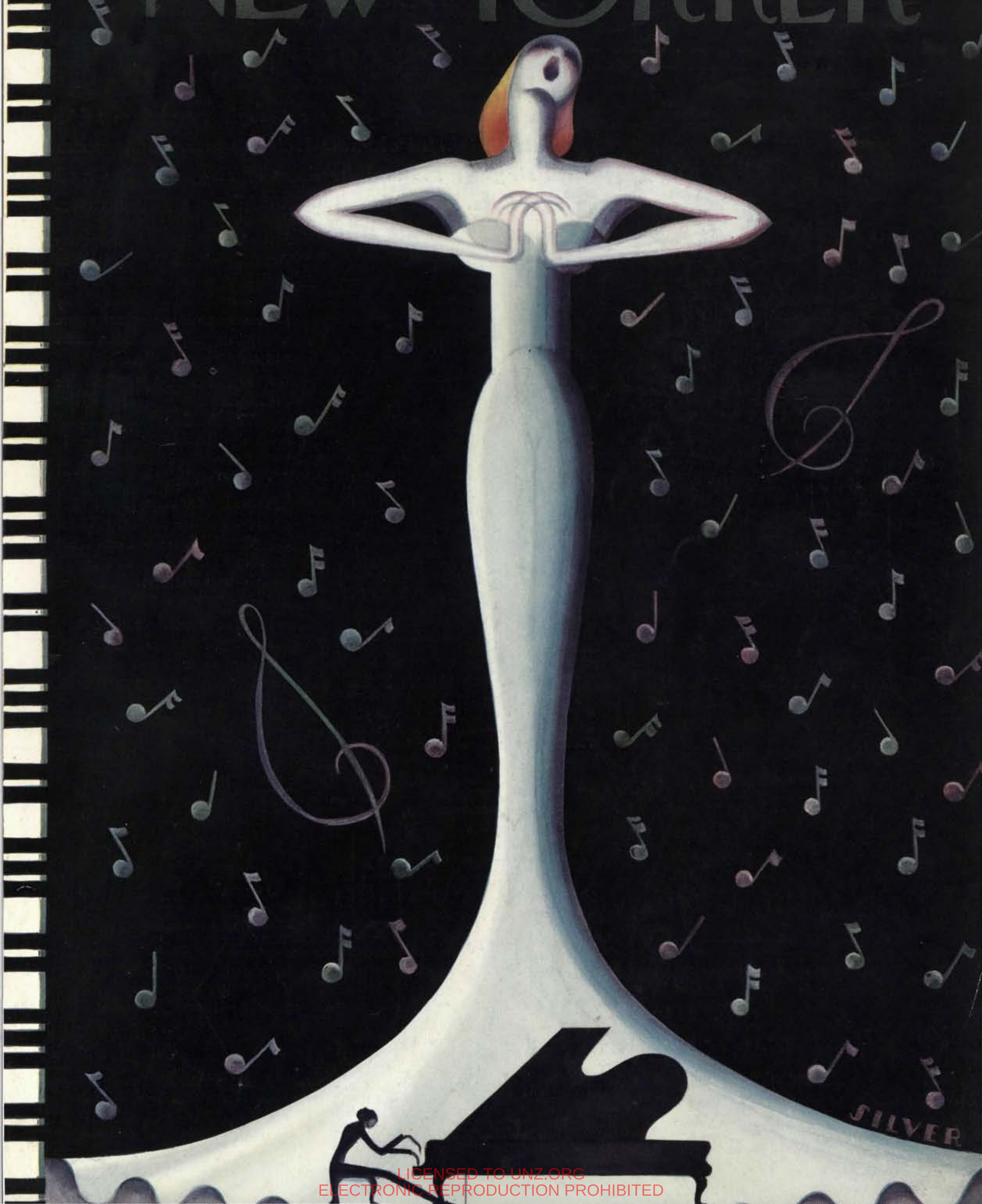
THE NEW YORKER



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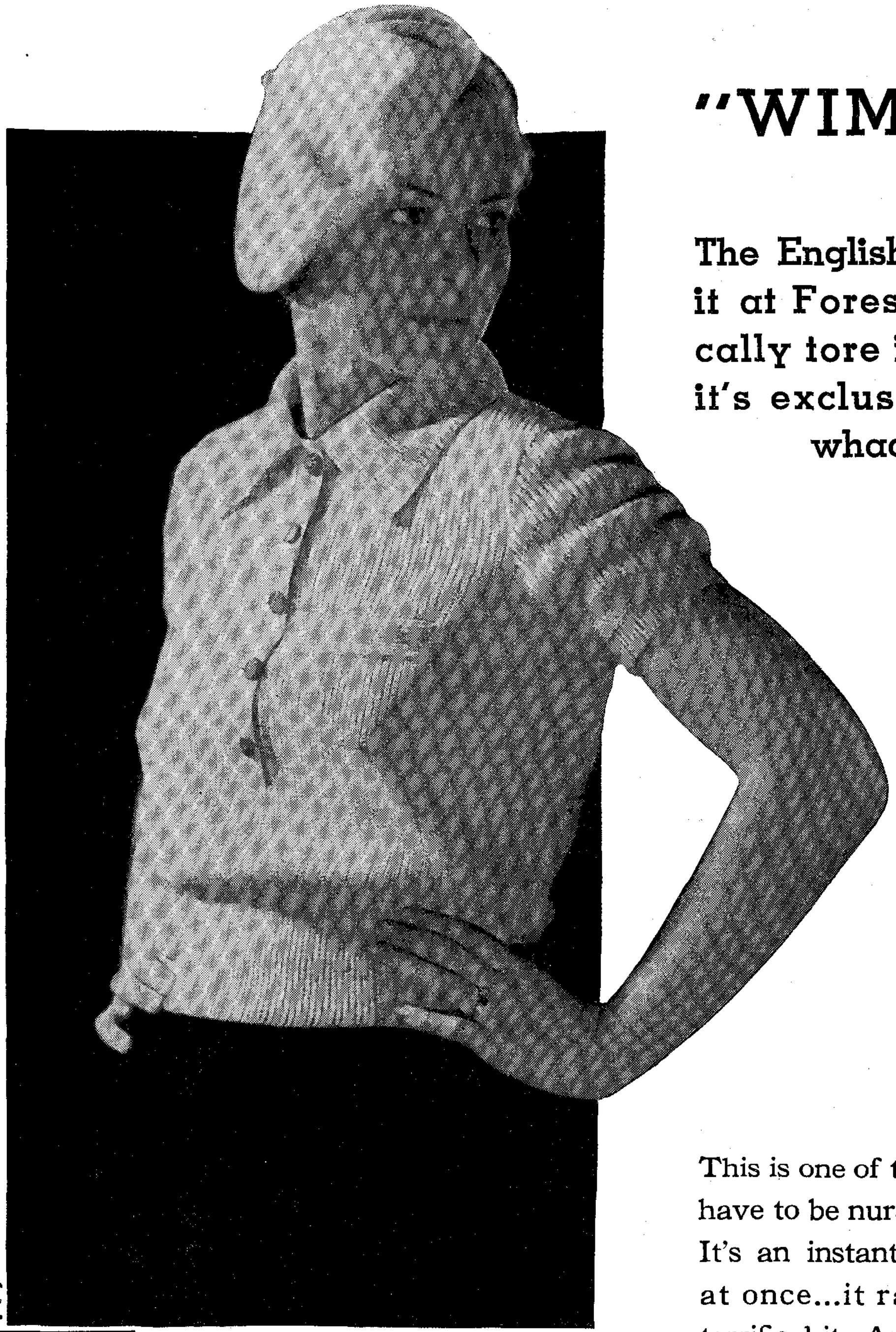

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NOTE: Madame Helena Rubinstein has just returned from Paris to personally introduce her new Hormone preparations for the regeneration of skin youth. She extends a cordial welcome to you to visit her in her New York Salon where she will be happy to advise you personally.

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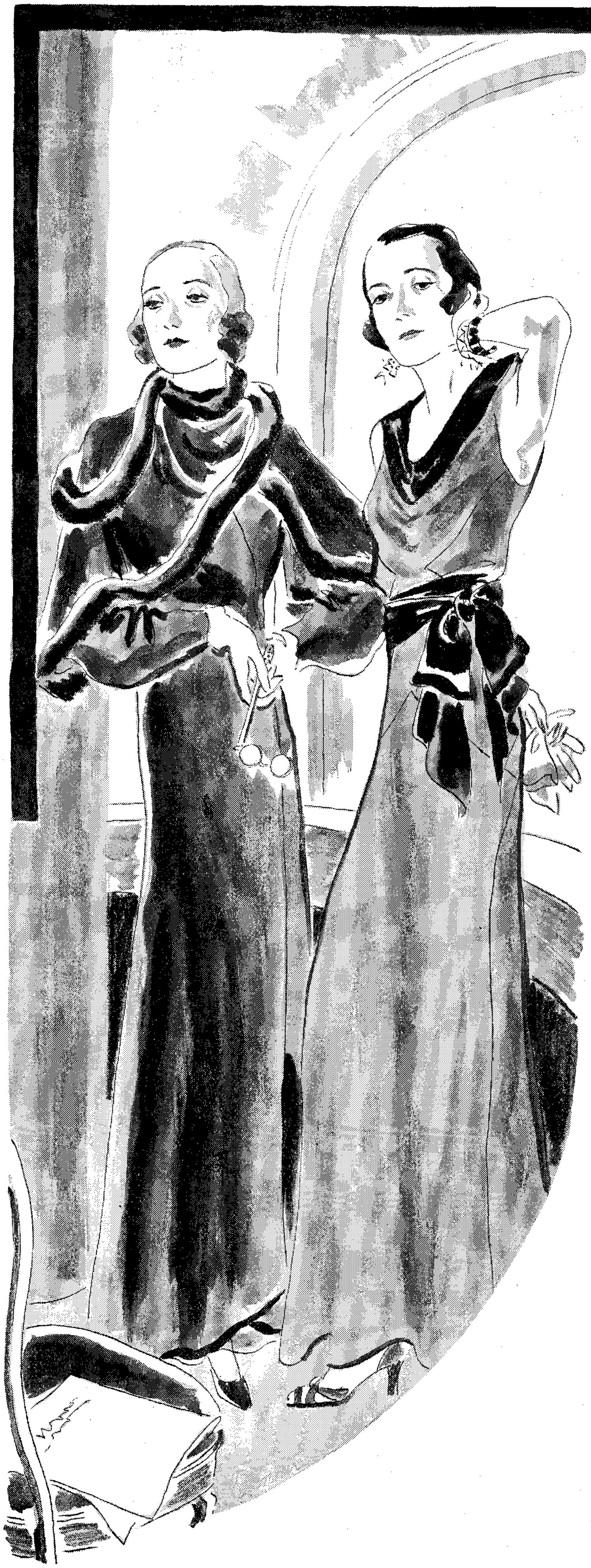
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VII, No. 36, October 24, 1931. Entered as second class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



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A SUMPTUOUS wrap, a chic and striking gown—"elegant" is the first adjective you think of when you see them. And for once the word is correctly used, although it does not mean the lavish expenditure it once meant. Maggy Rouff designed the new long wrap, of velvet with kolinsky; and Macy's has it in black, wine, green, and brown. Vionnet's crepe dress, with the wider shoulder line of the season, comes in red, emerald green, and blue, with black satin sash and collar. The wrap, $139.00; the dress, $54.75.

THE LITTLE SHOP

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34th Street and Broadway, New York

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cloudy with Showers—A schoolgirl brings her professor to a knowledge of the Facts of Life and learns a lesson or two herself. Funny in spots. Thomas Mitchell joined with Floyd Dell in writing it and helps make it go by his acting. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

The Father—A bit grim, but one of the few real pieces of theatre in town. Robert Loraine goes crazy in it, but he goes crazy like an artist. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The Good Companions—Awfully, awfully good-natured and British, but disarmingly simple in its A B C story of a group of vagabond players all out for a good time. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Grand Hotel—Thirty-six hours in the very full lives of eight or ten hotel guests, making one of the most interesting of last season's plays. An excellent cast includes Eugénie Leontovich, Albert Van Dekker, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe. (National, 41, W.)

He—This initial offering of the Theatre Guild had, at any rate, the first indication of mature playwriting of the new season. It is from the French of Alfred Savoir and deals with a man who thought himself God. Last two days. (Guild, 52, W. Closes Sat., Oct. 24.)

The House of Connelly—Unless you can't bear any more of the old Sooth (as a great many people can't), this story of the disintegration of an old family is about as good as you can find. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Lean Harvest—Leslie Banks in a drama about making money at the expense of happiness. Something you have heard before, but rather better done in this instance. (Forrest, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The Left Bank—Very amusing if you happen to know your Left Bank. If you don't, you may be interested to hear how a couple worked out the problem of Paris-New York allegiance. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M.)

Payment Deferred—The best murder story (not mystery) in town, and definitely the best acting, on the part of Mr. Charles Laughton. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

The Streets of New York—An old-fashioned play kidded by a superior company that includes Dorothy Gish, Rollo Peters, Romney Brent, Moffat Johnston, and Fania Marinoff. (48th Street, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Notes—The Fortune Players' presentation of Farquhar's "The Recruiting Officer" will be repeated Sat. Aft. and Eve., Oct. 24. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12.). . . . Matinée performances of Paul Raynal's "The Unknown Warrior," with Maurice Browne and Rosalinde Fuller, will be given Fri., Mon., and Tues., Oct. 23, 26, and 27. (Morosco, 45, W.)

WITH MUSIC

The Band Wagon—Generally considered the prize exhibition of the year, what with Fred and Adele Astaire, Frank Morgan, Tilly Losch, Helen Broderick, and everything else. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

The Cat and the Fiddle—A beautiful score by Jerome Kern, set in a tasteful production, with a book which is just a wee bit dull. Georges Metaxa, Bettina Hall, Eddie Foy, Jr., Lawrence Grossmith, and Odette Myrtil. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Civic Light Opera Company—"The Pirates of Penzance," with Howard Marsh, Frank Moulan, William Danforth, Herbert Waterous, and Vivian Hart, will continue through Sat., Oct. 24 only. "The Mikado" will again be the bill for one week starting Mon. Oct. 26. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

George White's Scandals—A good all-around show, nothing extra, but certainly nothing bad. Ethel Merman, Willie and Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, Rudy Vallée, and Ray Bolger. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31.]

Singin' the Blues—The best of the Harlem melodramas unless you happen to be sick of Harlem melodramas. (Liberty, 42, W.)

Ziegfeld Follies of 1931—Aside from the music, this is one of Mr. Ziegfeld's best, which, even in these days of super-revues, is saying a lot. Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Jack Pearl, Ruth Etting, and Hal LeRoy. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

●

Vaudeville—James Barton will be at the Palace Fri., Oct. 23. Bert Lahr will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Oct. 24. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.). . . . Joe Frisco, Louise Groody, and Neville Fleeson are in the current "Varieties." (Broadway, B'way at 53. Performances start about 1:30, 4:15, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.)

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For Children—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Little Black Sambo": Sat. Morn., Oct. 24, at 10:30. (McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, B'way at 116.) . . . The Charlotte Lund Opera Company in "Hansel and Gretel:" Sat. Morn., Oct. 31, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

The Roof—John Galsworthy's play, with Henry Hull, Charlotte Granville, and Selena Royle. Opens Sat., Oct. 24. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M.)

East Wind—An operetta, music by Sigmund Romberg, with J. Harold Murray, Charlotte Lansing, Joe Penner, and Greek Evans. Opens Mon., Oct. 26. (Manhattan, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—The Eugene O'Neill trilogy, consisting of "Homecoming," "The Hunted," and "The Haunted," with Alla Nazimova, Alice Brady, Earle Larimore, and Lee Baker. Opens Mon., Oct. 26, at 4 P.M.; subsequent daily performances will start at 5 P.M.; time out for dinner between the first and second plays. (Guild, 52, W.)

Here Goes the Bride—Peter Arno's musical comedy, with Clark and McCullough heading the cast. Opens Tues., Oct. 27. (46th Street, 46, W. 8:30 P.M.)

The following productions were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Chauve-Souris—Balieff's new show. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:45 P.M.)

The Sex Fable—A comedy from the French of Édouard Bourdet, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Ronald Squire, and Helen Haye. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:15 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Wonder Boy—Jed Harris' production of a satirical comedy by Ed Chodorov and Arthur Barton. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:40 P.M.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—With Morton Downey's singing as the main attraction. Also, dancing by Veloz and Yolanda, and music by Eddy Duchin's orchestra.*

Club El Patio, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-5575)—Emil Coleman's orchestra playing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Entertainment by Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux. Must dress.

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 5-1547)—Recently reopened, with funny songs by Douglas Byng from London, dances by Medrano and Donna, and Irving Gitlin's orchestra. Must dress.

Empire Room, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Joe Moss and his orchestra play for supper dancing. Must dress.

The New Lido, 240 W. 52 (Columbus 5-2806)—Where Helen Morgan, Chick Endor and Charlie Farrell, and Henry King's orchestra provide the entertainment.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Undersea decorations and Vincent Lopez music. Dances by Caperton and Biddle. Must dress.

Broadway Atmosphere—Two places that have elaborate revues, noisy Broadway crowds, and no cover charge: Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7580); and Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

Harlem—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-7767), with Cab Calloway's band and a new revue; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630), with a show called "Hot Harlem," are two of the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go late.

Greenwich Village—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), has an uptown clientele, a

(Continued on page 6)

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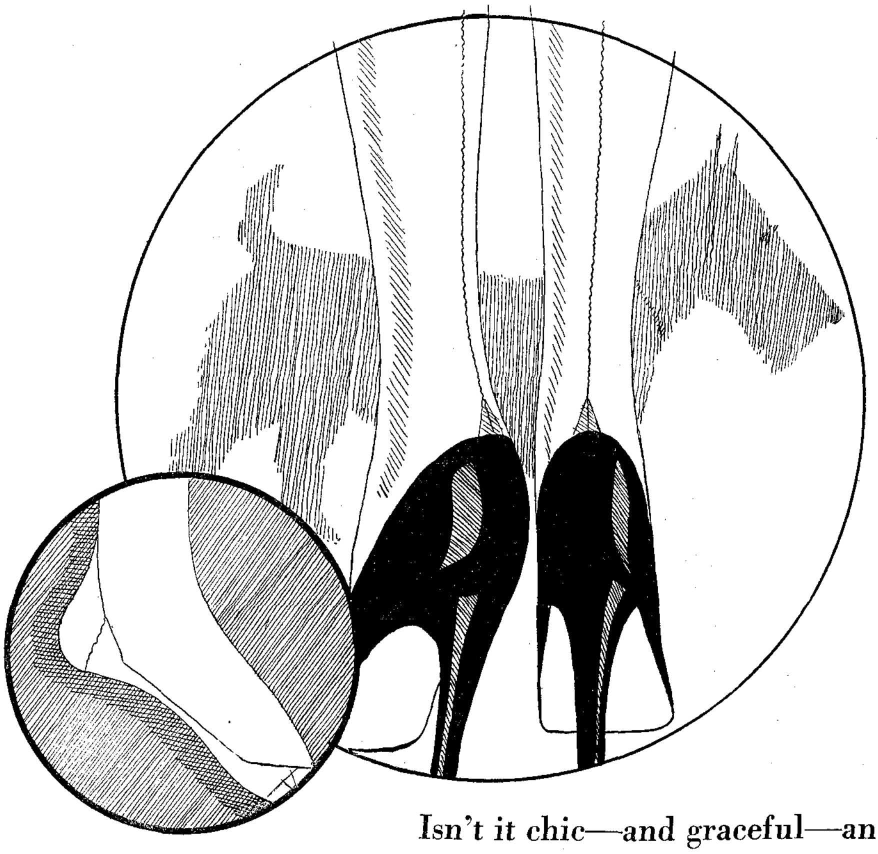

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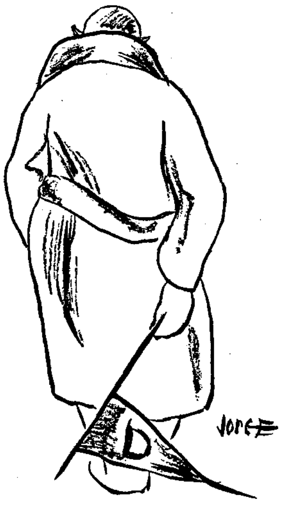
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31.]

(Continued from page 4)

Continental air, and is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Village Barn, 52 W. 8. . . . If you're looking for something Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.; and El Flamenco, 15 Barrow, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14, featuring Russian food, and singing by Adia Kuznetzoff and Mme. Nicolina.

NOTES ON DANCE ORCHESTRAS—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (Vanderbilt 3-9200).* . . . You will find Rudy Vallée and his band at the Pennsylvania Grill, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . . Coon-Sanders Nighthawks are at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34 (Medallion 3-1000).

MOTION PICTURES

BAD GIRL—From the Viña Delmar novel about young love on the upper East Side. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 24-26; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE GUARDSMAN—Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt at last on the screen in Molnár's comedy. Very successful, too. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:50 P.M.)

MONKEY BUSINESS—The Marx Brothers again and better than ever in a picture that is not just an old stage libretto. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

UN SOIR DE RAFLE—A very pleasant French picture, somewhat on the line of "Sous les Toits de Paris." (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; continuous from 1 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Elmer Rice's fine objective study of a *crime passionnel* intelligently adapted to the screen. With Sylvia Sidney and Beulah Bondi. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 24-26; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

SUSAN LENOX—Greta Garbo, with Clark Gable, in a picture that is a triumph for all concerned. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from 11 A.M.)

NEWSREEL THEATRES—A potpourri of current events for a quarter. Programs change Sat. Morn. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous weekdays from 10 A.M. to midnight; Sun. from noon. Trans-Lux, Madison at 58; and Trans-Lux, B'way between 49 and 50, entrance on the left; continuous from 11 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "An American Tragedy," not as good as it should have been, but retaining enough strength from the original Dreiser work to make it appear distinguished among the year's pictures; "The Dreyfus Case," the trial which divided France, simply and honestly presented, with a good English cast; "Karamazov," German movie of the Dostoevski novel, for serious thinkers; "The Star Witness," strenuous melodrama about gunmen and their tricks, and how the innocent may suffer.

OPENING OF NOTE

THE MAD GENIUS—John Barrymore's latest. Opens Fri., Oct. 23. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

ART

FOUR CENTURIES—Examples of good painting from the seventeenth to the twentieth centuries: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GUYS—Drawings in wash and ink by a nineteenth-century Frenchman. Also, works by Degas, Delacroix, Forain, Ingres, Rouault, Segonzac, and others: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Degas, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, Monet—some fine examples of the golden age: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

INDUSTRIAL—The twelfth exhibition of contemporary American industrial art: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MARIN—Some fine oils by a man who usually expresses himself in a lighter medium. Also etchings and water colors: Stieglitz' An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 5 P.M.

MODERN—An excellent show of contemporary Americans and French in a handsome new gallery. Utrillo, Blume, Vlaminck, Dickenson, Miro, Kuniyoshi, and others: L'Élan, 50 E. 52. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

LEONORA CORONA—First local recital of the versatile Metropolitan soprano: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 23.

FRITZ KREISLER—Second recital of the season, and tickets, if any, probably are scarce: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 24.

THE ENGLISH SINGERS—A new program by the most interesting of vocal groups: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Oct. 25.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH—One of the classics of the piano: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 27.

SYLVIA LENT—An exceptionally able young violinist: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 27.

RICHARD TAUBER—American début of a tenor who is a *Schmalz* king and perhaps much more: Town Hall, Wed. and Fri. Eves., Oct. 28 and 30.

FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—An accomplished two-piano ensemble: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 29.

CLARA RABINOVITCH—A steadily growing pianiste of great gifts: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 31.

NOTE—John McCormack will give a recital at the Westchester County Center, White Plains, N.Y., Tues. Eve., Oct. 27.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Kleiber conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Oct. 23, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Oct. 24, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Oct. 25, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 29, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 30, at 2:30.

DON COSSACK RUSSIAN MALE CHORUS—Jaroff conducting: McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Eve., Oct. 24.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Bruckner F-minor Mass, Bodanzky conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Oct. 25, at 4.

NATIONAL CHAMBER MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Ganz conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Oct. 25.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Aft., Oct. 27.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns., Oct. 23 and 30, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Kleiber conducting: Sun. Aft., Oct. 25, at 3, over WABC.

JOHN MCCORMACK—Soloist, in General Electric Twilight Hour: Sun. Aft., Oct. 25, at 5:30, over WEAF.

ERNEST HUTCHESON—Piano soloist, with Columbia Symphony, Barlow directing: Sun. Eve., Oct. 25, at 10, over WABC.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Harrison conducting: Wed. Eve., Oct. 28, at 10, over WJZ.

FOOTBALL—Yale vs. Army: Sat. Aft., Oct. 24, at 1:30, over WABC and WEAF.

BRIDGE DEDICATION—Secretary of the Navy Adams and Governors Roosevelt and Larson, speaking at ceremonies dedicating the new George Washington Bridge: Sat. Aft., Oct. 24, at 3, over WOR and WJZ.

SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at end of this item).

Sat., Oct. 24—Yale vs. Army, New Haven, 2 P.M. (The Cadets will parade in the Bowl at 1:30 P.M.). . . . Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . Harvard vs. Texas, Soldiers Field, Boston, 2 P.M. . . . Columbia vs. Williams, Baker Field, 2:30 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Colgate, Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. Drake, Polo Grounds, 2:30 P.M. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Wisconsin, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M.

Sat., Oct. 31—Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, 2 P.M. . . . Princeton vs. Michigan, Princeton, 2 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Oregon, Yankee Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan, Lewisohn Stadium, 2:30 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. West Liberty, Polo Grounds, 2:30 P.M. . . . Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, N.Y., 2 P.M. . . . Harvard vs. University of Virginia, Soldiers Field, Boston, 2 P.M. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, 2 P.M.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 218 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:10 P.M.; for Boston, from Grand Central, 7 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.; for Ithaca, through sleeper from Penn. Sta., 11:45 P.M. Friday.

HUNT RACES—West Hills Racing Association, Huntington, L.I., Sat., Oct. 24. . . . Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Wed. and Sat., Oct. 28 and 31.

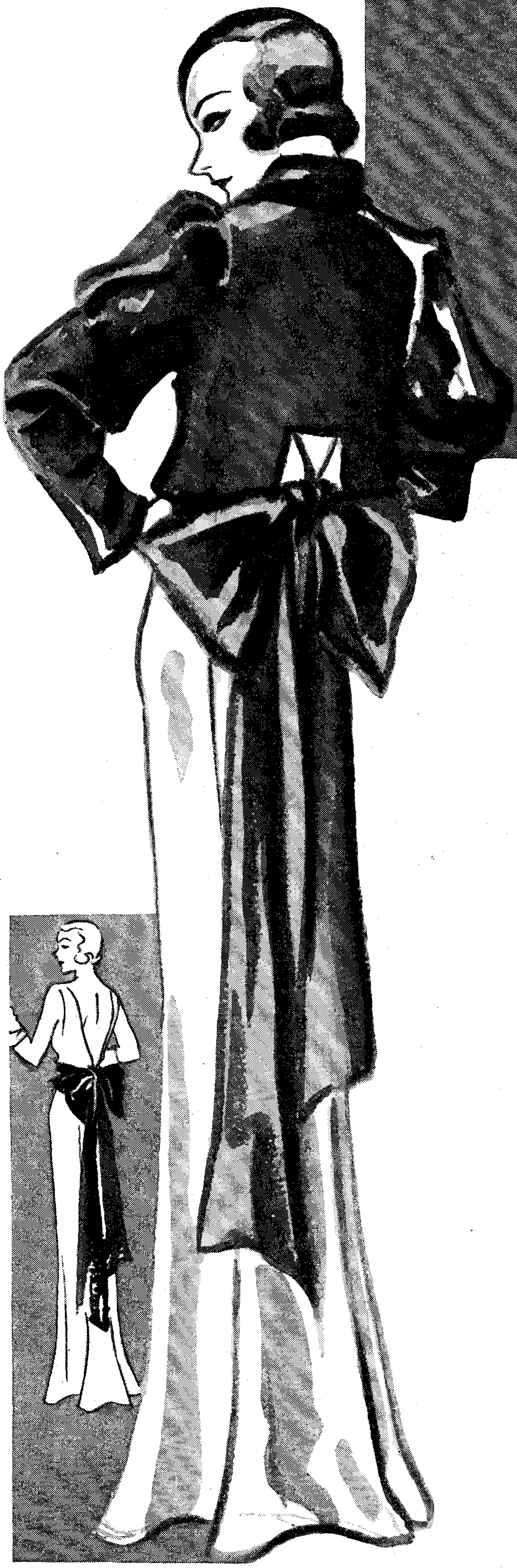
RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Sat., Oct. 31. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

RODEO—Annual invasion of the cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden. Performances nightly at 8:15, through Sat. Eve., Oct. 31, and Sat. Afts., Oct. 24 and 31, at 2:15.

THE OCTOBER BALL—Annual affair for the benefit of the Association of Day Nurseries: Ballroom, Hotel Pierre, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 29, at 10:30.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—English furniture, Georgian silver, Oriental rugs, tapestries, and decorative objects: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Oct. 23 and 24, at 2:15. . . . Etchings and color prints, from the Cowan collection and other sources: Tues. and Wed. Eves., Oct. 27 and 28, at 8:15. . . . Rare and Early Americana, from the Riggs library: Wed. Aft., Oct. 28, at 2:15. . . . Paintings from various estates and owners: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 29, at 8:15.



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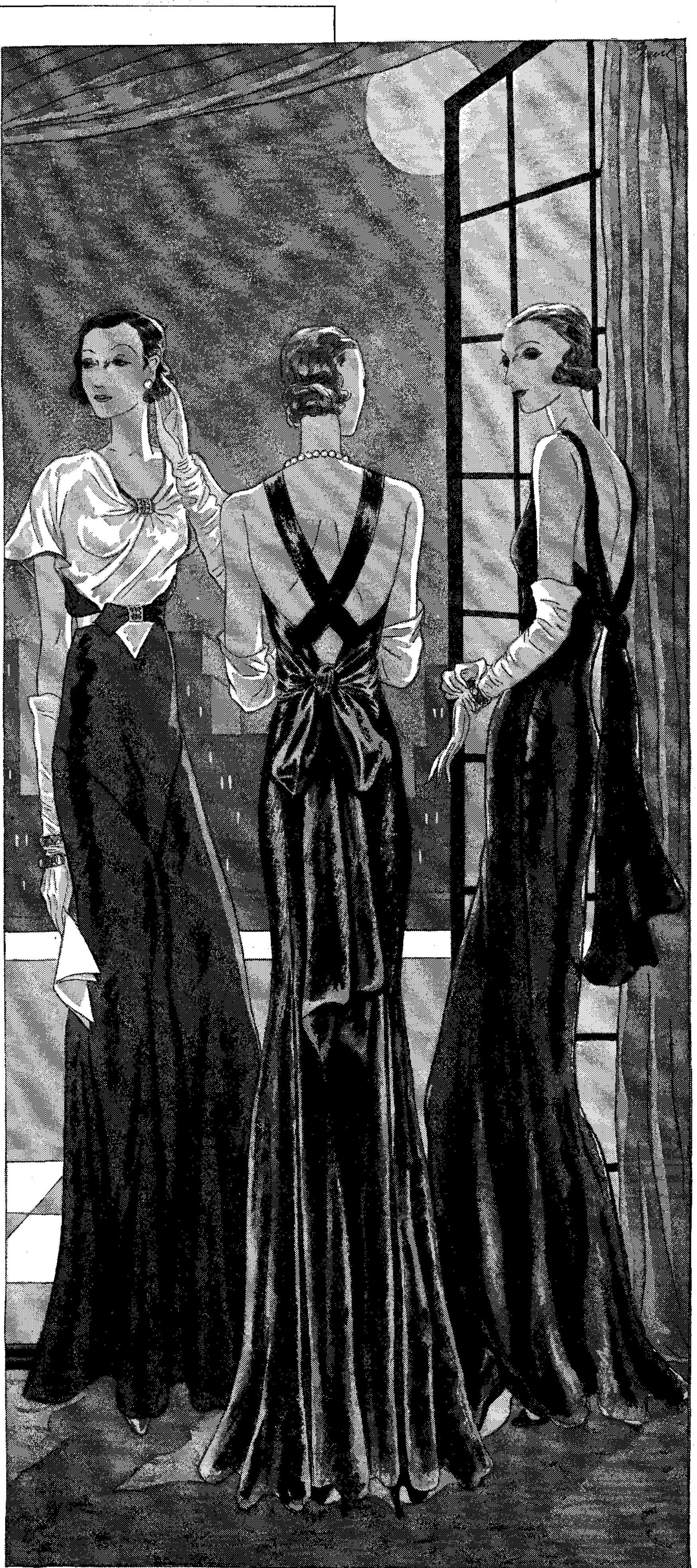

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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
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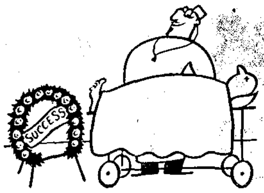
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

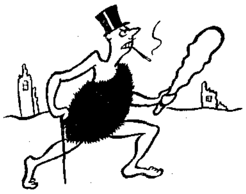
IT is a pleasure to read that doctors and surgeons are making progress, at a time when nobody else is. The doings at the recent convention seemed promising—medicine and surgery are letting people live longer, even if their governments never give them a moment's peace all their lives. There is no minimizing the achievement of medical science; yet what a quandary it leaves a man in, at that! To prevent cancer, we learn, one must be ever vigilant—periodical health examinations to detect the disease in its early stages, when it is curable. This means a man must keep thinking about himself, even though he hasn't got a pain, which, in our case, amounts to hypochondria, probably worse than cancer. Thus the odds we work against, dwelling in a human frame whose very antidotes are maladies.



MEN like H. G. Wells are even more important than doctors. They are the political hypochondriacs, whose fears should be heeded now in the early stages of the earth's cancer. It is impossible to read Wells without sensing the necessity of a change in the order of everything. Between the lines of his calm suggestion for a commonweal lie the intimations of catastrophe. "The alternative before man now is either magnificence of spirit and magnificence of achievement, or disaster." That is from his new book, "What Are We to Do With Our Lives?"

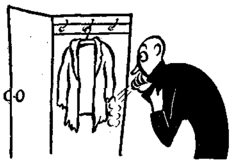
Things are stirring all around, and always the question: What are we to do? Not only have doctors lengthened our lives, hoping we will have time to find an answer; playwrights have lengthened our plays. O'Neill writes not one play, but three plays, thinking, thinking. Last week Element No. 87 was discovered; only one more remains to be found, and then we must face the question of what to do with the lot of them. Never has science been so inspiring, never have aviators flown so fast, never have people gone so many thousand miles on a set of tires, never have radio networks covered so much ground and brought so many people close together, wondering.

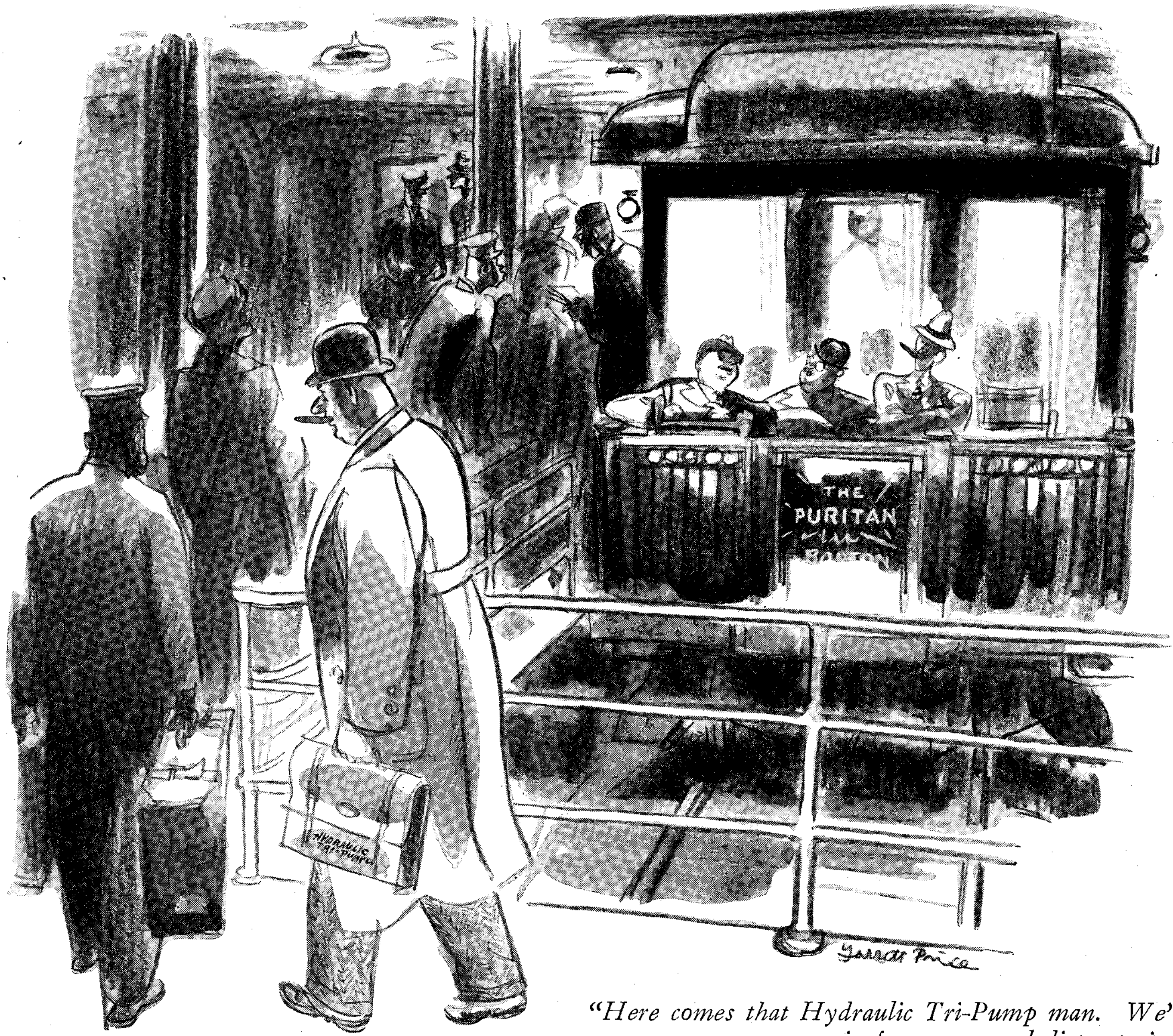
Mr. Wells' program is a large one. It is the opposite of Mr. Hearst's, who wants national boundaries traced with indelible ink, and all telephones taken out of the White House so that the President may never hear a smutty word like "Manchuria." Mr. Wells, writing even purer English prose than Mr. Brisbane, would teach school children to regard the world as a planet instead of as a battleground; he would modernize religion, making it reasonable rather than ritualistic; he would revolutionize education; he would put an end to war by creating a commonweal. Unless we go ahead with these general Utopian principles, he promises, civilization will go to pieces. We think he is probably right. It would be interesting to know what form the disaster would take: whether starvation and extinction, or a return to barbarism because of people's forgetting how to make steel or losing the formula for Pebeco; whether the collapse of the economic structure to the point where every person would have to produce his own food and clothing, or an invasion of ants and roaches. Just now, it looks as though we might all die fighting for the principle of the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy.



IT is hard for America to get very worried about the collapse of civilization. Somehow, people have the feeling that on the morning after the collapse, Eddie Cantor would bring out a book called "Yoo Hoo, Disaster!" which would sell a hundred thousand.

"IT is not every man," our tailor writes, "that can afford to wear a shabby coat." He hit home; for a shabby coat is our one extravagance, the one luxury we have been able to affect. Four winters, now, we have crept about the streets in the cold unkempt security of a battered Burberry—a thin, inadequate garment, pneumonia written in every seam, a disreputable coat, the despair of friends, the byword of enemies, a coat grown so gossamerlike in texture that merely to catch sight of it hanging in the closet is to feel the chill in one's marrows. What its peculiar charm is we don't quite know—whether it is a sop to inelegance, a faint bid for a lost virility, or the simple gesture of the compleat snob. Whatever its hold on us, it has gradually acquired the authentic gentility of an old lady's limousine, but without any of the limousine's protection against draughts. All we know is that every icy blast that grips our blue abdomen, every breeze that climbs the shin, feeds the dying fires of our once great spirit; and that as we shrink deeper into the shabbiness of this





"Here comes that Hydraulic Tri-Pump man. We're in for some good dirty stories."

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appalling garment, we find a certain contentment that no tailor could possibly afford us, for all his engraved announcements.

Verification

A GENTLEMAN who can be driven just so far went to the theatre the other evening and was distressed by subdued feminine chatter which continued after the curtain went up. He turned in his seat and said, in a voice audible for several rows: "Will you please speak a little louder? The actors are making so much noise I can't hear what you're saying." The talking ceased at once and the act went to its close without interruption. When the curtain fell, however, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Twisting around, he faced the lady behind him. She studied him coldly. "I thought you'd look like that," she announced distinctly, rather loudly, and negligently turned away.

Trop Tard

MR. HENRY FORD was admitted recently to membership in the Huron Mountain Club, a tight little group that hunts and fishes in the upper reaches of the Michigan peninsula. One of the rules is that the dining-room in the clubhouse closes for breakfast at nine o'clock. This means everybody, Mr. Ford found out on one particular morning when he arrived just as the door closed. Mr. Ford was nonplussed. He took out his watch and studied it. As you may know, he was a watch-fancier before he went in for motorcars, and still is. Finally, above the snickers of the members who had breakfasted, he said that by *his* watch it was not yet nine. Therefore, he said, it was not nine. "I'll pay off the entire debt of this club if it's nine o'clock," he added. This sporting offer interested fellow-members and investigations were conducted by long-distance telephone. Mr. Ford's watch was right, exactly right to the second. He got no breakfast, however. It was explained to him that authority for opening and closing the dining-room reposed in one Mrs. Perkins, the stewardess, a blunt, firm woman. When her timepiece in the kitchen said nine o'clock, it *was* nine o'clock. Mr. Ford's watch, and the rest of the universe, were found to be three minutes slow.

Piety

AS far as we know, the only man who sells small ivory-headed pins with the "Lord's Prayer" carved on them walks up and down the sidewalks of lower Broadway. You'll know him by a big red-and-white sign he carries, reading "Our Father on a Pin Head."

Old Eating Place

AN institution which, in personnel and appointment, has changed as little during the past half-century as any other in Greater New York, perhaps, is Gage & Tollner's Oyster and Chop House, at 374 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. In the kitchen, Michael Messett has been broiling clams, swordfish steaks, both specialties of the house, and other things over the same old hard-coal ranges ever since the restaurant opened fifty-three years ago. John Anderson, the oyster-fry cook, was at his side all that time, until four years ago, when he died. The management estimated he had opened and fried sixty-six million oysters during his career. The water-cooler is forty-three years old; the mousetrap in the cellar, forty. Many of the waiters have been there almost as long as the mousetrap. They wear galaxies of stars and bars on their sleeves: a star for five years' service, a bar for one. Old customers are always coming in again after absences of years, and getting emotional at sight of the same ancient mahogany tables, deep with wax, the red Turkey carpet, the dim, mirrored walls. For that matter—you know how Brooklyn is—a number of the everyday customers date back several decades. Justice James J. Dunne, for instance, was lifted into a high-chair when he first ate there, the same high-chair which is on duty now for patrons with babies. The annual Dunne family reunion is always held there, four generations being in attendance of late years. In their day, Almet F. Jenks, Laura Jean Libby, and Henry Ward Beecher were patrons, as well as Theodore Tilton, who lost his wife to Beecher.

Charles M. Gage and Eugene Tollner, who founded the restaurant, sold out in 1911 and retired. Mr. Gage has stayed in retirement, but Mr. Tollner didn't feel right away from the restaurant, and in a couple of years was back again, acting as manager for the new owners. He's still on duty, active and spry at the age of eighty-two. Active? He does all the ordering, hands out all the lobsters and other shellfish from the icebox, and personally handles all the supplies in the basement. No one else is allowed down there. He has climbed the stairs as many as a hundred times in a day, taking things up and down. Says it keeps him young. A year ago the owners decided his work was too much for him and hired an assistant. Mr. Tollner came down with a strange malady which deceived doctors until they got on to the fact that the hiring of an assistant had given him a scare; he was afraid his work wasn't satisfactory any more. The owners assured him it was, and he got well immediately.

The mousetrap we spoke of, besides being old, is intricate. The mouse, when he enters, finds himself in a cage with a spiral staircase leading up to a little tower, where the bait is hanging. He walks up this, and when he reaches the top his weight causes one side of the tower to tip, sending him into a basin of water, where he drowns. The tower rights itself, with the bait still intact, for the next mouse. It has worked without a hitch for forty years, Mr. Tollner reports.

The Man Underneath

A WELL-TO-DO amateur of the arts, who had made a trip in Italy, arrived in Paris recently, where he spent a week or two before sailing for New York. With him he brought a painting he had purchased in Rome for a most reasonable price, considering that it was the work of a sixteenth-century Italian master. The collector, who had heard stories of what happens when attempts are made to take valuable works out of the land of Fascismo, engaged a young art student to paint a landscape over the picture he had purchased, so that it might pass the customs without question. He got it out of Italy all right. Arriving in Paris he hurried to a restorer to have the landscape removed, eager to show his find to fellow-collectors. The next day he received a telephone call from the restorer, who said he had removed the landscape, and, not only that, had found traces of still another and earlier picture beneath the one revealed. Might he go ahead and uncover it? Yes, said the collector, by all means, not knowing what rare masterpiece he might have stumbled upon. Early next day he hustled to the restorer, whose work, he found, had practically been completed. The third layer proved to be a beautiful three-quarter-length painting of Signor Benito Mussolini.

Tea Party

SIMON & SCHUSTER gave a tea last week called the "Believe-It-or-Not" party, the occasion being the publication of a new book by that name. The idea was to get up a party which would be like the book—that is: incredible but true—and it was a success. About a hundred and fifty people, mostly literary figures, moved about with teacups and fountain pens, drinking tea and autographing books. Gene Tunney was there and he autographed a book for Sir Hubert Wilkins, who was autographing a book for Count Felix von Luckner. Tunney wore a brown suit, with soft tan shirt and dark red tie, secured by a small gold pin. Count von Luckner wore a blue suit and a hard shiny collar. Both looked debonair but unreal.

Everybody had to sign a huge book at the door. It contains the oddest collection of names in the world and is probably worth a great deal of money. Count von Luckner was the third person to arrive. His signature, "Felix Count Luckner," was fourteen inches long and two inches high. A Mr. Joe Rosenblatt signed right under him, taking up only the same amount of space as the word "Count." Ely Culbertson signed right after we did. Sidney Lenz arrived eight signatures later. The two, as you know, have for months been challenging each other to a contract-bridge game. To everybody's surprise, the game was not played at the party. Some people thought they wouldn't even speak, but they signed each other's book and the news spread quickly through the crowd. Then Eddie Cantor signed Culbertson's book and Tunney signed Lenz' and Lenz signed Major James Doolittle's. A Mr. Sam Weisenhouse signed ours and asked us if Hendrik Van Loon had arrived yet. It was all very crowded and now and again you signed somebody's book or somebody signed yours by accident, due to jostling. Somebody said one book was signed "Count von Wilkins," due to jostling, but we didn't see it. The Count and the Sir talked together for a long time, and we edged up to hear what was being said. Count von Luckner was saying: "Our two countries should never have fought." We were introduced *to* Tunney and *as* Tunney. A strange woman in a green hat, mistaking us for somebody else, said: "Where was you?" We said: "To the taxidermist's" and she went around telling people we were Ring Lardner. Sir Hubert thereupon came over and praised us for "The Outline of Science."

Simon & Schuster's is a lot of bright, ivory-colored rooms joined together, containing pictures of Thomas Mott Powys and Will Durante, Simon & Schuster authors. People moved from room to room, passing sandwich tables, passing Tunney, passing a radio to which one couple was dancing, passing a ping-pong table at which two women, wearing fur coats, were playing. At the end of three hours we hadn't met Ripley, the so-called guest of honor. We hadn't met One Long Hop, the Chinaman who was named after Lindbergh's flight, either. He was there. We asked a young lady how to find Ripley. "He's got spats," she said. A man who looked like Coolidge arrived. Believe it or not, it wasn't Coolidge.

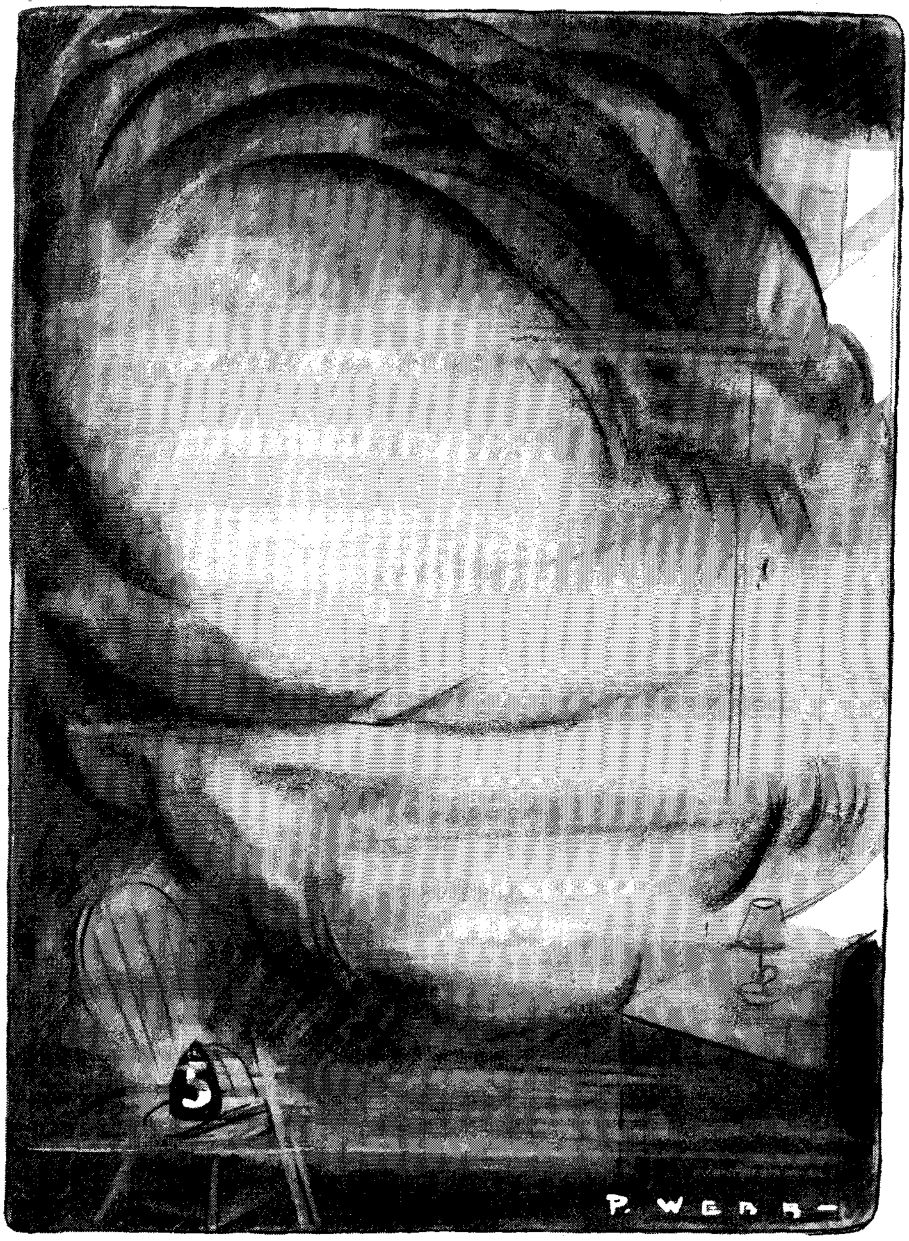
Coming of the Mariszyks

AT one of the public schools in Brooklyn the teachers have a fund, made up of contributions from their own salaries, from which loans are made in emergencies to the families of their pupils. Not long ago a woman appeared at the school stating that her name was Mariszyks, and that she wanted to enter her children in classes. The principal took a mild interest in her since the children of one Mariszyks family were already registered at the school. His interest became deeper two or three weeks later when another Mariszyks turned up, bringing her children, and he was pretty much startled at the appearance, within another month, of still another Mariszyks brood. Upon their arrival, he asked one of the boys whether the families were all related. "Sure," was the reply, "that's how we all came to live here; because my uncle wrote and told us that here people got paid for sending kids to school, and we should come right away."

Name Your Number

QUITE a few people pay to get into the Paramount Theatre and then don't see the movie at all—don't even try to. They prefer to hear Hans Hanke play the piano on the mezzanine floor. Mr. Hanke is stooped, fifty, bald except for white tufts at his ears, and he sits in front of a remarkable Bechstein grand with a double keyboard and plays serious music four hours a day. Paramount-Publix pays him to entertain the varying groups of from five to forty persons who would rather hear Chopin than see Gary Cooper.

A printed card on Hanke's piano tells you that he will play any classical number you may request. He has an astounding repertory, one of more than three hundred pieces. Most concert players hardly know a hundred. He takes on all the war horses too: the Chopin scherzos, Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies, Dohnányi's Capriccio in F-major, Brahms' Sonata in F-minor, etc. He is asked most frequently to play Liszt's "Liebestraum," and doesn't weary of it unless it is requested more than three times a day. The Hanke hours, by the way, are three to five in the afternoon and nine to eleven at night. Chopin, Tschaikowsky, and Schumann are the other big favorites. Hanke says movie-watchers know more and more about good music: when he came to Paramount five years ago he only got an average of fifty different requests a month, and now they run to a hundred and fifty. In the rare instances when somebody asks him to play a composition he doesn't know, he tells the person to come back in a week, and he'll play it. Then he buys the piece and memorizes it. His memory is quick and

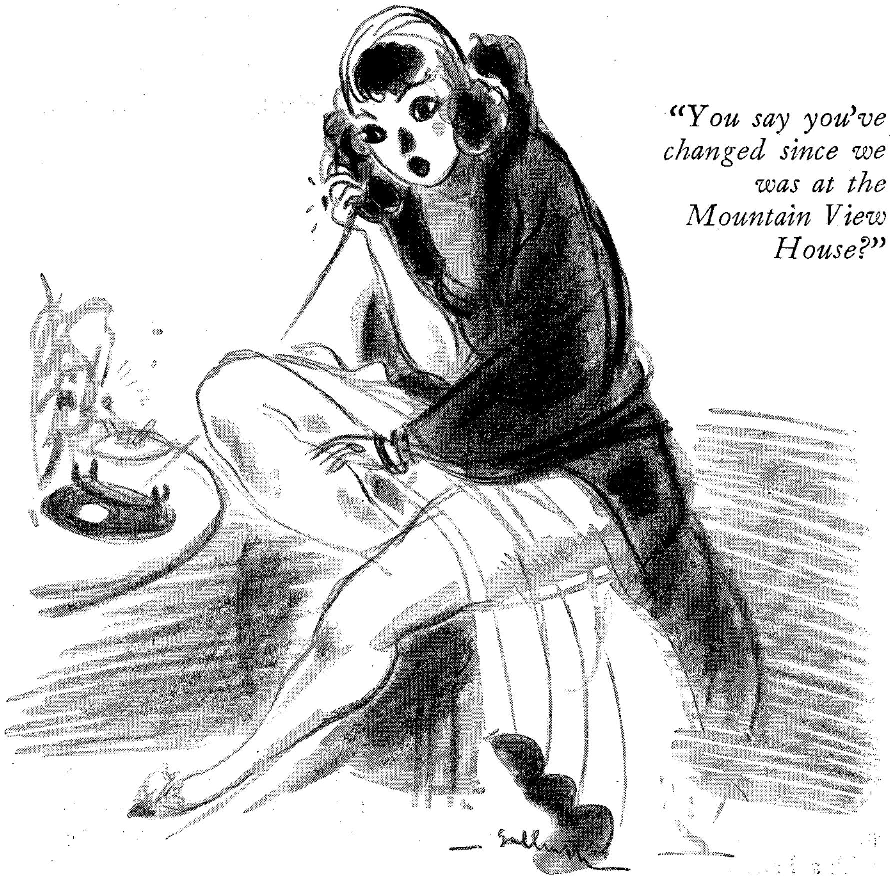


"I think we'd better go now, Miss. My chief will be wonderin' about me."

lasting. He didn't develop it; it's a gift.

He gets a lot of crazy requests, of course, but usually keeps his temper and patiently straightens people out (lots of them, for example, think "Love's Dream" is the title and Liebestraum the composer). Once, however, a young lady asked him for the "Barcarolle from 'Jocelyn' by Gounod." He wasn't in a very good humor that day so he said, rather sharply: "In the first place it isn't 'barcarolle,' it's 'berceuse,' and in the second place it isn't 'Gounod,' it's 'Godard.' " "I'm sorry," said the girl. "You see I don't speak Spanish." Several people have wanted to bet him that Kreisler composed "Indian Lament," instead of Dvořák. These smarties, led astray by the Victrola records which list Kreisler as having arranged the music, are the same ones who think Rockwell Kent wrote "Moby Dick." Hanke never bets, even on a sure thing.

He began studying the piano when he was four, in Berlin, and in his teens joined a rambling band of Hungarian gypsies who played music in restaurants. In his twenties he became a concert pianist of some note on the Continent. He played three times, by command, before the late Czar Nicholas. He came here in 1908 and plunged right into vaudeville, sticking it out eight years but never playing anything but serious music—no jazz. He practices three hours a day, reads Freud and plays chess in his off hours, and is annoyed by the songs of birds. They sing off pitch, he says. On account of this he never goes to the country.



"You say you've changed since we was at the Mountain View House?"

Galsworthy

We were passing one of the batteries of elevators in the new Waldorf-Astoria last week when a smart young bellboy rushed up to another bellboy in front of us and said: "Has Galsworthy come down?" "I don't think so," the other chap said. "I haven't seen him, and I've been watching." They stopped a third boy, who said he understood Galsworthy was on the eighth floor. Then they all made for an elevator which had just landed from above, and we followed, for we wanted to see Galsworthy too. "Where's Galsworthy?" one asked the elevator operator. "Next car," he replied, and stepped out. All four stood in front of the next door and watched the indicator as the car came down. The door opened and a fifth bellboy stepped out. The first bellboy stepped forward and said: "Ah, Galsworthy—," and all five of them went into conference.

Interior

Ann Harding and her husband, Mr. Bannister, flew here from Hollywood the other day in their Bellanca Sky-Rocket, license number N C 778 W. The reason we bring it up is that we once were told a merry tale about N C 778 W's interior, which is de luxe. When Miss Harding bought the plane, she specified how the cabin was to be finished. Cloth of gold for the walls, gold gauze draperies for the windows. The piping was to be wine—red wine, not white wine, as an exchange of telegrams made clear. Further specifications: Italian walnut panelling, gold-colored leather upholstery, and wine piping; six radio plugs for ear phones, a loudspeaker, and six ashtrays. Ashtrays, plugs, and fixtures were to be of white metal. In the rear of the cabin was to be a large chair, on springs so it wouldn't feel the motion of the plane. Delivery in ten days.

Well, those were busy times at the Bellanca factory, as you can well imagine, happy workman tumbling over happy workman. All went well until the arrival on the scene of Miss Harding's pilot, to inspect the job. He took one look at the white-metal fittings and ordered them out. The company put in nickel-plated ones. He ordered them out. The company oxidized them. Out they came again. They were wrong. The pilot said he would let them know what to put in. He went away and came back and ordered gold plate. The company put in gold-plated ones. The pilot took one look and ordered them out. Then everyone had an idea, all at once: *dull* gold. Dull gold they stayed. It was worth it. When Miss Harding saw the plane, she said it was so beautiful it made her quiver.

You can always tell the plane: on one side it says "Ann Harding," on the other it says "Mr. Bannister" (her husband).

The Good Pharisees

Two young fellows were making their way along one of the East Fifties early the other evening, supporting between them an older man, apparently hardly able to walk, when one of the kind-hearted ladies who always appear at such moments accosted them. "Oh, the poor man!" exclaimed this lady. "Is he intoxicated?" The young men paused and surveyed her with a vague although not unkindly glance. Solemnly one of them said: "Don't know, but we are."

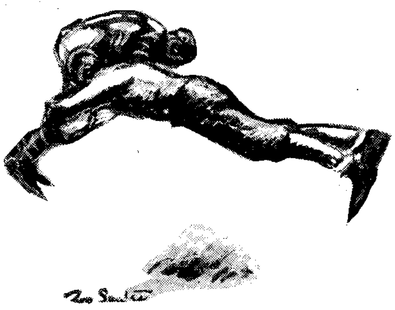
—The New Yorkers

ZEST

WELL, she thought, as she closed the book, goodness knows that formula is simple enough. "Love someone or something, take interest in things outside yourself, and cultivate zest." The man was a philosopher after her own heart. No sharing of dubious confidences with a psychoanalyst who ate chocolates and smoked cigarettes behind and slightly to the left of your relaxed form; no expensive trip somewhere and back; no cooked-up love affair wasting time and, as often as not, energy. If she must get into a nervous state so that her hands and feet seemed too big and she couldn't be at all sure that the remarks of the people beside her in the theatre weren't directly concerned with her more obvious defects, here, perhaps, was the way out.

At this point a small shrill voice concealed somewhere inside the self she was so soon to reduce to minimum importance remarked rather clearly and with a 1920 accent: "There's nothing the matter with you that money couldn't cure."

That, of course, was nonsense. The psychoanalyst, between a caramel and a nougat, had cleared up all such foolishness for her years ago, in the days when ten dollars an hour seemed little enough to pay for fashionable peace of mind. "You could have all the money in the world," he had said, "and it wouldn't amount to *that*." She had heard his fingers snap masterfully behind her, to the left, and another delusion had been punctured forever.



Very well, then. She would now begin. She would first clear up this matter of love. How easy, in the privacy of the boudoir! The objective attitude and the zest might get her downstairs and out-of-doors, but the love could be managed without stirring from her chair. Whom, and what, did she love? Her eyes moved rapidly around the room, and her mind, entirely empty of any loved image, tagged after them. Her glance and her mind revolved wildly about for some time before the figure of her niece, Sally, suddenly appeared, as it were, from behind the chest of drawers. She really did love her niece, Sally. Sally was very cute. She also loved her new green evening sandals. She loved the slippers and Sally, and, it must be admitted, she also loved two rather decayed actors and a man she had seen once in the street. And she was pleased that Charles' wife was reported to have left him after having taken up with a mere boy. But whether pleasure in Charles' status of deceived and abandoned husband came under the head of love for Charles, she could not make out. When one was reduced to the state of emotional poverty wherein, although the heart were warm and ready, nieces and things to wear came first, it was hard to place old affections. The thought of Charles with a wife—he who from early childhood had kept everything under control—once had struck her as odd. Charles again reduced to a strong solitary existence was odder still. Somehow it served him right.

She had put in fifteen minutes on the first part of the formula, but she had to confess that it didn't work, right out of hand. She continued to look around the room, in a vague way, without discovering anything of interest, either directly or by inference. The next step was getting outside of herself and feeling zest. She got up, combed her hair, and powdered her face. The powder was too light. It showed up really gruesomely on her forehead and nose. Either she had been deceived into buying the wrong shade or she had become three shades darker in the last two weeks. That's what came of leaving zest out of one's considerations. She dressed and in no time stood gloved and hatted, ready for the street. Some women took three hours to dress, but, thank God, she had not yet reached that point of chic or decrepitude.

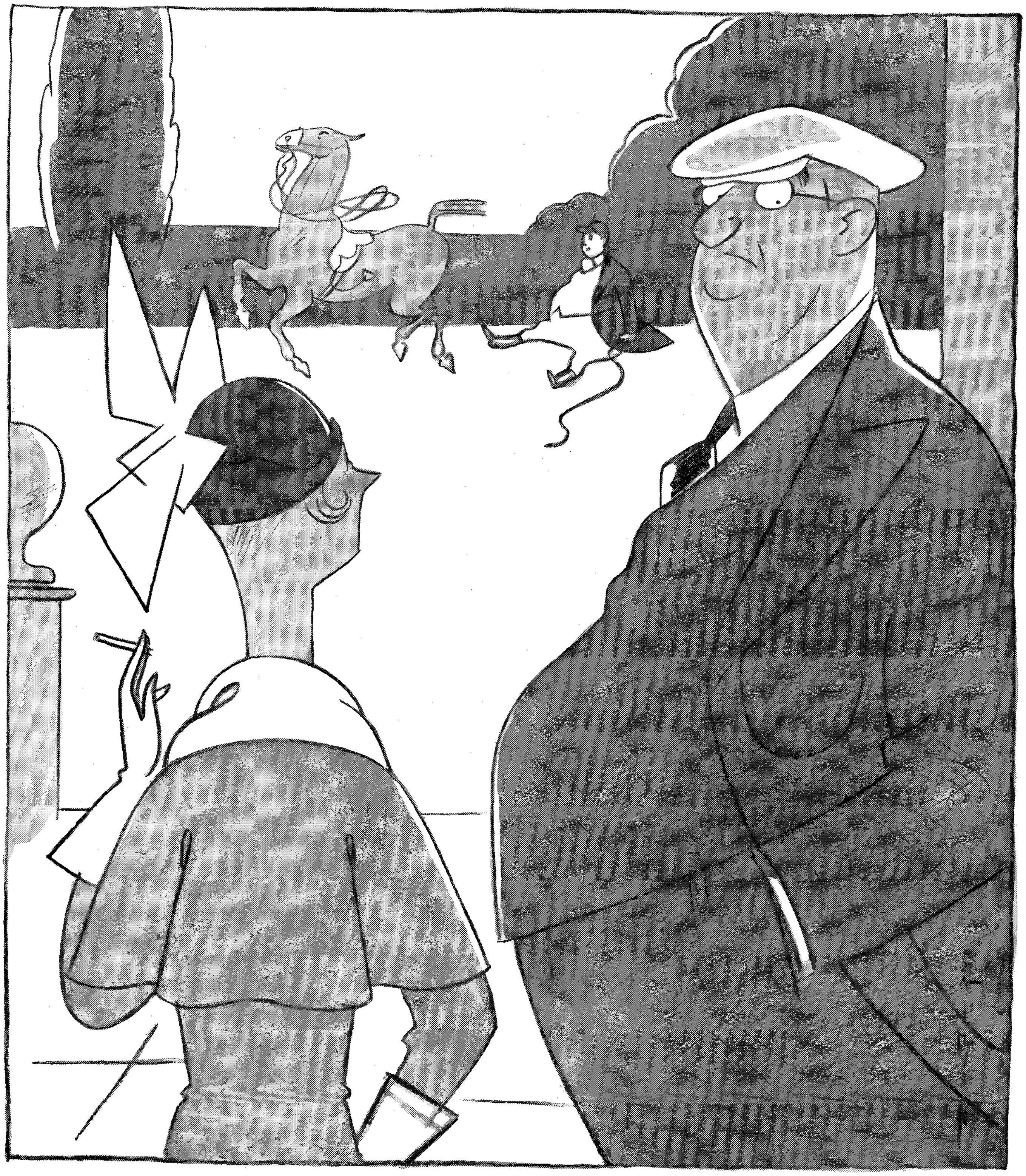
It was a fine day outside. Lots of birds and some boats were displayed on the calm of the river, she saw by peering out the corner window. She looked at the river with a poor imitation of zest. She stared at it with clenched jaws, with a kind of mean-spirited fixity. She recognized her failure. Things would be better when she got outside and worked up some healthy circulation.

IT wouldn't be fair to shop. That was getting inside, not outside, oneself. It would not be fair to call up Lucy, or in any way to fall back upon her usual habits. A taxi-driver, one of the line beside the curb, stood, monkey wrench in hand, puzzling over the bowels of his machine. The hood was up. The English called it a bonnet. And a wrench a spanner. If he wasn't feeling zest, it was something very near it. His look, compounded of love, hatred, and intense interest, brought back to her her own look cast at the river, and she felt rather envious and ashamed.

"This floor will safely sustain a weight of 300 lbs. per sq. ft.," it said in black letters on the wall of the place where the trucks drove up, under the News Building. The floor was sustaining it at the moment. A huge truck surmounted by a tank was feeding something through a hose, down into the basement, or sub-cellar, or whatever it was. Oil, probably. The *News* needed a lot of oil. Those floors above her were full of machines. Machines lived on oil. "What will happen when the oil gives out?" her niece, Sally, had once asked her. Sally knew a lot about miscible oils. She took a course in them at school. But heavens, it wasn't oil. The hose and the great tank were full of ink. "Consolidated Ink Company," read the sign on the side of the truck. All that ink. Gallons of ink poured into the basement and piped, very probably, to all the presses. Think of it.

Really something to think about. Production on a large scale. Tons of paper, gallons of ink, thousands of reporters, water-coolers by the hundreds, typewriters, linotype machines, telephones, stenographers, thousands of packages of cigarettes, ten thousand desks and chairs, all contained in the News Building, above her. It took the breath away. It startled the imagination. It awoke zest. She looked at the News Building, or as much of it as she could see, with zest. Understand the means and scope of anything and automatically the imagination widened. She was outside of herself, and inside the News Building. Her zest poured from her heart in much the same way that the ink poured out from the truck. The ink spurted to the presses; the presses roared. . . .

She couldn't hear the presses. It was fairly quiet in the street. An elevated train made some noise in Third Avenue. All elevated trains came from the same place. There was a nest of



"His mother and I wanted him to be an M.D. but he's kind of set on being a M.F.H."

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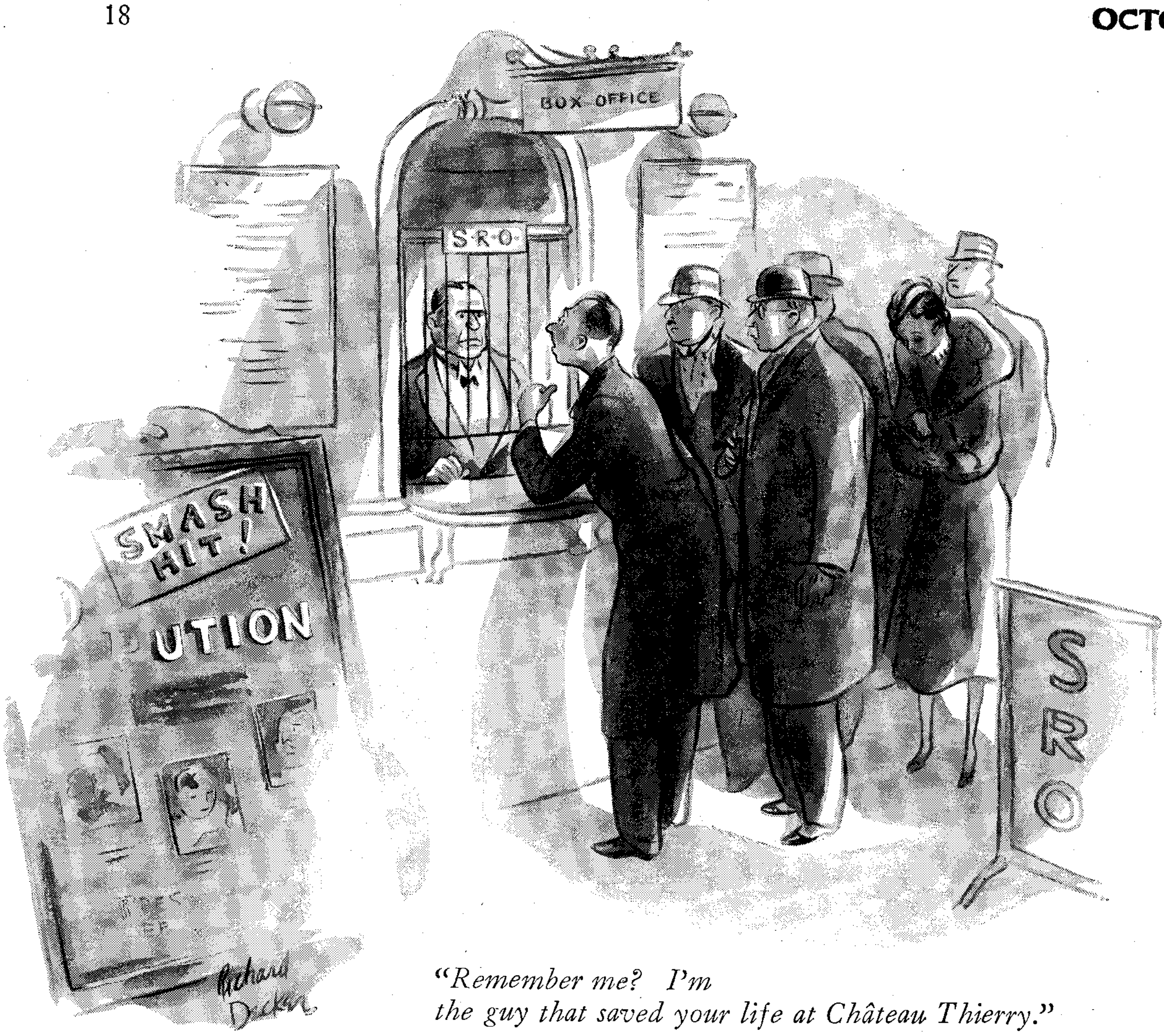
them at the Battery. Side by side they stood, empty and ready, and you took your choice. You could soar all around the city on elevated trains. You could look out the windows straight into flats and factories, and go for miles, up through the Island and beyond the Island. Into a section where wooden houses and front yards still persisted. Or had persisted, ten years ago. Perhaps there were none of them left by now. But could the elevated be trusted? She, for one, had never seen anyone do a stroke of repairing on it. The stations shook when the trains came in.

A street-car was much safer. She was fond of street-cars. For six solid years she had gone back and forth to and from school on pleasant, sane street-cars, or trolleys, as they then were called. The conductor used to hold out his hand in front of you and say "Fares, please." Sometimes the trolley proper became disengaged from



"Remember me? I'm the guy that saved your life at Château Thierry."

• •

the wire overhead, and a shower of blue sparks fell all around. The conductor leaned out the back window to fix it, which must have been hard on the spine, or in stubborn cases went outside the car and pulled and tugged at a great rate. And the conductor called out the names of the streets. That custom had gone into the discard years ago.

SHE got on a Lexington Avenue car and dropped her nickel in the box. No longer, naturally, could one expect trolleys to rush along, as in her youth. They stopped at every other corner and had to wait for the lights. The conductor stood guarding his box of nickels and never said a word.

There was one other woman on the car. Either women considered street-cars a low form of transit or they were, at this hour, engaged in doing something else. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The car was passing through the quick-lunch district. The Brass Rail, its window studded with hams; the Automat, displaying illuminated and tastefully arranged plates of salads and cold cuts, like prize samples of culinary art; and two tearooms with candlesticks and checked curtains. A girl sat in the window of a tearoom, smoking a cigarette. All over town at this hour women were smoking cigarettes. They were tired. Tired of handing the French telephone, conveniently in one piece, to Mr. Haze, of almost pressing it against his ear with humility, with tenderness. Tired of "Essem Products outside; will you see him?" They were smoking cigarettes in the washroom at the office; in the Carnelian Room, the Powder Box, the Du Barry Room, at the movies; in chintz-covered chairs with ashtrays conveniently to hand in the shops, while the tired saleswoman used herself as an unwilling model, the hanger against her breast, her hand pressing the belt to her stomach. "Very smart."

Zest. Zest was needed. The car was now coming to the hat, sample-dress, and fine-shoe section. It had passed through the antique district, fortunately. Patchwork quilts and china dogs would never draw one tear from her. The hat-and-shoe district seemed to be experiencing a slump in trade. It was practically giving things away. The lay figures in the windows stood dressed in silks and furs. Their flat silver heads leaned shyly to one side, with a fixed, thin grimace. Now that she remembered it, Charles had once lived over one of these very hat stores. He had gone in for bowls of mixed tulips and furniture that cried out for antimacassars. He had never been overburdened with sense.

Men improve with the years, as someone had said. Charles couldn't have improved to an appreciable degree if his wife had run off with that boy—or had she?

SO far a depressing car ride. She knew what came next. Apartment buildings, with their numbers on side streets, if possible; greeting-card stores, dairies purveying upper-class milk, and groceries selling grouse. Also cleaning-and-dyeing establishments. When the apartment-dwellers weren't buying greeting cards they were having their clothes dyed. A dull life at best.

Not a soul had left the car since she had entered it and perhaps the end of the line was miles away. Every so often, the doors opened and shut with a crash and someone got on, but no one got off. It was becoming crowded. The male faces opposite troubled her. They looked the type that would choose trolleys as a means of locomotion. Rather dopeless and grim. She had forgotten just why this trip had seemed a good idea. The world was going on without her. Millions of people were engaged in life and she and all these other misfits were taking a ride on a trolley.

It was then that the thought of lunch struck her forcibly. She had had no lunch. Strung up to a high pitch by a popular philosopher, she had forgotten to eat. The car stopped to let someone else on. She managed to get off first.

And there was a restaurant. You would never have expected it, but there it was, next to a store that sold greeting cards. A good restaurant, with tradition and branches all over town. Oysters, thick soup, a devilled crab . . .

BEFORE she had her gloves off, and while the waiter was handing her the card, she saw the telephone. Straight across from her, beyond a glass door, was a most commodious compartment, furnished with a telephone and a chair. She gave her order and got up. Excitement, coming on top of an empty stomach, made her fumble in her purse for change. She felt happy and full of expectation and suspense. The car ride hadn't been so bad. She would take another after lunch. Away off to the limits of the Island, to unexplored districts, in search of zest. But she would telephone Lucy now, while she had the chance. All that about Charles' wife had been rather odd and unexpected, to say the least. She might as well get the details while she thought of it. Lucy would know.

—Louise Bogan

IRRELEVANT, INCOMPETENT, AND IMMATERIAL

There was a lady loved a gent
But her reward was meagre.
Said her gentleman friend to his
gentleman friends,
The lady's overeager.

There was a lady loved a gent,
She held her backbone rigid.
Said her gentleman friend to his
gentleman friends,
The lady's far too frigid.

There was a lady loved herself
But equipped with Cold and Hot.
Said her gentlemen friends to their
gentlemen friends,
Whatever it is, she's got.

Oh, let us laugh at the lines above,
Less precious than pearls and rubies—
Telling the ladies what ladies know:
That gentlemen *all* are boobies.

—Ogden Nash

• •

TIGER, TIGER, TIGER!

A Princeton editorial states that the goal posts as well as the ball used in a major football game should be immediately considered the trophies of a victorious football team.—*The Times.*

The Manager of Football,
Princeton University,
Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sir:

WE acknowledge your right to our goal posts, which the student body ripped down after our recent gridiron contest. The posts as well as the coach are yours by right of conquest. The fact that you are using the goal posts as a hatrack in the town barbershop is a bitter pill for us to swallow, but we are taking our medicine like men. You were entirely justified in making off with all our cheerleaders, too, but we hope you will see fit to return them in time for spring baseball.

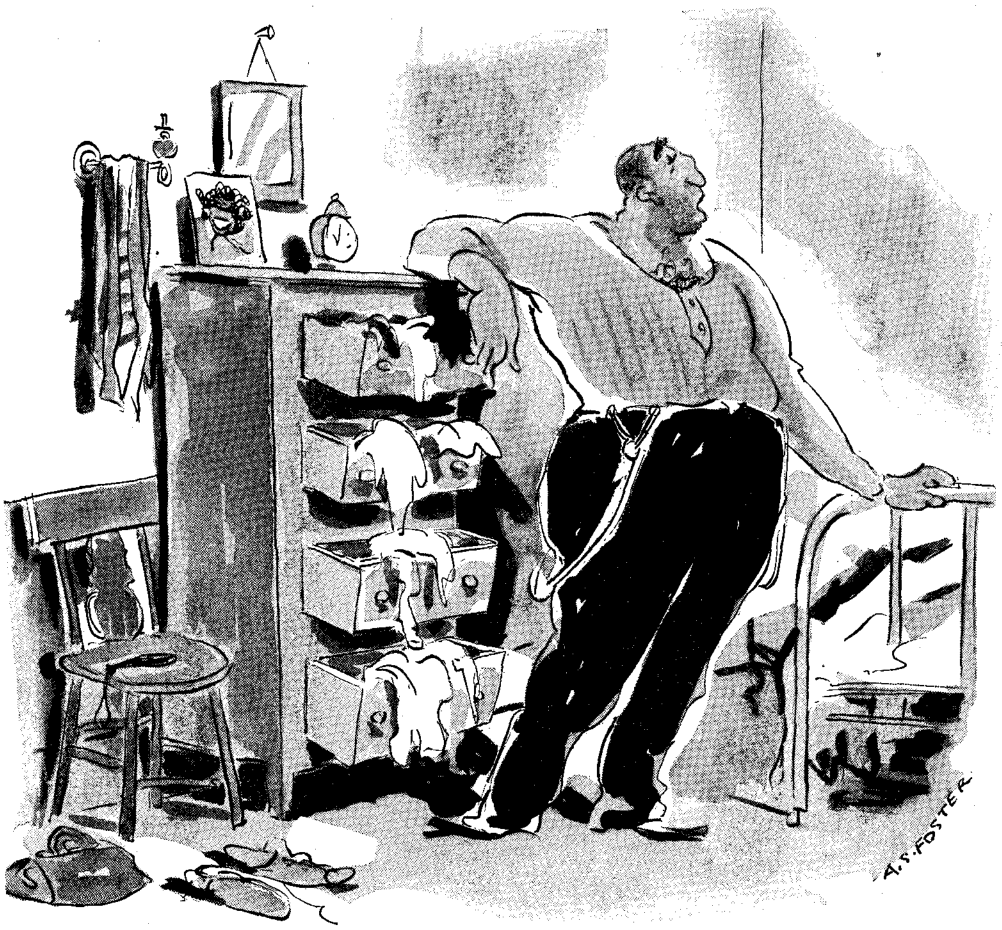
I don't quite understand what you are going to do with the front stoop of Werner Hall, which you dragged home with you, but no doubt you will put it to some good use. We miss the showerbaths in the field house to some extent and hope to win them back another year. Several of our men are still on the hospital list as a result of defending the registrar after the final whistle blew. Apparently each of your upper-classmen got a piece.

You have made quite a sizable dent in our faculty. The professor of botany is missing; also professors of English, history, chemistry, Latin, and Greek. (Is it true that one of the seniors has hung Professor Scudder on the wall of his room with a bunch of pennants?) Please be kind to Professor Emeritus Wormley. He is an old man and the shock of being a trophy may seriously impair his health.

Our collegiate activities are practically at a standstill on account of the storming and carrying off of Dean Gurlich. We dislike being Indian givers, old man, but won't you please return the Dean? If you will send him back on the next train, we will pay his expenses and send you a librarian and two astronomy instructors in exchange.

The present indications are that you may expect us next fall with a championship eleven and a seven-ton moving van.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett
Manager of Football



"Oh, Mamma Mia, what did you do with my gat?"

WEATHER
Colder, with
sleet and tomato jelly

DIVIDED WE FALL
The Blotz
AND EVEN UNITED WE MIGHT

OUR MOTTO
If you See it in The Blotz,
You're Lucky

LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY   OCTOBER 24, 1931   CHIVALRY, CRIME, NEWS, ETC.

Striking Blonde Shoots Mudge in Senatorial Love Nest

1, I Love; 2, I Love; 3—Oops, Sorry; Claims Gun Exploded; Weeps

At 8 o'clock last night, Miss Yvonne Foos, 22, a striking blonde, shot and seriously wounded Senator Peter F. Mudge in their love nest on West 68th street, it is alleged, according to the police. Miss Foos was taken to the West 68th street station.

"I don't know why I did it," she told reporters, weepingly, "I loved him so."

MacDONALD SLIPPING; SPECULATION RIFE

Errol Boom Fades, Gold Sags, Pound Is Pegged; London Solon Succeeds Scot Labor Chief

PARIS, Oct. 23 (Bulletin)—Berlin reports that Ramsay MacDonald has fallen.

ROME, Oct. 23 (Bulletin)—Paris reports that Berlin reports that Ramsay MacDonald has fallen.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23 (Bulletin)—Rome reports that Paris reports that Berlin reports that Ramsay MacDonald has fallen.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 23—Ramsay MacDonald, British Premier, has fallen.

Link Gandhi With Canoe Mystery

LONDON, Oct. 23 (Later)—Speculation is rife here as to who will succeed Ramsay MacDonald, who, according to dispatches from Erie, Pa., U. S. A., has fallen. It is generally agreed that in view of the present crisis, Mr. MacDonald's successor must possess two outstanding qualities: he must (a) be able to fall gracefully, and he must (b) be Ramsay MacDonald.

Walks Miles for Smoke; Perishes

It is understood that His Majesty today considered the name of Leon Errol as a possibility for the post, but it is understood that Mr. Errol was handicapped by the fact that he failed to fulfil one of the essential qualifications for the premiership by not being Ramsay MacDonald.

Advices from Warsaw, confirmed by an official announcement from Moscow, are to the effect that Ramsay MacDonald has been appointed Prime Minister to succeed himself.

Blonde Repulses E. J. Borch

At 9 o'clock last night, Miss Yvonne Foos, 22, a striking blonde, shot and seriously wounded Assemblyman Elmer J. Borch in their love nest on West 100th street, the police said. Miss Foos was taken to the West 100th street station.

"I shot him in self defense," she told reporters at the station house. "I loved him so."

STATESMAN TOTTERS

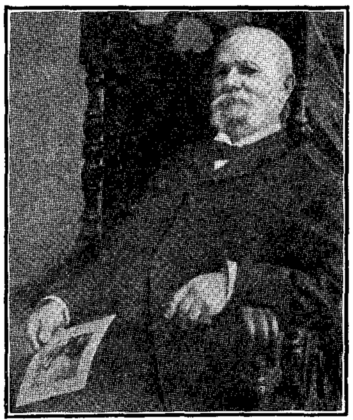


Photo by Wire

Fliers Gloomy As Many Crash

Miss Floppo Down in Fen; "Bored," Say Bumsons, Aloft Five Months

Brang and Bloos, the two transatlantic fliers who took off from Roosevelt Field last night, weather permitting, on their epoch-making flight from Austin, Texas, to Madrid, were reported over Roosevelt Field today.

Spiddle, Imes and McNinnimum, the three daring fliers who hope to hang up a record flight between Yonkers and Mt. Vernon, will take off, day after tomorrow, their summer underwear.

Willy and Pinky Bumson, the two Baltimore lads who went aloft in a gyroscope last May in an attempt to hang up a new all-American, all-wool endurance record, are still up in the air, for all we know, or care.

May Floppo, intrepid lone woman daredevil ace of the upper ether, crashed in a fen outside Pawtucket, R. I., today. "I did it in the interests of aviation," Miss Floppo told reporters.

The S. S. Numeric of the White Star line arrived today with 2,398 passengers, 1,348 of whom were intrepid aviators forced down in mid-Atlantic.

"The Mauretania is bringing 1,238 more tomorrow," said Captain Blansh, of the Numeric, wearily.

Ginsbergh, the Lone Loon, was

(Continued on Page 85)

In China, a bride does not see her husband until the day of the wedding. This custom is called moomp. —*Gas Logic.*

CAPITOL SEETHES AS CHAIR CURBS PINCUS

Senate Scene of Stirring Brain Bout; Bear State Orator Issues Defi; Speaker Empties Dome

The complete text of the debate in the Senate yesterday on the McDougall-Foote Resolution is as follows:

The Vice President—Does the gentleman from Arkansas yield to the gentleman from Idaho?

Mr. Pincus—No.

The Vice President—Does the gentleman from Arkansas yield to the gentleman from—let's see—Oregon?

Mr. Pincus—No.

Tot Combs Vice Dens

The Vice President—Does the gentleman from Arkansas yield to the gentleman from New York, or Arizona, Oklahoma, Missouri, Indiana, Washington, North and South Dakota, Kentucky?—that's the Blue Grass State, gentlemen.

Senator Moses—You-all don't say so, Marse Curtis.

The Clerk (proceeding)—New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland—

The Vice President—Does the gentleman from Arkansas yield to the gentlemen from any of those states?

Mr. Pincus—No.

The Vice President—Would the gentleman from Arkansas like to go plumb to hell? Senate's adjourned. Last one out's a Representative.

Blonde Wounds All-Night Judge

At 10 o'clock last night, Miss Yvonne Foos, 22, a striking blonde, shot and seriously wounded Judge Francis P. Spitherly of All-Night Sessions, in their love nest on West 47th street. Miss Foos was taken to the West 47th street station, hysterical.

"He was showing me his new revolver and I accidentally pulled the trigger," she explained, weepingly, at the station house. "I'm so sorry. I loved him so."

(*Reprinted from yesterday's late editions*)

In China, when a girl baby is unwanted she is taken out and abandoned on a heap of ruins. In New York, when a girl baby is unwanted, she is taken out and abandoned at Bellevue, which is also a heap of ruins.—*Gas Logic.*

Striking Blonde Resents Affronts

At midnight last night, Miss Yvonne Foos, 22, a striking blonde, shot and seriously wounded Mayor William P. Manoobe in their love nest on East 104th street. Miss Foos was taken to the East 104th street station.

"He was a brute," she told reporters later, "I was a good girl until I met Bill Manoobe. Then he made improper advances to me. And it's been nothing but improper advances, improper advances, improper advances all summer. I'm glad I did it."

Yvonne Foos Again Defends Her Honor

At 11 o'clock last night, Miss Yvonne Foos, 22, a striking blonde, shot and seriously wounded Governor Jennifer T. Xalopopolos in their love nest on East 51st street. Miss Foos was taken to the East 51st street station, suffering from shock.

"He was cruel, cruel, cruel," she told reporters. "He told me he was going to leave me. I saw red. The next thing I knew he was lying on the floor and I had a revolver in my hand. What have I done? What have I done?"

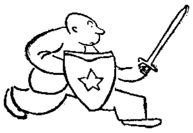
Blonde Wounds Quite a Few

At 1 o'clock this morning, Miss Yvonne Foos, 22, a striking blonde, shot and seriously wounded the 107th Regiment, in their love nest, the 107th Regiment Armory on 66th street at Park Avenue.

"I caught them going out with other girls," she told police. "I was mad with jealousy. I couldn't help it. I loved them so."

The Chinese lily will eat its young unless carefully watched.—*Gas Logic.*

The Blotz



EST. BY FRANK SULLIVAN

The Blotz is a crusading newspaper. It will print all the news that's fit to kill. It believes the time has come when women have a right to demand bigger handkerchiefs and that men have a right to wear the same dress shirt twice, unless it is awfully spotted or people have written their names on it. The Blotz believes that the braid on Park Avenue doormen should be restored to the gold standard and that our Mayor, James J. Walker, is entitled to a vacation trip to New York once in a while, without adverse criticism. The Blotz stands for injustice, and for corruption in high places. It stands for *simony, larceny, mayhem and nepotism.*

COME, MR. CURRY!

John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, testified yesterday at the hearing in the proceedings to quash the writ of absque hoc, that in the year 1920 in the State of Wyoming, there were 15,796 males of voting age.

Such being the case, The Blotz would like to put a few questions to John F. Curry.

1. John F. Curry, who kidnapped Charlie Ross?
2. John F. Curry, where is Dorothy Arnold?
3. John F. Curry, who was the Man in the Iron Mask?
4. John F. Curry, where were you when the Maine was blown up?
5. John F. Curry, where were you when the Blizzard of '88 started?
6. John F. Curry, what is the quotient of 1,345,384,387 divided by 456?
7. John F. Curry, what are the colors of the Kansas State Agricultural College?
8. John F. Curry, what is the span of the nave of the new Washington Cathedral?
9. John F. Curry, what is this thing called Love?

* * *

Come, Mr. Curry! A long-suffering city awaits your answer. Answer, or resign.

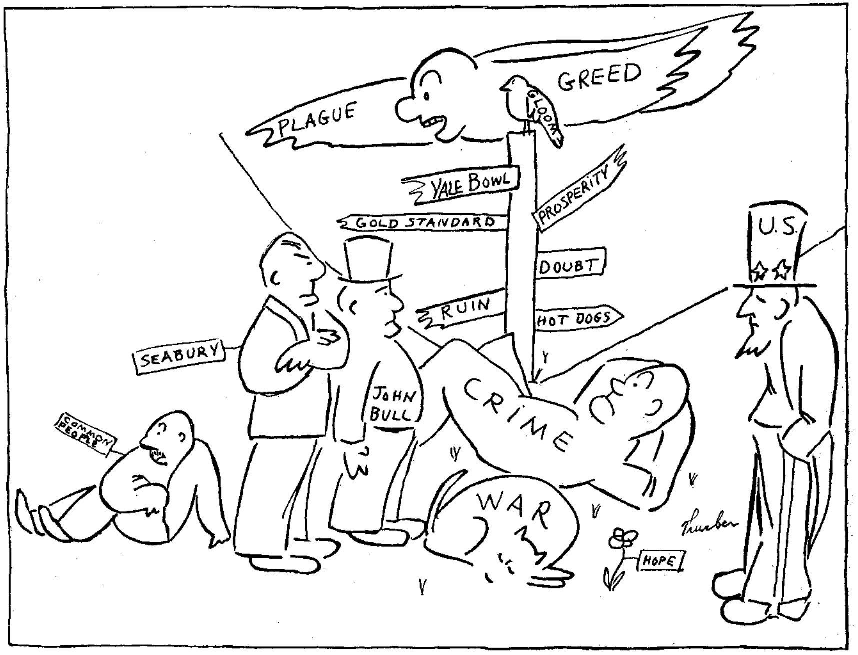
SHALL THE PEOPLE RULE?

The reaction to the announcement from "a source close to the White House" that as soon as the weather gets real cold, Mr. Hoover plans to don heavy woollens, is interesting to watch. The *Herald Tribune*, which has been warmly pro-Hoover on every question save the Cranberry Bog Seizures, characterizes the President's action as "a wise precaution, in line with the policy that has made his Administration a widespread subject of discussion."

Mr. Godkin's *Evening Post* approves also, in an editorial entitled "Our President Goes Wool Gathering." Our esteemed contemporary, the *World-Telegram*, is, however, inclined to be critical, declaring that "if Mr. Hoover thinks to inveigle the people of this country into woollen underwear, in the hope that the inevitably resulting itching will divert their minds from the defects of his Administration, he is greatly mistaken. The thinking people of this country have become slightly chary of Mr. Hoover and his pretty speeches about 'prosperity right around the corner.' "

The *Daily News* is rather noncommittal, declaring that "the mere fact that winter underwear has been mentioned in a White House statement, however unofficial, without causing a storm of disapproval, indicates a healthy abatement of prudery and false modesty. Twenty years ago, even the doughty Roosevelt would scarcely have dared to mention his winter underwear outside the privacy of his intimate circle of family and friends. 'The world do move.' "

AT THE CROSSROADS



Letters from Blotz Readers

Modern Flapper O. K., Says Schwab

Sir: Mrs. A. H. complains in your columns about mildew in her preserves. Well, we girls of the Follies have solved that problem. We have been doing our fall canning and quite by accident, while scouting around for a solution of the mildew problem, we came upon a little shop in Greenwich Village where you can get the very best quality of mildew at a very reasonable price. If Mrs. A. H. will communicate with me, I'd be glad to give her the address.

New York City. HELEN MORGAN.

Certainly

Sir: Would you be kind enough to inform me as to the exact date on which Yom Kippur fell in Boston in 1798?

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,
Sec'y of the Navy.
Boston, Mass.

The Wickersham Commission Again

Sir: May a stranger "in your midst" venture a criticism? I am a machinist's mate on the U. S. S. Arizona, and I would like to state that it is getting impossible for a sailor visiting New York to walk up Sands Street, the Central Park Mall or Riverside Drive without being annoyed by hosts of your local girls. It is indeed a sad commentary on the home training of New York girls that so many of them should even think of speaking to a man who has not been formally presented to them. Have New York girls no respect at all for the uniform?

Brooklyn. DISGRUNTLED GOB.

BLOTZ NOT TO BE SOLD

The attention of the proprietor of The Blotz has been called to rumors, apparently as widespread as they are without foundation, that The Blotz is to be sold to the New York Bugle, the combined paper to be known as the Bloggle.

The proprietor of The Blotz wishes to deny these reports in no certain terms. The Blotz will not be sold to the Bugle nor to any other paper.

It will continue its fight for injustice, corruption, greed, and a fifteen-cent subway fare, and it will continue that fight alone.

FRANK SULLIVAN
Proprietor

Objects to "Lewdity" on Stage

Sir: Jimmy Walker is all right. These guys that are picking on him all the time, including you, are a lot of soreheads that hate to see another guy have a good time. If you don't like this country go back where you came from.

New York City. JAMES J. WALKER.

Wants Radio City Torn Down

Sir: Anxious Father's account of the Johnstown Flood was very interesting, but I would like to point out a few inaccuracies which I noticed, as I happen to be one of the survivors. In the first place, it was not in 1812 that Grant surrendered to Lee, it was 1865, and it was not Grant that surrendered. It was Lee. Also, it was not the Spanish-American War, it was the Civil. And it was not at Yorktown, it was at Appomattox and Appomattox is not in Ohio, it is in Virginia.

Albany, N. Y. FLOYD GRAVES.

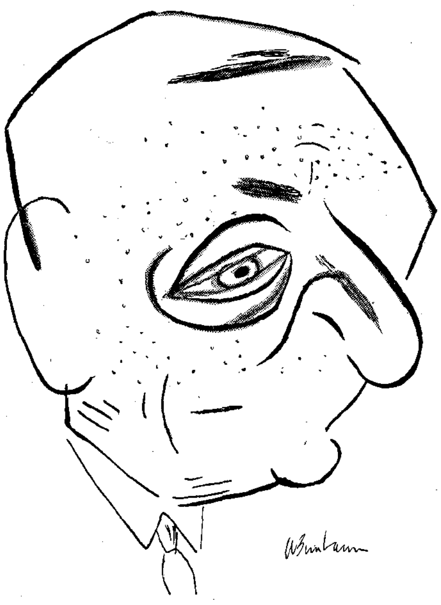
Embarrassing Moment

Sir: I suppose all readers of The Blotz have had those simply awful dreams when you find yourself suddenly in a crowded ballroom, sans trousers, skirt, or some other garment essential to modesty. Well, my dears, I had just such a dream the other night; at least I said to myself (the way you will, you know) "This is only a dream. I shall wake up in a moment." And I did wake up and it wasn't a dream!

Staten Island. MRS. J. H. McK.

PROFILES

COP'S COP



Police Commissioner Mulrooney

Edward Pierce Mulrooney has never been accused of breaking faith with anyone. When he was notified, somewhat to his own surprise, that the Mayor had chosen him to succeed the magnificent Whalen as police commissioner, he was asked to say nothing about it until the political strategists found a time propitious for an announcement of the latter's retirement. Mulrooney took the request literally; he didn't even tell his wife and two daughters. Through the newspapers several days later they learned, along with all the rest of us, that Papa had been knighted.

The incident is typical of the man who now directs the destinies of some nineteen thousand coppers. He has taken orders all his life, and, like military men, he believes that orders are made to be carried out regardless of personal preference. One of the reasons for this is that Mulrooney is pleasantly free of those towering vanities so common to public officials. He has no gift for show and bright chicanery, and none of those dangerous and disturbing ambitions which so often transform able men into pests.

Appointed by a Tammany mayor and representative of a Tammany administration, Mulrooney is, to all intents and purposes, a political police commissioner, and that despite the fact that he came up from the uniformed force. It is rather amusing, then, to consider his beginnings. When he got his shield thirty-five years ago he was what was known in those days as a "goo-goo kid"—that is, a product of the agitations of the Good Government Clubs. Theodore Roosevelt was president of the Police Board under a reform administration. He wanted to get policemen who did not yet wear the Croker trademark, and in a series of newspaper advertisements he urged able, honest, and ambitious young men to join the Force. They did not, he advised them, need political pull to get ahead. Mulrooney, just turned twenty-one, answered the advertisement. He got the job.

As a "goo-goo kid" the young rookie was fair game for the slightly resentful elder members of his platoon, and his own nervousness made him ludicrous. He appeared at roll call with his coat buttoned wrong, and the cord of his bean-pot hat dropped far to one side; he had blacked one shoe but not the other. There were jeers and laughter. When the boy returned from his first day of pavement-pounding, hazing awaited him. Asleep in the station house, he was awakened rudely and wetly when two buckets of icy cold water were poured over him. Dashing out for a towel he met Roundsman George E. McCluskey at the door, and the latter advised him to hide in the sergeant's room for the next few hours so that he would not be sent on futile errands by practical jokers.

"Any time you don't know what to do, come to me," Roundsman McCluskey said, and thus began a friendship which lasted over a period of sixteen years. McCluskey—he became an inspector—was a famous man during the first decade of the century. Every street urchin knew and admired him, and his good looks and self-confidence caused Devery, the blustering police chief, to christen him "Chesty George." McCluskey, schooled under the great Byrnes, was the best detective of his time, and it is impossible to overestimate his influence upon young Mulrooney. McCluskey trained him, and, beginning in 1904, was his direct superior. The Commissioner preserves a deep veneration and respect for the Inspector, saying frankly that any detective ability he may possess he owes to him. In 1912, some months before McCluskey's death, Mulrooney paid part of that debt: he saved the older man from drowning when both were taking a Fourth of July swim.

Roosevelt's "goo-goo kids" turned out to be a smart lot, and are heavily represented among the present commanding officers. They moved ahead fast on merit and Mulrooney moved with them. He became a sergeant in 1905, a lieutenant in 1913, a captain in 1923, a deputy inspector in 1926, an inspector in 1927, and assistant chief inspector in 1929. During that time he served in virtually every branch of the service, from the marine police to the traffic division. Once, however, he was prepared to resign. That was when he was ordered to the Vice Squad. He neither served nor resigned. The assignment was changed.

Today, at fifty-seven, Mulrooney is hard and firm. Even the supervisory and desk jobs of later years have not put a paunch on him, and his face, though weatherbeaten and deeply lined in a florid Irish way, is remarkably youthful. He is just a half-inch under six feet tall, but a slight stoop makes him appear shorter. He has cold greenish-gray eyes that squint from beneath heavy lids, and his sandy hair has changed to a yellowish gray. He speaks curtly always and when he smiles two gold teeth gleam through loose, bowed lips. His hands are freckled. He dresses modestly, usually in gray or blue serge. He is one of the most courteous of men.

The Commissioner has always kept in shape without any particular health measures and is contemptuous of carrot and spinach diets. He rarely takes a drink, smokes moderately. Although he dreads public speaking and has a distressing fear of the microphone, he talks interestingly and at length when the conversation is "off the record." He speaks with a strong New York accent, says "thoid" for "third" and "berl" for "boil," but he does not, as often reported, talk out of the corner of his mouth. That accusation irks him.

Mulrooney's first service on the Force was with the marine police. That was natural enough. His father was a Hudson River pilot and the boy knew every inch of wharf and shoreline of Manhattan Island. When he finished grammar school and went on to study mathematics and elemen-

Alice Harvey

"Mrs. Peacock, can I have off this morning? I want to take my test for my driver's license."

• •

tary engineering at Cooper Union he nursed an ambition to go to South America to help build a railroad over the Andes. Stories of yellow fever and malaria frightened his mother, and when he abandoned schoolbooks for good at sixteen he agreed to learn the pilot's trade. There followed five years' service on river boats and the Pennsylvania Railroad barges. His license was issued to him a few days after he joined the police force and today he is still qualified, should political sands run the wrong way, to stand on the bridge of a vessel and direct her through the shoals of New York Harbor.

MULROONEY is not one of those generals who die in bed; he would go anywhere. As recently as early summer, when he might have allowed his fifty-seven years and his gold commissioner's badge to woo him to the sidelines, he personally led the police siege on the apartment where the dwarfish Two-Gun Crowley was in hiding. He was directly in line of fire and was the first man to step through the smashed door into the devastated flat.

Oddly enough, while Mulrooney has an eager desire to institute general departmental policies which will receive public approval, he has no pride in his own courage and is abashed and embarrassed when questioned about his medals and citations. His leadership of the Crowley raid became known only when other officers, hours afterward, told reporters about it. Mulrooney was displeased.

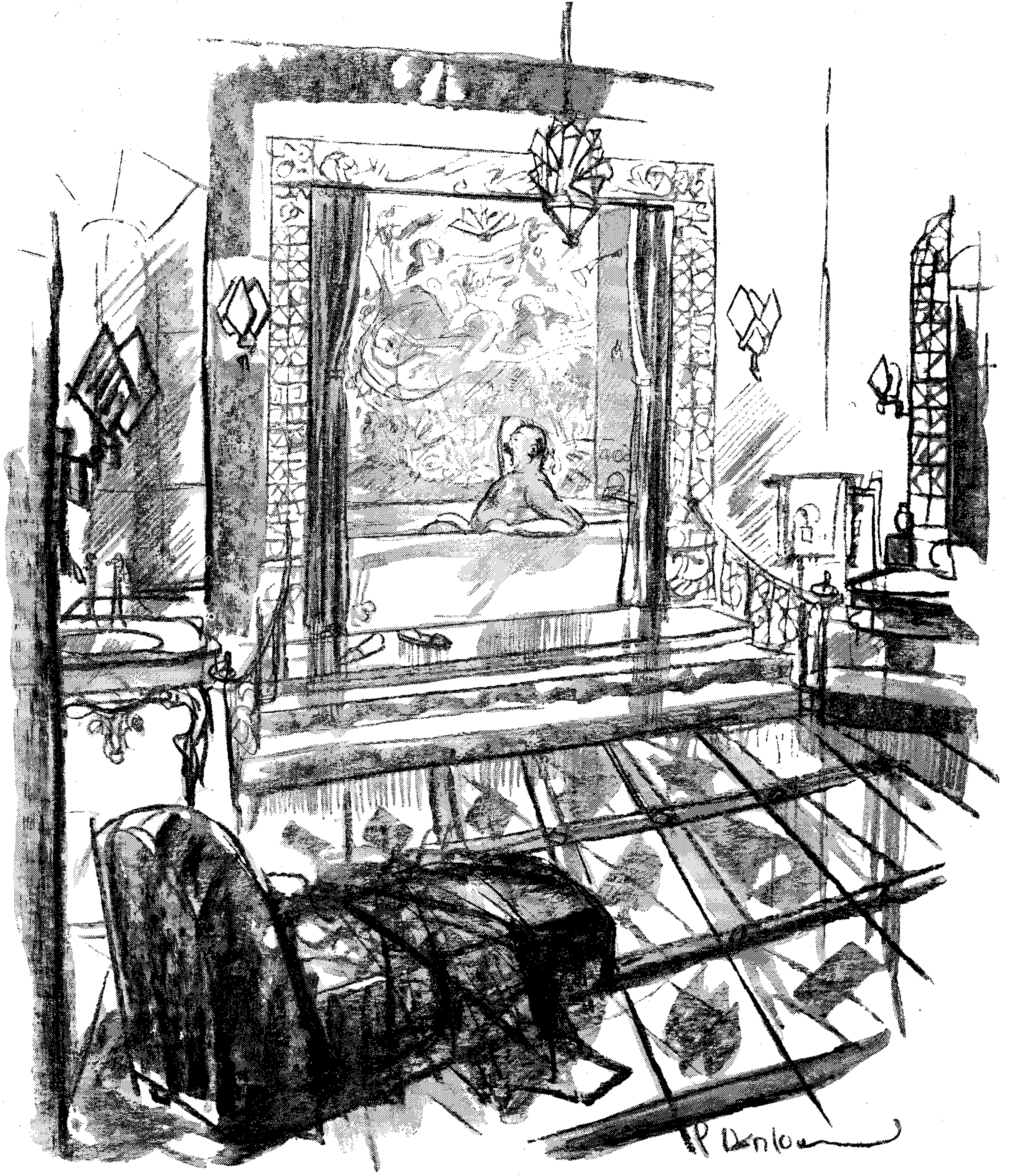
Some of his earlier exploits are worth examining. On June 15, 1904, when the General Slocum burned in the East River, and nearly a thousand men, women, and children lost their lives, Mulrooney was one of the heroes of the rescue work. With two other men in a coughing police launch he worked close beside the flaming vessel. They were there three days without rest or sleep. Mulrooney himself, when the Slocum had been reduced to a black, smoldering hulk, hauled twenty-nine bodies out of the hold. Then he went home and was sick.

Again in March of 1906, Mulrooney was one of the crew of a police rowboat on harbor patrol, picking its way through chunks of ice that still floated in the Bay. Suddenly the men aboard sighted a group of river pirates raiding a string of coal barges. The watchman had been overpowered, and the pirates were shifting cargoes into their own five-ton oyster boats. The police came up in the darkness, unseen. Two of the bandits were captured, after precarious leaps from one boat to another. Three went overboard and Mulrooney dived after them. Through the freezing waters, swimming his fastest crawl, he pursued them to the Jersey City piers, where they hid successfully. Reinforcements found him later a half-mile up the Hudson, soaking wet and still searching for the fugitives in the shadows of the docks.

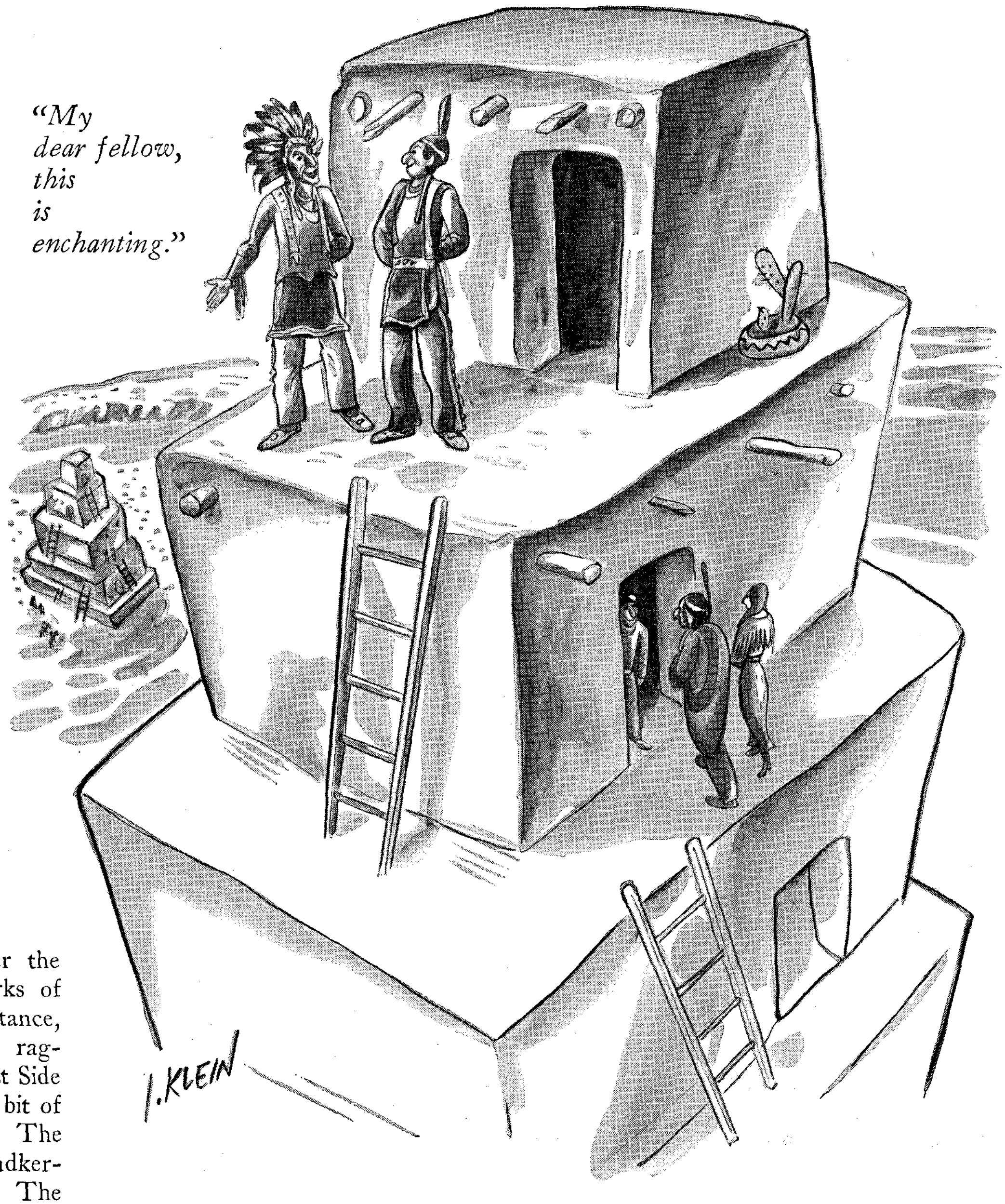
Thirty-five years in a police uniform doesn't often produce a Napoleon, but when that experience is coupled with native intelligence and hardheadedness, it is likely to fashion a man who very definitely knows his way around. Mulrooney has seen mayors and commissioners come and go. He has seen reform and reform's inevitable reaction. As far as possible, I believe, he divorces the department from politics, but he understands the game and he remembers who appointed him. He has no yen for preferment beyond his present position and regards it as the capstone of a decent and honorable career.

IT is a little difficult to draw a picture of the daily duties of a police commissioner, since they are quite as variable as public emergencies themselves. The Commissioner arrives at his office just a little after nine and immediately goes to the famous "line-up," one of the more fetching and melodramatic police traditions. After that he returns to his office, confers with Chief Inspector O'Brien, signs orders and transfers, and clears up all the routine. An assistant keeps watch on the telegraph bureau; if news of crimes of first importance is flashed across the wire, it is at once reported to the Commissioner. He goes out personally to supervise the handling of major man-hunts. Then there are visits from officials and civic leaders, from newspapermen and crackpots, conferences with the heads of other departments. The day is always a full one. If business is rushing, Mulrooney eats at the Police College cafeteria. If there is leisure he lunches with Chief Inspector O'Brien around the corner. The two men often spend the whole hour with the exchange of no more than twenty words.

Mulrooney's day does not end at five or six. Sometimes after he leaves the office he makes a round of various station houses, dropping in without warning to see how things are going, and arriving home far in the night. During the recent gang roundups he often did not go home at all. The gang problem worries him; it does not answer to old-fashioned police methods.



"There's a land that is fair-rer than day."



"My dear fellow, this is enchanting."

And he resents the charges that the members of his department protect gunmen or that police politics allow them to continue their depredations. Personally, Mulrooney has the greatest contempt for gangsters; he believes, perhaps a little irrationally, that they are all physical cowards and that a good cop is equal to half a dozen of them in a mêlée. He wants to drive the gunmen out, but he thinks clearly enough to realize that prohibition, the habeas corpus, and the New York system have him, for the time being at least, stymied.

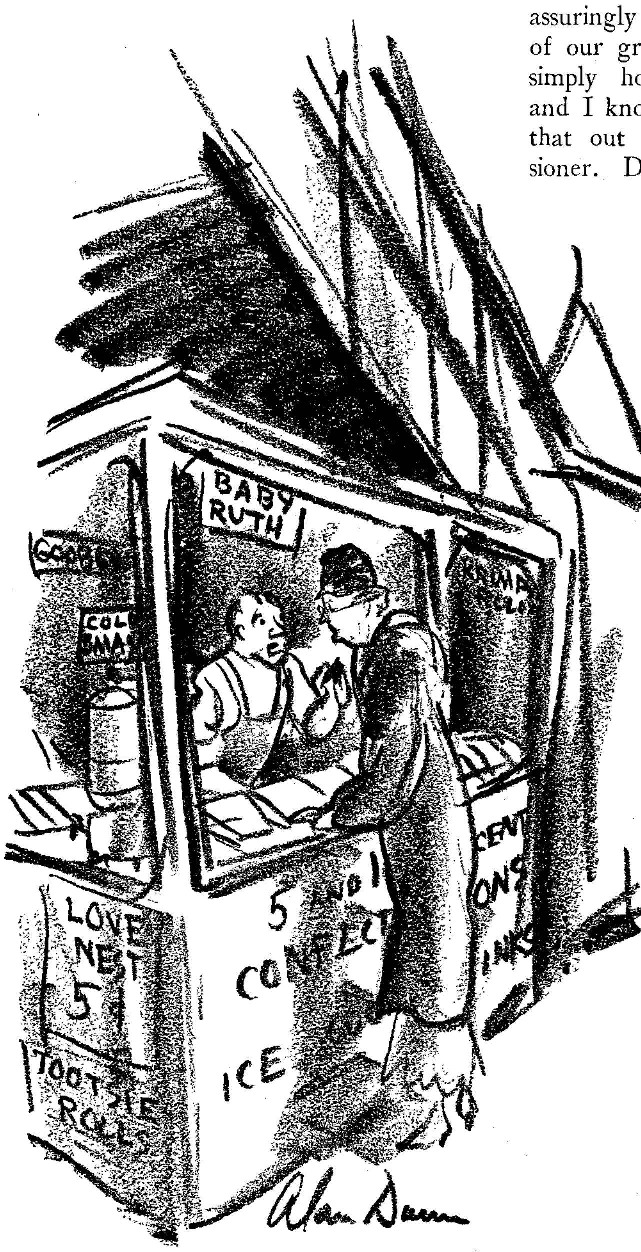
About policing as a job the Commissioner has no illusions, and the fanciful crime solutions of the mystery-story writers bore him. He has, he says, never seen a super-detective and never hopes to see one. Detective work is thoroughness, patience, and luck—especially luck. The professional policeman has one advantage over the amateur: he knows the earmarks of certain types of criminals. For instance, the Commissioner reminisces, a rag-picker was found dead in his East Side basement. There was only one bit of evidence: the means of murder. The man had been strangled, a handkerchief forced down his throat. The veteran officer assigned to the investigation knew at once that the murderer was a Russian. That merry, particular use of the handkerchief, it appears, is, like *borsch*, a strictly Russian invention, and is employed only by the subjects of the late Czar.

Mulrooney, whatever his dissatisfaction with the antics of Philo Vance, Lecoq, and Lord Peter Wimsey, reveals, in his conversational moments, almost a collector's interest in skillfully contrived homicide. He will tell you, if pressed, about the most baffling crime in his experience, a crime to which he was assigned. A Jewish laundryman in the Negro district of the upper East Side was found dead in the room behind his shop. He had been shot through the brain and through the heart, and the doctors said death had been instantaneous. Police, summoned by a neighbor who heard the gun, were unable to force an entrance. Finally, a small boy was boosted up to the transom; there was barely space for him to squirm through. When he had unfastened the door the police found their mystery. There were two doors to the room. Both had been locked from the inside with sliding bolts. There was a barred window some five feet above the floor, but the dust on the sill testified that the window had not been opened. No gun was to be found, and, consequently, suicide was out of the question. Yet there was no way that a murderer, departing, could have locked the doors from the inside. The shot could not have been fired through the window or through the transom, for powder burns on the man's body indicated that the bullets had travelled only a few inches. What happened? Mulrooney, of course, does not know. The only possible explanation he can offer is that the laundryman was shot as he stood in the entrance to the place and that, defying natural law, he was still able to close and bolt the door before he died. It sounds impossible, but—

ALTHOUGH something of a sobersides, Mulrooney is as typically a New Yorker as Jimmie Walker or George Cohan. He played baseball with the Twentieth Ward Maroons, chased flies for Willie Keeler, and still likes to go to the Yankee Stadium when he has time. He despises dirty revues, and he believes that most of the color has gone out of the town since 1910. The deaths of Thorley, the florist, and John Reisenweber saddened him particularly; they represented for him the gay old days.

The Commissioner was born in Union City, New Jersey, but he doesn't remember anything except New York. In one way he should feel at home in Headquarters. His grandfather sold poultry on the site of the present building, and his mother was born just across the street at No. 4 Centre Market Place. His father, although a native of Ireland, lived here all his life and fought with Duryea's Zouaves, a famous local regiment, through the Civil War. The father, perhaps, is responsible for the Commissioner's ardent patriotism and his preoccupation with American history. Certainly his influence is revealed in his son's major hobby: ships and shipping. John Paul Jones is Mulrooney's favorite hero, and he knows every vessel which puts out of here, knows her displacement, her sailing speed, her record. Nine times out of ten he is a friend of her captain.

Mulrooney's advancement to the Commissionership and its ten-thousand-dollar salary has made no change in his scale of living. His apartment is at 760 Mott Avenue, the Bronx, and his wife keeps no servants. One of his daughters is a librarian and the other was graduated only last year from a Catholic girls' college in New Haven. The Commissioner doesn't spend much time in the Bronx. His job is the reason. It is a family event when he reaches home for dinner.



"The name 'Love Nest' is your guarantee, Ma'am."

The year Mulrooney has been in office has been a difficult one, what with the Vice Squad scandals, the Vivian Gordon murder, the gang shootings, and other unforeseen and annoying items. That he still occupies the big swivel chair is striking testimony to his ability and the conviction of sincerity that most people find in him. Don Marquis once remarked reassuringly that the police departments of our great cities are honeycombed, simply honeycombed, with honesty, and I know no one who better bears that out than the present Commissioner. During the recent open season on police reputations there have been many attacks on the department, but never even a backhand slap at the integrity of the chief himself.

The official lives of police commissioners are generally unpleasant and stormy. Often they are brief. It is hard to please everyone. Joe Warren, for example, was another of Walker's appointees and he satisfied the Mayor but not the public. Whalen satisfied the public but not the Mayor. Mulrooney has fared better in a year of alarums and excursions. Not gifted with any special brilliance or cunning, he is nevertheless endowed with a natural diplomacy; he has been brought up to take orders and he is personally above reproach. The Cop's Cop apparently is, for Tammany and for New York, the right man for the work in hand.

—MILTON MACKAYE

PLAY SCHOOL

MISS BESSIE TRACY had opened a play school in Thirteenth Street. It was in the basement rear room of a remodelled house and it had a backyard with a tree in it. She had thought of having grass too, but the things her friends told her about growing grass in the city made her decide against it. So she painted fanciful flower designs on the fence and she painted the fence itself blue. As nearly as she could remember, it was the shade of blue of the gondola posts in Venice. There was a sandpile for the smaller children, and for the two hours that the sun got around to the backyard it was quite cheerful. "It's small, of course," she said, "but as we have group play, it does very nicely."

The schoolroom wasn't very light. But the orange theatrical-gauze curtains gave a sunshiny effect and the little tables and chairs were painted red. Miss Tracy was enthusiastic over her school. She was frightfully interested in children, in bringing out the best in them. And, in order to do this, she knew that one mustn't forbid a child to do a thing but suggest something more interesting for him to do instead. For instance, she would say: "Belinda Ann, wouldn't you be ever so much happier coloring pretty cards than lying on that uncomfortable floor screaming that way?" And sometimes Belinda Ann would actually get up. Miss Tracy tried to get the child's point of view.

This year she had an exceptionally interesting group to work with, all of them children of really fascinating parents. But there were only seven in the group and Miss Tracy's goal was eight, so she decided to call on Mrs. Parker and try to interest her in the school. Mrs. Parker lived in a new apartment building in Twelfth Street, and as Miss Tracy took the elevator to the ninth floor, she felt sorry for the Parker child. The apartments obviously had no individuality. The Parkers hadn't lived in New York very long. Mr. Parker had come here as salesmanager for an automobile firm and Mrs. Parker didn't do anything. Miss Tracy hoped she would do something as soon as she had found herself, because all the mothers of her play-school children did something.

WHEN Mrs. Parker came in the room, Miss Tracy could see at a glance that she was the kind of woman who *would* have old-rose curtains and a Chinese rug. Mrs. Parker asked her to sit down and offered her a cigarette, which Miss Tracy took, as she made a point of smoking before children. Harvey Parker, a boy of six, sat on a piano stool and whirled himself around and around.

It didn't take Miss Tracy long to explain her school to Mrs. Parker. Then she turned to Harvey. "And what do you like to do, Harvey," she asked, "better than anything in the world?"

Harvey swung the stool around faster than ever.

"Miss Tracy asked you a question, Harvey," said his mother.

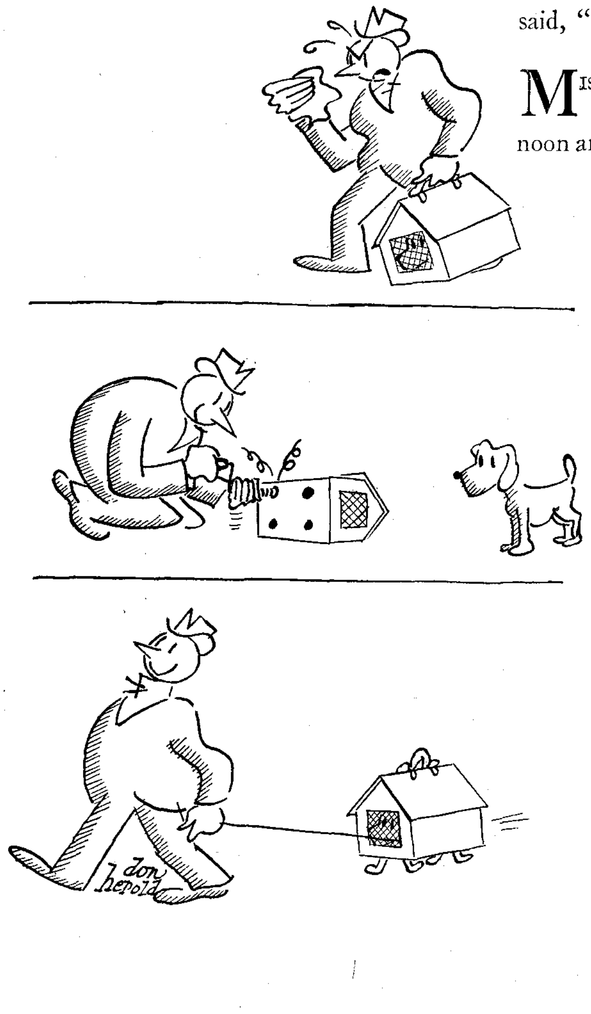
Harvey stopped swinging. "I dunno," he said.

"How would you like to have some lovely colored clay and make things of it that you made up all by yourself?" Miss Tracy waited attentively for Harvey's answer. She felt that the things a child said were indicative of something.

"Answer Miss Tracy, Harvey," Mrs. Parker said.

"I dunno," Harvey said.

"You see," Miss Tracy explained, turning to Mrs. Parker, "I try to find out what interests a child and then I let him work it out his own way without any outside interference. Except for the group play. I do feel that they should join the group play."



"I see," Mrs. Parker said.

"I have two delightful children just about Harvey's age," Miss Tracy went on, "Tessen and Finum Taussig. They named themselves. Their mother believes children have a right to choose their own names. She makes all their clothes on her own looms. Such beautiful colors. Her blues are especially interesting."

"Will I have a desk?" Harvey asked.

"Not a desk"—Miss Tracy smiled—"but a little red table and chair where you can cut out pictures and draw all you want. And at lunchtime you will have your own little pan and spoon and cook your own food. Won't that be lovely?"

"Answer Miss Tracy, Harvey," said Mrs. Parker.

"I don't want to cook," Harvey said.

Just then some friends of Mrs. Parker's came in. They had been to a matinée and had dropped by for tea. Miss Tracy wasn't asked to stay, although she was very fond of the theatre and liked to discuss it. "About the school?" she asked Mrs. Parker as she left.

"I will let you know," Mrs. Parker told her.

"When I go to school," Harvey said, "I want a desk and some books."

MISS TRACY felt that everything had gone very well that afternoon and yet she felt depressed when she opened the door to the school. She slept on a couch there. It was convenient having the couch because sometimes the children who didn't feel very well could lie down on it during the day. As most of their mothers worked, it was impossible to send them home until they were called for. The room was dim when she went in and the lights had been decorated with colored paper for Halloween. Tessen had forgotten his homespun scarf and there were scraps of paper on the floor. Another of the children hadn't felt like picking up paper that day. She must set the mousetraps. These old houses were charming but they did get run down.

By the time she had heated a can of spaghetti for her supper and poured a glass of milk, she felt most unaccountably depressed. "How ridiculous of me," she reasoned. "I must be tired. The children will be coming in tomorrow morning and everything will be the same again."

Because one's work must be interesting. It has to be. —SALLY BENSON

•

ODE TO A NEW HOTEL

Cleaving the everlasting skies,
Beaconing forth the airships' paths,
These Titan-towers of steel arise—
Three thousand rooms! Three thousand baths!

And all earth's luxuries illume
These precincts with a happy glow;
A wood fire is in every room;
In every room, a radio.

The bathroom is a bright repair
Of sapphire, sardonyx, and steel;
There is a secret chamber where,
Quietly, cubes of ice congeal.

And through the great reception halls
Where music murmurs dreamily,
Where priceless murals grace the walls,
A figure wanders. That is me.

As Thoreau once by Walden Pond
Forsook man's moiling world to see
The old earth-mother wave her wand,
And did it practically free,

So do I quit the frantic street
To watch this warm, rich world astir,
The bellboys on insistent feet,
The febrile-fingered manager;

And in the wide and golden hall
I choose a deeply cushioned chair;
With any sort of luck at all
I find an evening paper there.

A distant orchestra suggests
That gentlemen may dine once more;
I join the exodus of guests
Seeking the dairy lunch next door.

Now let us all give thanks to these
Philanthropists and patriots
Who built this lobby for our ease
(Although they might put up some cots).

And let us thank—and not be rude—
The host and all his kind cadets;
And let us show our gratitude.
—Give me a pack of cigarettes.

—MORRIS BISHOP

THE THEATRE

SIESTA

THERE was plenty of chance for light dozing or introspective musing in the theatre last week. There were even times when a good ring puzzle would have come in handy. The plays were not so bad as they were mild. Occasionally there would come a stretch when there was some doubt as to whether or not there really *was* a play in progress on the stage. Perhaps it would have been better if there hadn't been. But there—we mustn't get bitter.

Certainly a great deal of trouble could have been saved for somebody if, instead of translating "A Church Mouse," the script of any one of a dozen other identical plays had been used. Even more trouble could have been saved if Mr. Brady had neglected to produce it at all. Of course, then we should not have had the pleasure of watching Miss Ruth Gordon work, but there must be something else that we could have seen her in before the season is over. Between the acts one could work up a rough outline of just what she was going to do in the next act, when she would change from her little mouse-clothes into her brilliant party-dress and amaze all with her beauty, when she would be caught by her handsome employer (Mr. Bert Lytell) trying to run away with her little suitcase under her arm, and when her handsome employer (still Mr. Bert Lytell) would dictate a proposal of marriage to her, thereby ending the show, God willing. The only new twist was injected by Miss Gordon herself, for, violating all codes of actress behavior, in that part of the play in which she was supposed to be badly dressed and plain, she actually dressed badly and made herself plain. Equity should hear of this.

Mr. Lytell's performance several years ago in "Brothers" must have been even more powerful than I thought at the time, for all during "A Church Mouse" I felt that only half of Mr. Lytell was present and kept waiting for the twin brother to put in an appearance. In this case, the twin brother had the breaks, for no part was written for him.

In the first act, Mr. Livingston Platt has designed a set in the modern manner which succeeds in putting the interior of a metal ashcan on the stage for the first time. Was it possibly a premonition of the fate of "A Church Mouse"?

DURING the first act of "Lean Harvest," while Mr. Nigel Bruce was on, the season took a decided lift and it looked as if we had turned that Corner we hear so much about. Mr. Bruce is just about as expert a comedian as we have seen here for a long time, and Ronald Jeans has written him some ideal lines. His remarks about "Lady into Fox" (the whole idea being "a bit thick to begin with") move me to recommend the play right now, regardless of what follows.

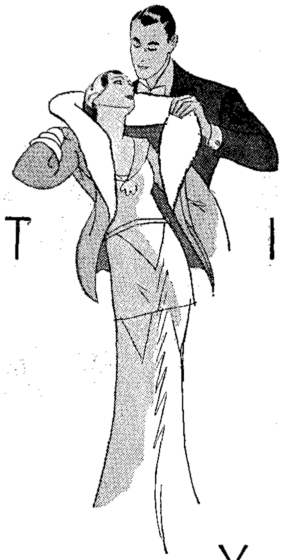
But the story of the Big Businessman who won his millions and lost his life turned out to be just exactly that and no more—the story of the Big Businessman who won his millions and lost his life, and in its way was just as generic as "A Church Mouse." Of course, Leslie Banks did a great deal to make it something else (and given a good line, Mr. Banks is no slouch as a comedian either; witness his tragic rendering of the two words "Good God!" when told that he must go on a diet of junket) and Vera Allen and Leonard Mudie, in fact most of the rest of the cast, did all that was in their power. But "Lean Harvest" went dreamy in the second act and no amount of apoplexy in the last act (even though it was the very best apoplexy) could make up for our disappointment.

I still would recommend Mr. Jeans' play, however, for he can write dialogue with that nicety which seems to be the gift of so many English playwrights regardless of the paucity of their ideas. The pound may not be quite all that it should be right now, but those boys certainly do know their words and how to use them.

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" has a lovely score by Jerome Kern, a beautiful production by Max Gordon, expert orchestration by Russell Bennett, and is something of a bore. It may seem ungrateful, when one can sit and listen to the sweet strains of Mr. Kern's melodies without having to blush prettily at the words, to cavil at such items as dull dialogue and lack of life, but Mr. Harbach has really outdone himself in banality (which is no faint praise) and in between song numbers one must really do *some*thing. So eager was the audience for a little excitement that, on the opening night, it went wild over what amounted to an old-fashioned "off-to-Buffalo" dance executed by Eddie Foy, Jr., and Miss Doris Carson, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation, being comedians. "As unemployed as a comedian in an Otto Harbach show" would be a good simile if it were not so long. Of course, Lawrence Grossmith can make lines sound as if they were funny, but he is no magician.

To dwell a little longer on the satisfactory things in "The Cat and the Fiddle" (and there are many), the score is easily the best in town. One number, "Try to Forget," is a 1931 version of Richard Rodgers' "My Heart Stood Still," but Mr. Kern is one of the few composers who seem to be able to write their own music (since he sold his old hymnals with his library) and very delightful music he writes, too. Bettina Hall and Georges Meader and Metaxa sing it nicely, and Miss Hall has the added attraction of being very pretty. José Ruben not only staged the show, but acts in it, and somehow fits in with the romantic mood of the proceedings better than the average Broadway actor would. In fact, when you come to count your blessings at

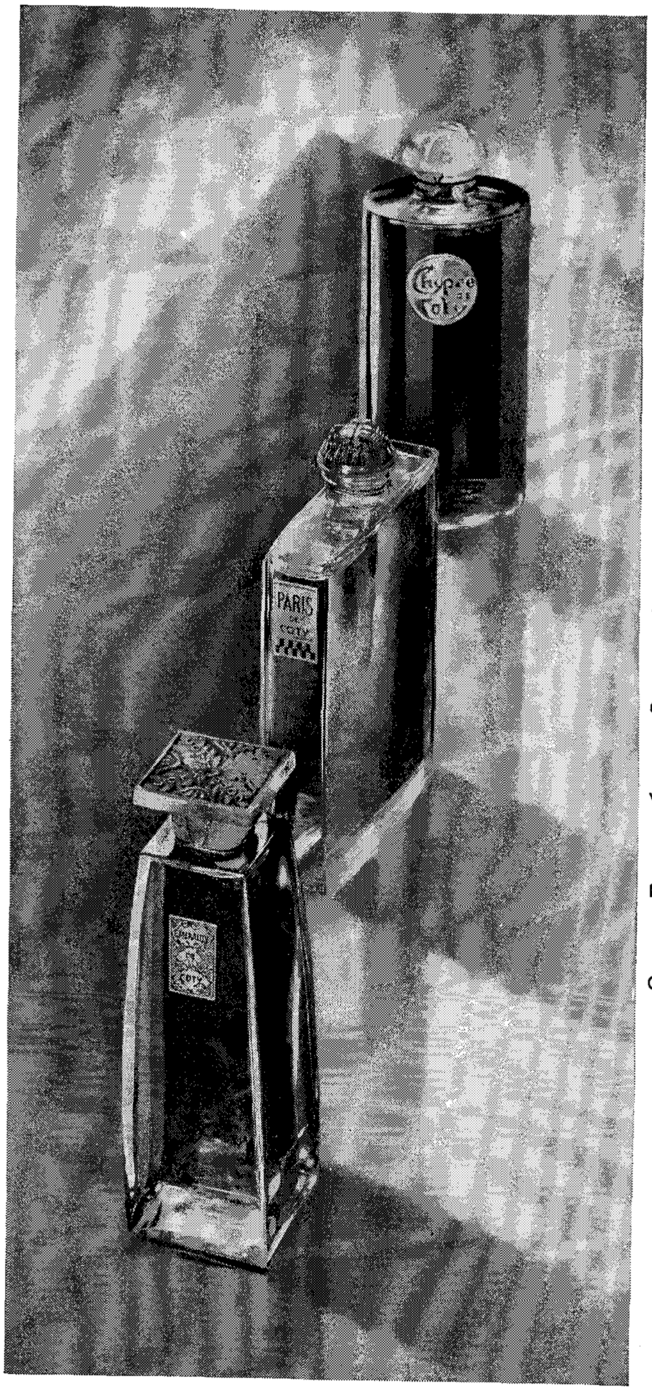
ETCH THE MOMENT IN MEMORY



YOU do not have to see a flower to know that it's near—*fragrance* suggests the lovely blossom. So, *you* should not depend on eyes alone to make your own presence appreciated! Far more vividly than color or silhouette, *Perfume* stirs the heart and haunts the memory. Be an artist in life! Balance the harmony of exquisite *grooming* with an *aura* of fragrance! World-wide favor has brought the prices of *Parfums Coty* within reach of any fastidious woman. Sophisticated worldly odeurs, fugitive flower odeurs: One to Twenty-five Dollars.

Coty

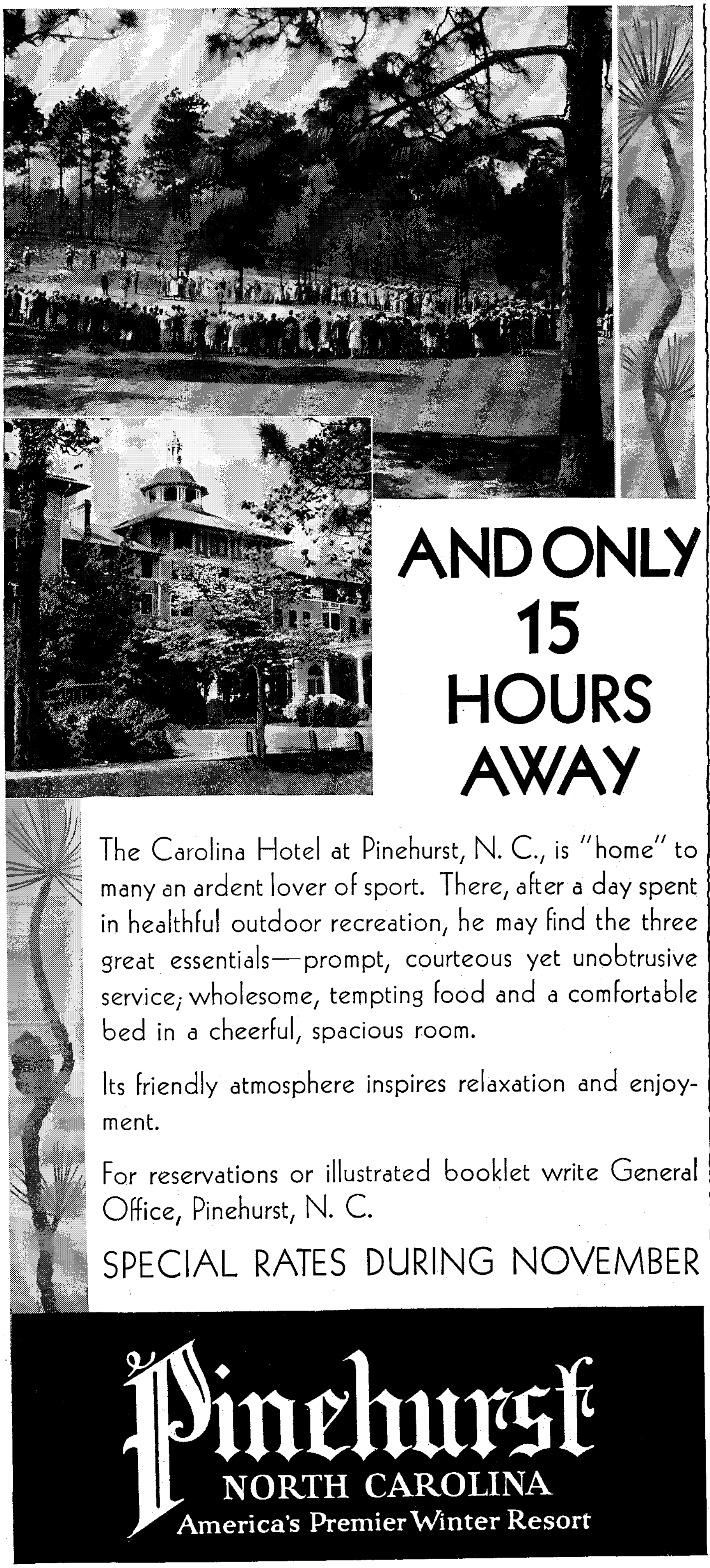
AMBASSADOR TO BEAUTY



Ecstatic *Emeraude* — the precious jewel-fragrance — in the obelisque flacon—Five Dollars. Green as chrysoprase is mysterious *Chypre*—in the cylindrical flacon, while *"Paris"*— in the square flacon — is smart as the city whose name it bears. Each—Six Dollars and Seventy-five Cents.

Now that picturesque clothes are in, each woman can make herself more desirable, more pleasing, and charming by reaching for her perfume atomizer as she dresses — scenting *coiffure, furs,* and *handkerchief* — using *Parfums Coty* in her favorite odeurs. *Purse sizes* — One Dollar.

Pine 9
dancer



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NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

"The Cat and the Fiddle," you find that you have more than had your money's worth. It is just that you *think* you're being bored, I guess.

LAST week this department submitted a minority report urging the New York Repertory Company to shift from "The Streets of New York" to their next offering, whatever it was to be. Having seen Ibsen's "The Pillars of Society," which was put on for one night, "The Streets of New York" seems better. We would recommend their going back to it if they had not already decided to do it by themselves. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

THOUGHTS ON THE UNITED STATES CENSUS

I

The island of Kahoolawe
Used to have inhabitants three,
Now there are two,
And I wish I knew
Not whether they read the latest books,
Nor whether one loafs while the other one cooks,
Nor whether they dress for dinner at night,
Nor whether they're black or brown or white,
But when they quarrel and when they fight,
What does the oldest inhabitant do
With no one to tell his side of it to?
And what does the youngest inhabitant do
With no one to tell *his* side of it to?

II

An island I forbear to name
Ought to hang its head in shame.
More than half its babies are
Born beneath the sinister bar.
The census-taker's life is jolly
On that island—can you doubt it?—
Where lovely ladies stoop to folly,
And tell the census man about it?

—ELLEN McLOUGHLIN

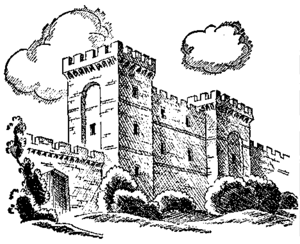
•

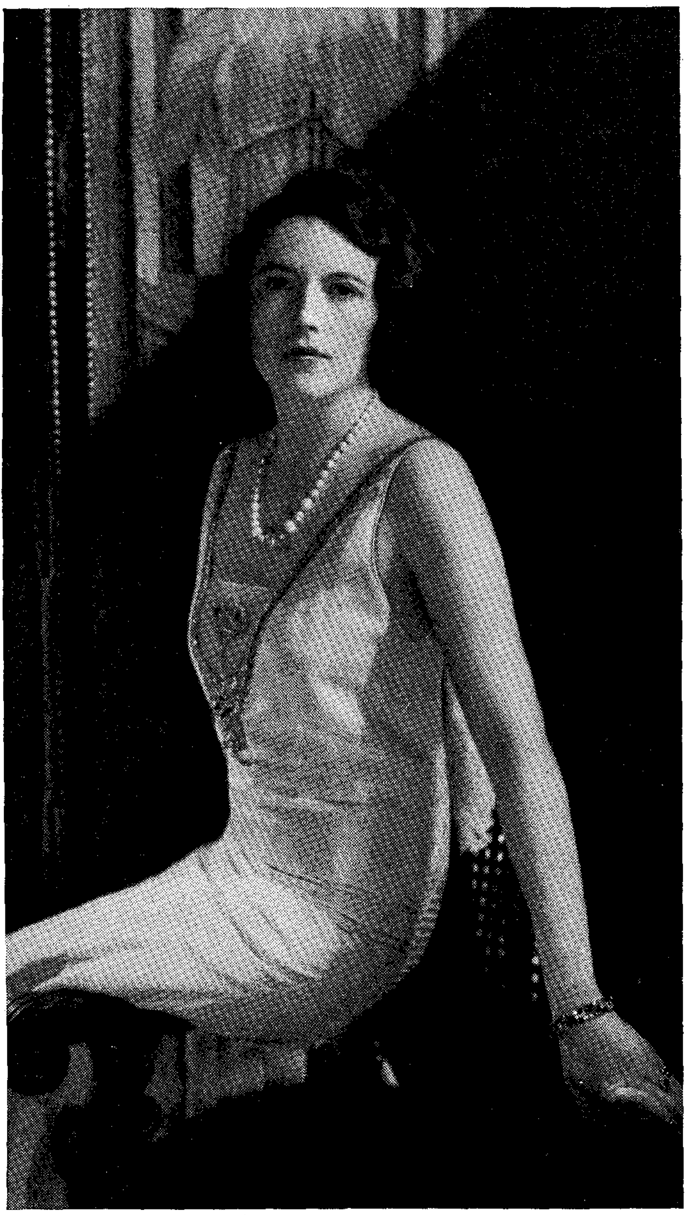
Berlin had the gayest of seasons this year and the annual horse show, together with the opera festivals, attracted a great number of visitors. Staying at the Adlon, Bristol, Continental, Central, Eden, Esplanade, and Der Kaiserhof were Mr. and Mrs. King Tyler, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Simpson, of Chicago; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murray Symington, of Baltimore.—*The Spur.*

"Staying" is hardly the word, is it?

A lovely Royal Visitor compliments American Women

The Marchioness of Milford Haven





LADY MILFORD HAVEN, daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia, is the wife of a Lieutenant-Commander in the British Royal Navy, a son of the late Prince Louis of Battenberg.

LADY MILFORD HAVEN sat in her suite in a great New York hotel, high above the brilliant pageant of Fifth Avenue. It was evening, and she was royally lovely in a sheath of white satin with dazzling jewels and superb pearls that echoed the creamy perfection of her skin.

I put the question I had come to ask and the Marchioness smiled enchantingly.

"American women? But of course—I find them delightful! So pretty. So charmingly dressed. So perfectly groomed. They have the most appealing charm that any woman can possess—"

"And that—?" . . .

"—is a beautiful complexion, unquestionably."

Lady Milford Haven's pretty compliment was obviously sincere. "Thank you!" I said, and we went on to talk of the care of the skin.

"No wonder American women have beautiful complexions," she smiled, "for many I have asked tell me they follow the Pond's Method."

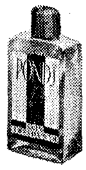
"You know it, too?" . . . Delightful to discover another royal user of Pond's!

"I find it the simplest way to keep my skin fresh and clear," she explained.

You, too, should follow these four steps to loveliness:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing of your face and neck several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the clogged dirt to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, less expensive yet more efficient because *softer*, so much more absorbent. White or peach. "The best way to remove cold cream," Lady Milford Haven says.



3. With Pond's Skin Freshener pat cleansed skin briskly to brace and tone, banish lingering oiliness, close and refine pores, and bring a lovely natural color to faded, sallow cheeks.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and gives a cool, well-bred finish . . . Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face, but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep hands soft, smooth and white—use always after having your hands in water.

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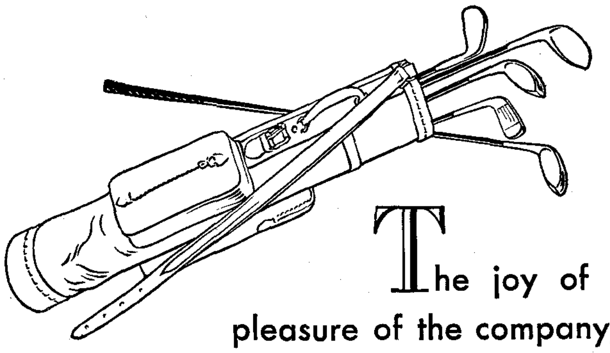

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The leading mineral water

STORIES OF TODAY

LOVE FINDS A WAY

The Newark police
Notified Mrs. Orson Fair
Of Detroit, Michigan,
They could not find her husband
After five months' search.

So Mrs. Orson Fair
Hitch-hiked to Newark,
Took a stand in Broad Street,
Found her husband in three hours—
And had him arrested!

CONGENITAL HANDICAP

M. Vache, a Parisian,
Whose name means "cow,"
Appealed to the court
For a new surname.

He plaintively explained
That fourteen French girls
Had recently turned him down,
Forcing him to wed
A Polish girl
Who spoke no French.

AVE, TWO-PANTS SUIT!

When a pair of bandits
Held up the drugstore
Of Irving Cohen,
Sumner Avenue, Brooklyn,
And took his money
And his pants,
The druggist smiled
And phoned his home.

His wife sent over
The other pair of pants
Of his two-pants suit!

THE MOUNTAIN LABORED

Forty inspectors
Conducted a campaign
Against the Japanese beetle
In Orange County.

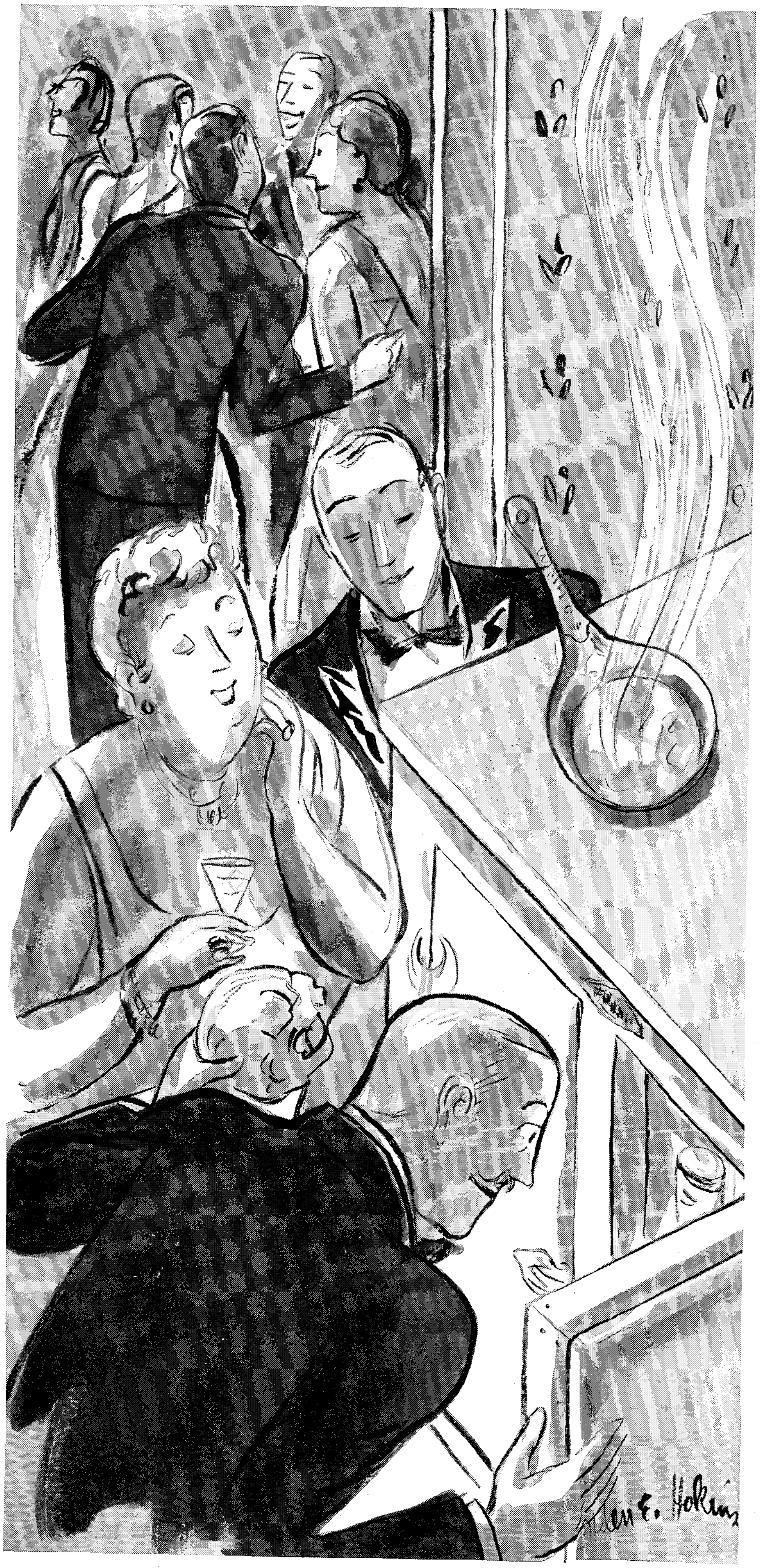
After two weeks
They officially reported
They had been able to find only one beetle.

DIRECT ACTION

Because the revolution
Interfered with their studies,
Medical students
At Valladolid, Spain,
Asked the instructors
To pass them without examination.

The instructors refused,
So the students jailed
The entire faculty
Until they became reasonable.

—W. E. Farbstein



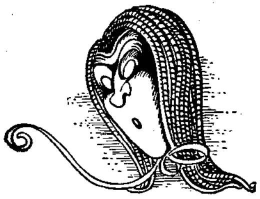
"OURS IS A FRIGIDAIRE"

●

In this day and age Pantry Parties are a prominent part of the social picture. . . . And who ever heard of a Pantry Party where some amateur chef didn't put a red-hot frying pan on top of the refrigerator the while he explored its interior for parsley to garnish the scrambled eggs? . . . Who ever heard of a Pantry Party hostess who hasn't discovered at least one ridge of ashes on top of the ice box where some forgetful guest left a lighted cigarette to burn itself out? . . . And what refrigerator can survive a Pantry Party without being more or less burned and bumped and spattered and stained? . . . The answer, of course, is Frigidaire! For the famous Frigidaire porcelain-on-steel is heat-proof, moisture-proof, scratch-proof, bump-proof, blister-proof, stain-proof, wear-proof, tear-proof, abuse-proof, time-proof, and guest-proof! . . . Come in and let us demonstrate the lifetime lustre of Frigidaire. . . . Frigidaire • A General Motors Value • 39 West 45th St., New York, N. Y. • Bryant 9-8700

●

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

THE other evening an idle and faintly malicious dinner party took up, in a big way, the solemn question as to who in our day had performed the greatest, or at least the most conspicuous, work of supererogation. The decision went by acclaim to that somewhat blurred carbon copy of a notable sire, the Governor of Porto Rico. Of course we had in mind the letters with which the current Theodore Roosevelt graciously equipped Captain Lindbergh when the then really lone eagle set forth on his first visit to Paris—requested letters of introduction written to the end that the young stranger should not, on his friendless arrival, be snubbed by Mr. Herrick, nor be turned gruffly from the door of the American Embassy. Not being one of those credulous souls who believe in scions, I can enjoy a joke at the expense of the little colonel as well as the next man. But my smile at the recollection of that particular episode turned wry just as it was widening to the fine dimensions of a grin. For suddenly I recalled that I, myself, had once been brash enough to write an introduction to "Alice in Wonderland."

Of course that was many years ago, and I had, by the way, comfortably forgotten the incident until chance and a dreary train ride recently exhumed it. One day when I had a penitential hour in prospect, I stopped at the bookstall in the Grand Central long enough to snatch a volume from the series of the cherished Modern Library. It was the Carroll masterpiece, and it had a preface. Once settled in the smoker, I began idly to read this foreword, and had not finished a page when something sickeningly familiar in the style made me turn to the end to see what ink-stained jackanapes had written it. My own signature stared me out of countenance. Later I had occasion to wish I had obeyed my first impulse to leave it discreetly in the train as a contribution to the large and, I suppose, richly varied library of the porter. But instead I carried it on to Crosby Gaige's farm on the hills near Peekskill, where it was picked up some days afterward by a visiting ten-year-old who, with an uncomplicated child's dreadful capacity to hit the pin on the head, observed:

"Say, Mr. Gaige, I never knew that that Mr. Woollcott wrote the interruption to 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

When Theodore 2nd read the cabled accounts of all Paris getting a crick in the neck from scanning the skies for the first glimpse of the arriving Lindbergh, he must, on recalling those excruciatingly superfluous letters of his tucked away in a leathern pocket, have felt a certain sheepishness. I know I felt some such sheepishness the other evening when I was installed as toastmaster at a dinner designed as the opening gun of Heywood Broun's dogged campaign for a seat in that vestigial and vermiform body, the Board of Aldermen. Besides Broun, the speakers included Charney Vladeck, Morris Hillquit, and Norman Thomas, men known to every person in the audience—at least by sight and sound. In other words, I was supposed to introduce speakers who (to borrow a phrase invariably employed by the chairman as a preface to a veritable outburst of biography) needed no introduction. Made pensive by this subduing thought, I came to the conclusion that properly a toastmaster should blend the functions of butler and bouncer. Except for bawling out the name of each arriving speaker, it is his chief duty (as representing the implied police power of the audience) to keep count on each itching Demosthenes, and ruthlessly cut short the inevitable one at every dinner who thinks the limitation of the speakers to five minutes each, while a splendid rule, is not, of course, meant to apply to himself.

SPEAKING of introductions—but there, surely such verbal connective tissue is unnecessary. Indurated readers of this page are doubtless only too aware that it makes no pledge to be coherent. Besides, this time it must be easy to discern the processes of association by which two nouns (one proper, and one common enough) in the foregoing text suddenly summoned from the cavern of memory a story I heard once upon a time, and now feel impelled to pass on to you forthwith. It is the story of a richly deserved disaster which happened on a train some five-and-twenty years ago—the kind of disaster which most of us are always courting by our own deep-seated and (to my notion) quite inexplicable poltroonery. It befell, as I recall, a Mrs. Irwin—I think one of the wives of one of the writing Irwins.

Anyway, she was journeying to Washington one day—it was back in 1906, mind you—when she became aware that she was being bowed to affably by a woman across the aisle who evidently knew her and remembered her, but whom she could not, for the life of her, identify. Now in this familiar predicament, she lacked, as most of us do, the simple courage to say "I am very sorry, but I haven't the faintest idea who the hell you are." I, myself, who would ever be ready, at the drop of a hint, to leap into this angry flood and swim to yonder point; I, who in battles on land and sea have borne myself with a kind of lumpish and lymphatic calm; I, who have even been known to volunteer all that is mortal of your correspondent (no small offer) as an experimental field for the work of microbe-hunters in pursuit of the germ of trench fever; I—Heaven and Dr. Freud know why—have never yet screwed up enough courage to behave with ordinary candor on such occasions.

My fellow caitiff, Mrs. Irwin, resorted instead to all the familiar devices of artful exploration. She rattled on and on about this and that, hoping that from a chance remark some light would dawn. At last the mysterious woman said "Dear, dear, I don't believe I've seen you since that afternoon in Washington when my brother introduced us."

Washington! Her brother! That sounded like a clue. Mrs. Irwin leapt to it as a trout to a fly. "Yes, yes," she replied, baying now like a hound on the scent, "your brother. And what is he doing now?"

It seemed a natural and harmless query, but instantly the woman stiffened, and Mrs. Irwin could see that she had said something unfortunate. Indeed her now quite Arctic vis-à-vis, who, as luck would have it, happened to be Mrs. Douglas Robinson, replied glacially:

"He's still the president of the United States." —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

TO GUERLAIN COME THE ELEGANTES OF EUROPE FOR HIS SHALIMAR POWDER . . .

Five generations now of the world of elegance, whose capital is always Paris, have flowed through the portals of Guerlain, 68 Champs Elysees. For in perfume it long has been thought that no other could match in beauty the taste and skill of Guerlain ... But now, to his other famed creations, Guerlain has added a fresh achievement. Shalimar Powder, he calls it. And he has scented it with his immortal Shalimar—an odeur wafted round the world by the charm of its fragrance ... In Paris, it has captured the enthusiasm of women of great distinction. For so astute is it in conferring charm, as to be almost epochal—in all the annals of beauty ... By delicate stratagems of blending this Shalimar Powder preserves the natural appearance of the skin—while vastly increasing its effectiveness! It is impalpably fine—adherent ... All who try it join in crying huzzas in its praise. And it is a joyous moment when one sees what a priceless favor it has done one's skin.

Shalimar Powder $2 . . . . . Five Shades *Shalimar Perfume $25 and $12.50*

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PARFUMEUR
PARIS

"I don't mind

MARJORIE RAMBEAU. This lovely favorite of the stage, who scored in such well-remembered plays as *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting,* is now a popular screen star, appearing currently in *The Secret Six.* As this recent photograph shows, she is so radiantly youthful it is hard, indeed, to believe her 37!

Lux Toilet

your knowing it...

am 37" SAYS

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. It's youth that wins hearts and youth that holds them.

"Above everything else stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty. They know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has irresistible appeal.

"While on the stage I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and used it for years. And now that I have the close-ups of the screen to face I certainly depend on it!"

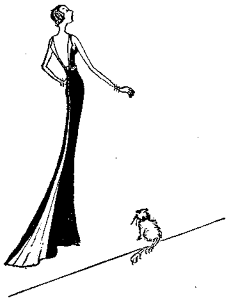
How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

In Hollywood, where so much depends on skin of faultless beauty, actually 605 of the 613 leading actresses use Lux Toilet Soap. At home, in their own exquisitely appointed bathrooms, and on location, too. For it is official for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres everywhere! Important actresses the world over rely on this fragrant white soap for safe complexion care.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Soap—10¢

EVEN A CAT . . .



"Inasmuch as we are aristocratically minded and dare to assert our own individuality by being different, we are leaders of fashion (for we all exercise some influence, however small); inasmuch as we feel our own inferiority and the need of conformity to the standards set by others, we are followers of fashion."

FLÜGEL *"The Psychology of Clothes"*

We have a marvelous time running our business. We make more clothes for more aristocratically minded women every season. Some of them can have all the clothes they want. Some of them would rather have one Hawes dress than several uniforms. All of them can have our sport clothes. We think every aristocratically minded woman in New York—and points west—should see our collection. Since we're doubling last year's business, we aren't at all depressed, but our secret formula for wiping away all depression is a Hawes dress in every home. If you are the kind of person who would like our clothes, we want you to see them. Even if the ultimate result is not a Hawes dress in your home—well, we like to show our clothes to really appreciative people. If you can't be a king, the next best thing is to look at one!

Elizabeth Hawes

HAWES, INC., EIGHT WEST FIFTY SIXTH STREET NEW YORK

NOW KISS YOUR WIFE

THE final decision, after months of indecision, to get married at once. The trip home to prepare for the great occasion. The splash in the tub that gets the back of your hair all wet. The hunt for all the clothes, so long accumulated for the auspicious occasion that they're somewhat misplaced. The new dress that looked nice when bought, looked terrible after it was delivered, and now seems neither one thing nor the other. The discovery of another spot on the white hat. The hunt for fresh gloves.

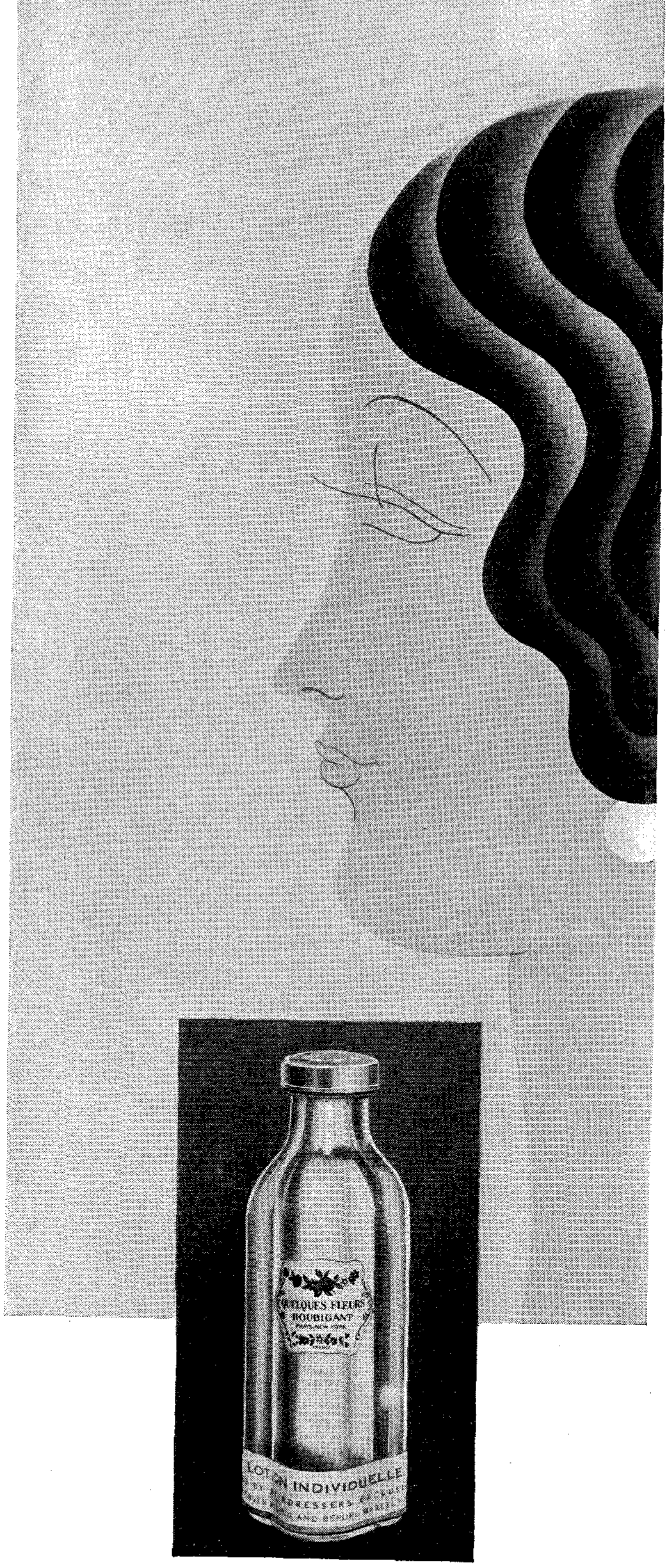
THE appearance of the groom. Hailing a taxi at the street corner and the groom's grim command: "Municipal Building." The ride downtown—the longest-shortest trip you ever took in a taxi. The Municipal Building, with the Marriage License Bureau one flight up. The arrival there and the astonishment at finding that at least fifty people, each with a group of friends or admirers, are busy filing their intentions to wed.

The involved form to be decoded and filled out, which the doorman issues. The hopeless search for a place at the long tables, so as to make out the form. The shaky handwriting of both parties as you plough through the questions. The eagle eye of the man in uniform who inspects the work of art. The man in the cage who reads the form, notes the items in a huge book, and then makes you swear you've told no lies. The cashier who gets your two dollars. The brief wait that seems a week long, finally rewarded by the appearance of a second form, after which the uniformed man drones: "You've got your license, now go upstairs if you want to get married."

THE room above, filled with benches; the benches filled with people, all waiting to be married, or to witness the jubilant ceremony. The two men at desks in the office who look over the license and then tell you to wait outside until called. Their accommodating manner in offering to witness the marriage and their increased enthusiasm over the match when the billfold appears. The long wait outside, very much like waiting at a clinic with a health case from the settlement, or at a dentist's office, or an employment agency. Your waiting neighbors, all interesting and amusing. The coy, rather matronly looking

"BACK TO NATURE IS HAIR VOGUE"

SAY THE AUTHORITATIVE HAIRDRESSERS



Leading Hairdressers everywhere, are advocating a change from the hard, artificial coiffures which have held the hairdressing stage for the past few years. The new vogue is naturalness. And it has been made possible by the introduction of the Lotion Individuelle of Houbigant to America. For this preparation is a perfect solvent for the grime, oil and soap residues remaining after the shampoo. It leaves the hair immaculately clean, restores its sheen and lustre, returns it to the pliable, supple condition essential to the "taking" of a soft, natural wave. You will find that Lotion Individuelle materially lessens the time spent under the dryer. And you will adore its odeurs, so delicate, so lasting . . . the supreme parfums of Houbigant, —Quelques Fleurs, Idéal, Bois Dormant, Fleur Bienaimée, etc.

■

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Camel's Hair
COATS

CUT AND TAILORED IN ACCORD WITH THE STANDARDS OF THIS INSTITUTION. ENDURING, COMFORTABLE AND OF EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.

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READY-TO-PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

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woman with a large bunch of flowers, and the retiring-looking little man seated close to her. The boy with a suitcase who jumps to his feet every time a name is called, and then sits down again sheepishly. The two girls in satin dresses of pastel shades, very long, with large hats and white gloves, who enter the room as if they were walking down the aisle of the church, both looking sufficiently excited to be the chief figures in the drama, followed by two youths, spick-and-span and equally self-conscious. The tall colored man, with his bride-to-be in electric-blue silk, and two enthusiastic witnesses. The excited foreign group who talk and gesticulate wildly as they wait to be called. The little girl accompanied by a formidable-looking mamma who has evidently come to see that things are done as they should be done. The distinguished-looking man with a beard, with the distinguished-looking girl, who watch the performance as if they were at the movies, but who soon get called along with all the rest.

The universal laughter as something drops and the unfortunate groom retrieves the wedding ring and pockets it again.

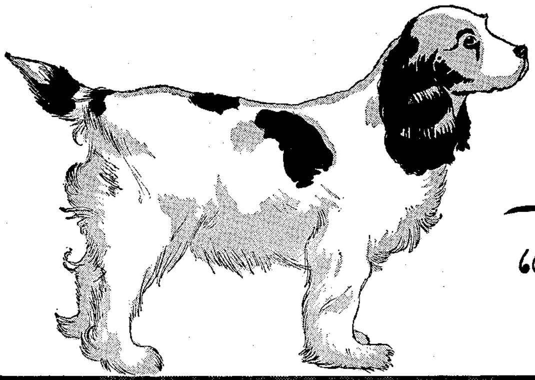
All the while the paging of couples, who disappear behind the door marked "Chapel" and a short time later emerge, the same but entirely different. The high spirits of all comers, that make one almost expect applause as the couples reappear—just like a high-school graduation or amateur night at the vaudeville show.

THE big moment when the name of your husband-to-be is called and you enter the mysterious door marked "Chapel."

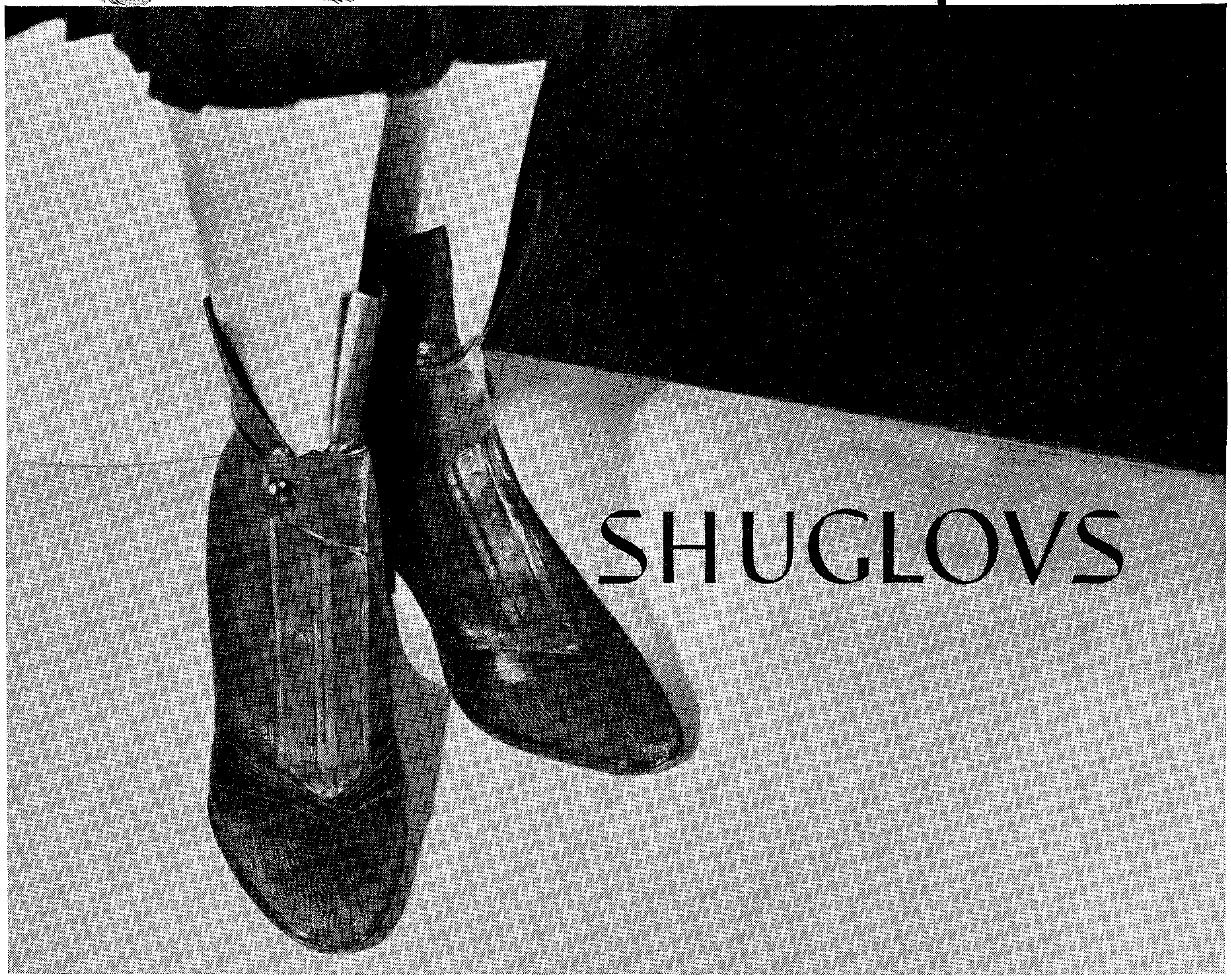
The businesslike inquiry of the master of ceremonies: "Got a ring?," as he seats himself at a table with the couple facing him. "Now take her hand." The ceremony chanted quickly, quietly, and accurately, as all the while the clerk makes out the wedding certificate, talking and writing at the same time, crossing "t"s, dotting "i"s, and admonishing first the groom and then the bride, and finishing up the certificate at the split second that he utters the last phrase: "I pronounce you man and wife."

The final remark that begins everything: "Now kiss your wife," as the clerk rolls up the certificate, secures it with a rubber band, and graciously accepts the offered gratuity.

—Leslie Moore



Like the "Cocker Spaniel"



ideal companions for Rainy Days!

THEY'D be at home in a cloud-burst—these Shuglovs! Not that you'd accept an invitation from the weather man to such a function, but it *could* happen! And then, ho! for a waterproof covering . . . a sleek affair of the very best quality rubber.

However, you needn't wait for the cloud-burst. Just try stepping out in a smart pair of Shuglovs yourself, some stormy day soon. Get them to match your topcoat or suit. You've no idea how proud you'll be of your rainy-day ensemble! You must pay a little more for them, of course. That's the price of being fastidious! And you'll be glad you did, too. For Shuglovs are superior in quality, workmanship, style!

Only the smarter shoe shops and the better department stores have the new Shuglovs. The one pictured on this page is black with slide fastener and a pin seal lizard vamp and heel. Other styles in cordovan and silver-gray, with slide or snap fastener. You'll probably want more than one pair. Hurry and get them. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Massachusetts.

Even a bootlegger couldn't sell nicotine!

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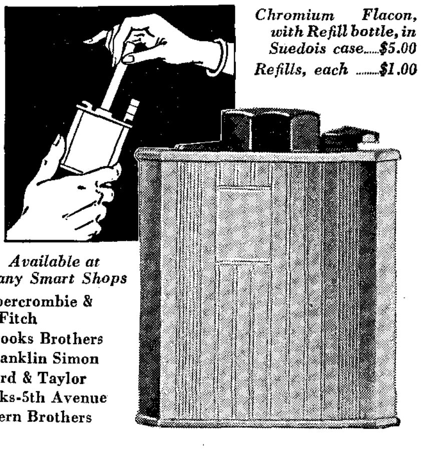
from your favorite cigarette without changing its "kick" or flavor

Nobody ever took nicotine from choice. It's a drug we put up with because we feel that tobacco even with nicotine is more fun than no tobacco at all. Sore throat, stained fingers and teeth, loss of appetite and a few other penalties we would gladly do without, but we stick to our favorite brand of cigarette.

Just arrived from Europe is an amazing new device called NICONETTE. A Swiss scientist invented it; smokers on the Continent gave it their enthusiastic approval. Scientific laboratories the world over attest to the fact that NICONETTE, applied to a cigarette just before it is lighted, actually destroys nicotine during the act of smoking.

While NICONETTE removes the major portion of nicotine and its after-effects, it does not change the stimulating flavor of the cigarette you like best. You won't understand it until you see it. You won't believe it until you try it. After you try it, you won't want to be without it! American Nicoton Corporation, 307 Fifth Ave., New York



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NICONETTE

A Welcome Gift to Any Man or Woman who Smokes

MUSICAL EVENTS

Airs Américains and Classics by the Messrs. Wiener et Doucet—A Run of Good Recitals

ALL of you ladies and gents know the story about Mr. Godowsky, who, at the début of Mr. Heifetz, observed that it was a hot night but not for pianists. However, it was a reasonably caloric evening for two-piano tandems when Jean Wiener and Clément Doucet bounced and shuffled, respectively, to the Town Hall platform and demonstrated their ensemble virtuosity. It was a fine night for violinists, singers, and an extraordinary quota of platinum blondes; two-piano operators, I fear, were burned up, in the Godowskian meaning of this useful metaphor.

THE two gentlemen from Paris started in with a transcription of the Bach-Vivaldi A-minor concerto, which was performed estimably but didn't raise the temperature for other double-keyboard practitioners. Having disposed of a classical opening, the Messrs. Wiener and Doucet settled down to more serious matters in a group which began with "Le Sang Viennois" (Strauss' "Wiener Blut" in a Eugénie *chapeau*), refurbished somewhat in the early twentieth-century pianola school; two hippety-hoppety Rumanian melodies; and then "Trois Airs Américains," credited to those notable *musiciens des États Unis*, the Messrs. Handy, Henderson, and Gershwin.

I may as well confess that when a pianist substitutes an étude from Chopin's Opus 25 for one from his Opus 10, I may be deceived, and that I have considerable difficulty in identifying the individual variations in Beethoven's thirty-two. ("Oh, Beethoven, what an ass you were!" commented Beethoven when he looked back on these variations, so maybe everything's all right, anyhow.) You can play tricks on me with the French and English suites of Bach, but even the ingenious Messrs. Wiener and Doucet can't pass off "Limehouse Blues," composed by

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Romantic *for Dinner!*

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MAGNIFICENT BALLROOM

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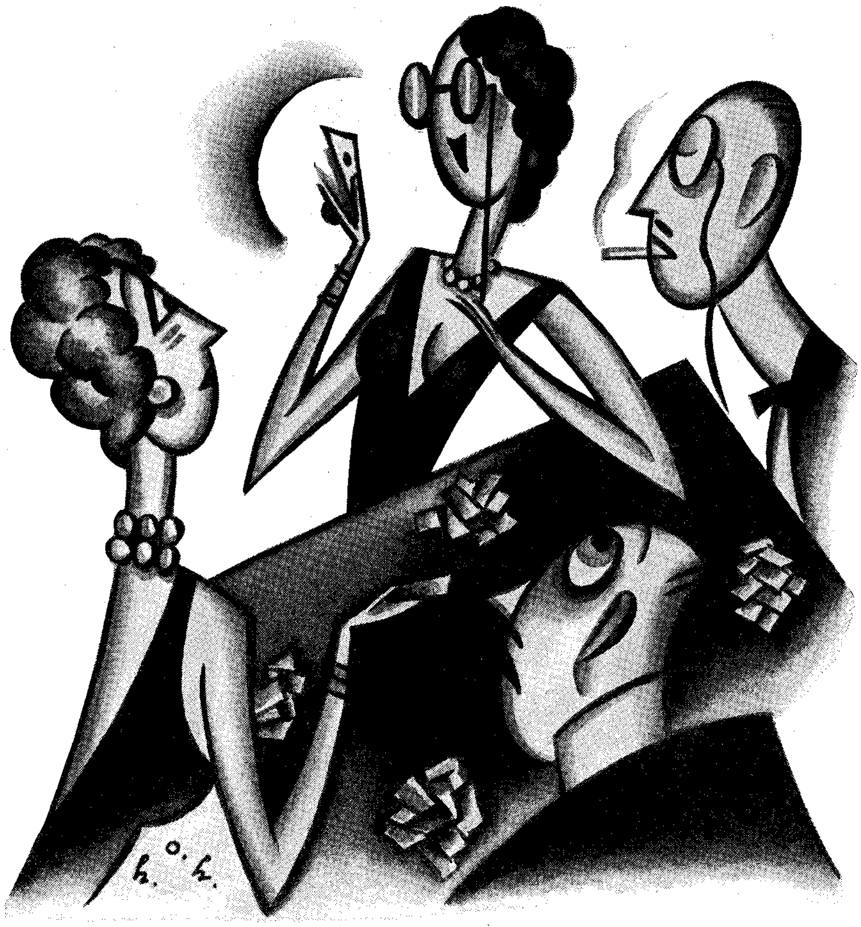
the British Braham, as an *air américain.* In such matters I am a bit of a specialist, which, you will recall, is one who knows more and more about less and less.

IT might be correct to record now that later in the evening, the Messieurs played the Mozart D-major sonata coherently and dutifully, and that they slammed out the inevitable "España" with appropriate vellications. The material that steamed up the night for their contemporaries was the *air anglais*, "Limehouse Blues," and such *airs américains* as "Fond Noir," "Ce Sentiment Certain," "Thé à Deux," "L'Homme Que J'Aime," and "Hello, Bébé." For such melodies, the Messieurs have a gay, quirky manner, smart but intelligible arrangements, and a unanimity that has been heard in concert halls only from Maier and Pattison.

You can hear Wiener and Doucet in Town Hall on Sunday afternoon, November 8, but you'd better not unless you want to indulge in the heresy of having a good time at a piano matinée.

THE recital season, incidentally, is maintaining an unusually high October level. The Naumburg Foundation presented a well-equipped young 'cellist, Lillian Rehberg, of whom you will hear more. James Friskin, one of our finest resident pianists, provided an evening of Bach that pleased even the students of the old gentleman of Eisenach. Benno Rabinof chalked off further progress in his Carnegie Hall violin recital, and a surprise of the month was Ruth Klug, an unheralded pianist, who played Schubert, Schumann, Mozart,



how intriguing!

a faux pas of course! picking up cards before the deal is finished . . . it simply isn't being done! but can you blame her . . . such cards . . . how could she resist?

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The New Yorker

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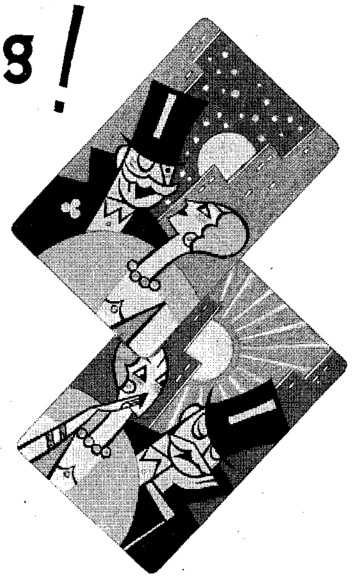
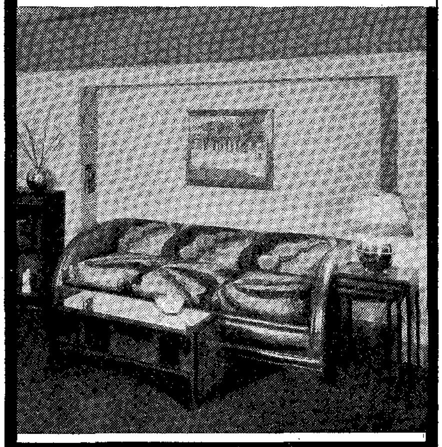


COMFORTABLE

MODERNISM



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Brahms, and Chopin in Town Hall with certainty and an almost orchestral sense of color. Eliminate a tendency to tonal vehemence (Miss Klug can eliminate it easily, if she will) and you have a first-rate addition to the scanty assortment of women pianists who don't play like women pianists.

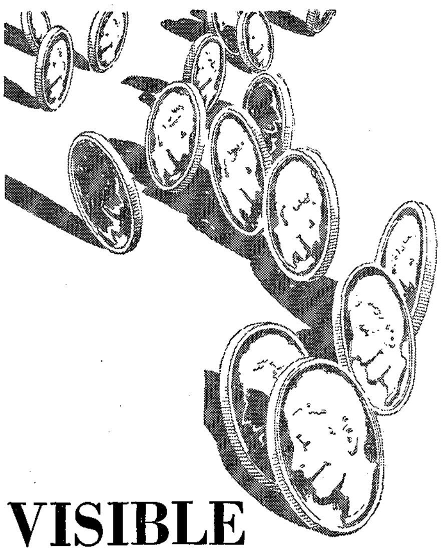
—R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Some of the Latter-Day Scores, with a Good Deal of Bowing Before "The Cat and the Fiddle"

WITHOUT philosophical preluding, I may as well tell you that "The Cat and the Fiddle" has the most distinguished score of the season. I could add "so far," but it will take something more than a flock of unrelated song hits to deprive Mr. Kern of his honors. Most music composed for libretti can be removed from an adaptation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and plopped without alteration into a song-and-dance arrangement of "Mary Stuart," but Mr. Kern's music is not merely something to whistle on the way home. He can write melodies that may be reproduced by the shower-bath canaries, and songs like "One Moment Alone" and "Try to Forget" are as sure-fire in their way as "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries;" but you cannot juggle the music of "The Cat and the Fiddle" as you would toss about the ingredients of the customary divertissement. Everything is apposite to the story and becomes part of it. The score of "The Cat and the Fiddle," if you ask me, *is* "The Cat and the Fiddle," but as the complete *partitura* is not yet available, I'll restrain myself and glance only at the printed bits which you may examine at home.

"One Moment Alone" and "Try to Forget" are in a "hit" vein, deriving individuality from unobtrusive but marked rhythmic and harmonic touches that are characteristically Kern. "I Watch the Love Parade" is an imaginative treatment of material that easily could have become commonplace. "The Night Was Made for Love" is a genuine *serenata,* which can find and maintain a



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place in many a concert program. "Poor Pierrot" is thoroughly French, with a folk-song coloring. The fact that *le pauvre Pierrot* has to have his name pronounced sometimes in three syllables and sometimes in two does not invalidate the charm of the air.

Some of the lyrics are bilingual, and the excellent French text of "The Night Was Made for Love" ("*La nuit est pour l'amour*") was made by the surprising Robert Russell Bennett, who not only orchestrates music superlatively but apparently is prepared to orchestrate the words as well.

IN "The Laugh Parade" you will find a handful of potential hits, ranging from the naïve humor of "Ooh That Kiss" to the ambitious etymology of "The Torch Song." . . . "Singin' the Blues" has smart rhythms and the well-made lyrics of Dorothy Fields. Note especially the title aria and "It's the Darndest Thing." . . . "Nikki" has a good marching song, "Taking Off," but the efficient lyrics are unduly grim. "On Account of 'I Love You' " is an able variant on this universal notion. . . . "That's Good, That's Bad" from "Everybody's Welcome" is exceptionally good in its coy manner, and "Even As You and I" has literate overtones that give it a little *cachet* of its own. . . . "Slipping Round the Corner" is a neat importation, which you may discover in "The Good Companions," and just down the block you may hear the best assortment of old melodies now on display. The show which has these is called "The Pirates of Penzance." . . . Speaking of old tunes, there is an engaging compilation on the market, "Fond Song Memories of the 90's," which includes "Down Went McGinty," "Throw Him Down, McClosky," and eight others, not the least of which is "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

IN the printed copies of music from "Nikki" and "The Cat and the Fiddle" I find a cryptic word. It is "h..l" and I wonder if anyone can tell me what the hell it means. —POP

•

I am 30 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weight 195 pounds, and in perfect physical condition, love outdoor life and spend most of my time in the Maine woods doing clerical work. I would like to meet a girl about my own age, or a few years my senior, for matrimonial purposes, if she is wealthy.—*Adv. in a correspondence-club paper.*

Some gal who's been down in Wall Street, shootin' b'ar.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ACCIDENT ROOM

AT the risk of producing something sounding like a "True Story" caption, *life may be said to unfold* within the four walls of the accident room on a Saturday evening. Industrial injuries have a larger place among the weekday calls; but when the populace starts out to enjoy itself, there is a concentration of casualties. One may see anything from a dockhand's broken jaw to the bruised finger of a Park Avenue matron, suffered when her chauffeur collided with an "L" pillar. Between these extremes comes a host of cases varying in severity from fatal to absurdly trivial, with accompanying emotional reactions that are normal or bizarre, amusing or disgusting.

The accident room is large, clean, and unrelievedly white. From the street a driveway leads to a covered entry (so great is the neighborhood's curiosity in ambulance calls) whence patients are brought into the tiled austerity of the main room. In this are several dressing tables with chairs beside them for ambulatory patients, and two desks. One is for the nurse and the keeping of hospital records; the other for the convenience of the police, whose laboriously scrawled reports cover the case officially: "While walking in a westerly direction on Tenth Avenue between 34th and 35th Streets, the injured party was struck by a northbound automobile driven by an unknown person."

Adjoining the accident room are several smaller rooms—examining rooms—equipped with dressing tables and wheeled trucks. These are for cases requiring complete examination, for the seriously injured, and for the obstreperous. Another tiny room holds a bed and a chair and serves as a bedroom—more accurately, as a reclining room—for the interne, during the early morning. A tunnel leads to the receiving ward, where patients who are to be hospitalized are sent.

ABOVE the steady, guttural roar of street noises rises the shrill whine of a siren. The police "wagon" covers the last block in a few seconds and stands sputtering in the driveway. From the depths come the strains of "Mother Machree" in a hoarse tenor (the limited repertoire of inebriates gives them away). A particularly difficult note, then: "Cut that, and step out here, boy."

Two patrolmen climb out, but the patient is more interested in song. He is "persuaded"—patrolmen are adept at it—and ushered into the accident room.

"A nice case for you, Doc. Think you can fix him up in time for the Night Court?"

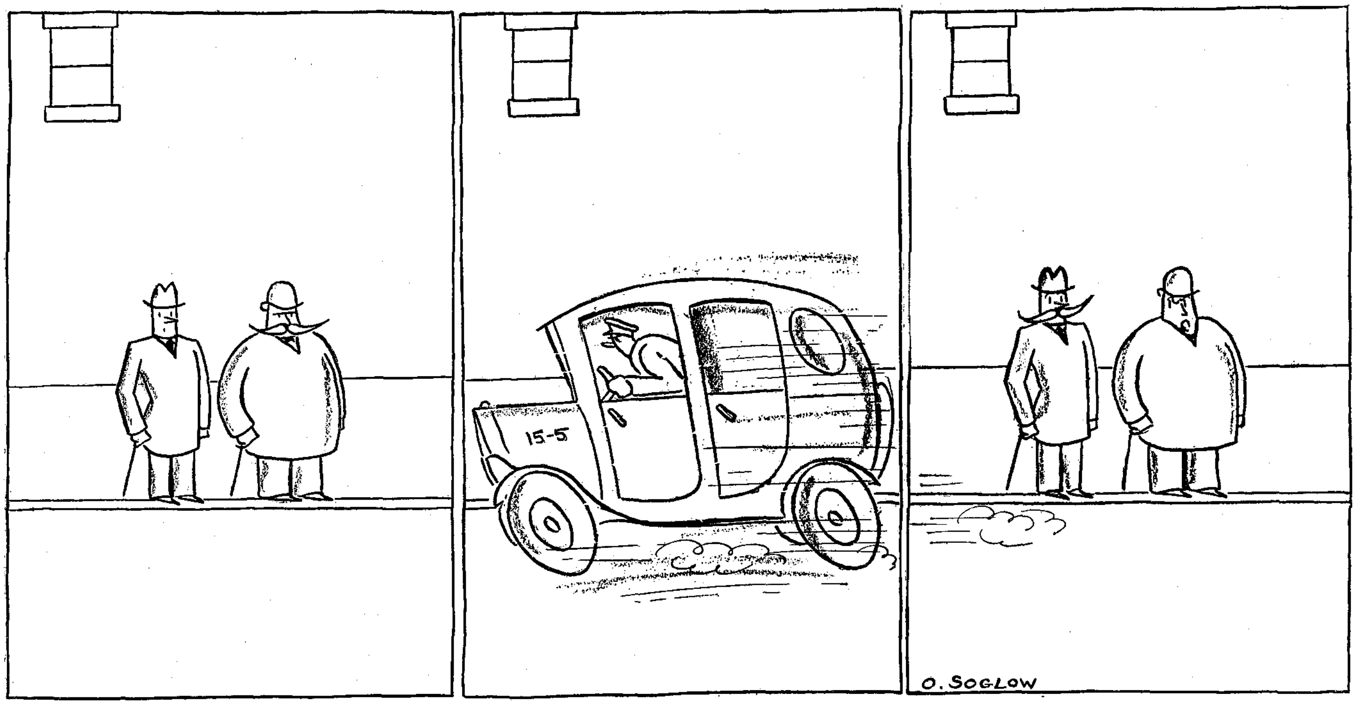
The patient is no sight for the casual observer. He is almost covered with blood, and, unmistakably, has been in the gutter. His wounds are a number of lacerations on the hands and arms, and fairly severe. But his exuberance is unbounded, and the officers, handicapped by the location of the cuts, have difficulty with him. By the time he has been "persuaded" into one of the side rooms, *flailing the air* with his arms, the accident room has the appearance of a front-line dressing station.

Here a difficulty arises. An injection of paraldehyde, that would do wonders toward restoring the peace and dignity of the scene, cannot be used. For this patient must be taken to the Night Court, and must not be asleep at the time. Also, several divided tendons must be sutured, and it will test the accuracy of the work if the patient can be made to move his fingers afterward.

The nurse tries but fails to control the patient. She has made the effort because some men, in response to a pseudo-chivalry that accompanies certain drunken states, will obey every command of a female voice. This time, however, the expedient does not work, so he has to be held, and the police do their duty valiantly.

For the next half hour the interne, nurse, and two officers are occupied, the patient providing a program of folksongs, threats, and obscenity. It is hard work, and the unexpressed conviction that the patient probably isn't worth it does not lighten the task. There is some satisfaction, though, in the thought of a hand restored to usefulness. Eventually, the treatment is completed, the patient washed up a bit and bundled off to explain his actions to the judge of the Night Court.

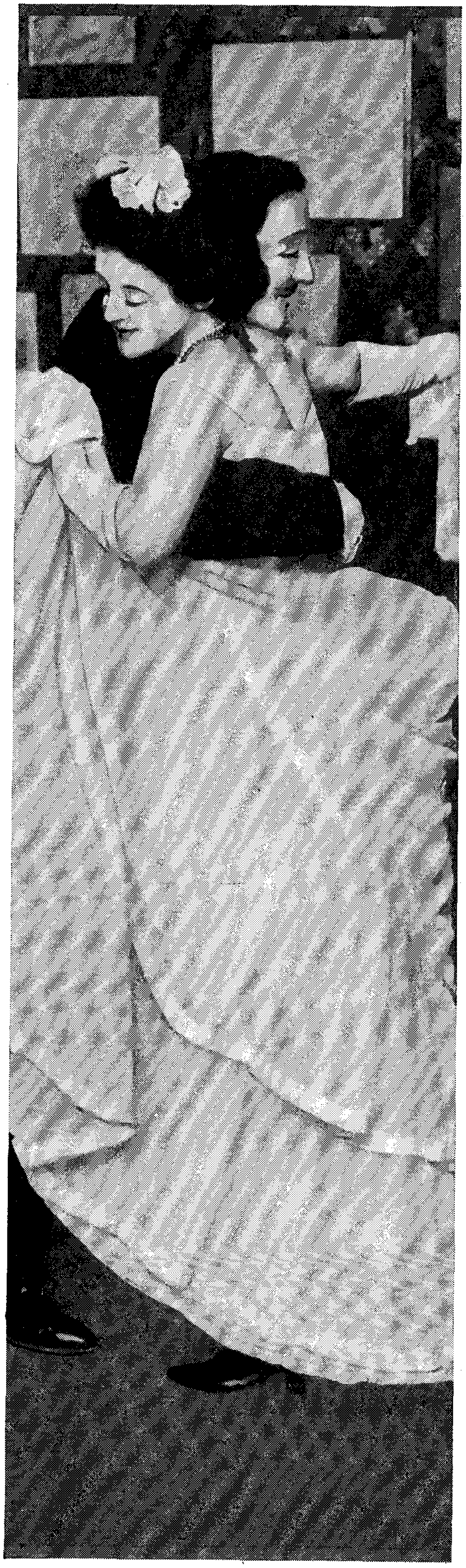
His story is a simple one. He is a stevedore. Six days he has labored and,



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

yielding place to new"

—*Tennyson*



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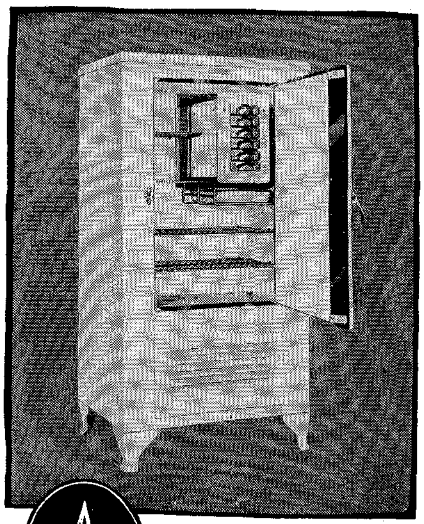

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* **REFRIGERATOR**

on the evening of the sixth, celebrated. In a roguish moment he has punched in the windshields of three automobiles in a traffic tie-up.

Was the patient drunk? The officers know better than to ask the interne to include this diagnosis in his summary of the case, because, aside from the fact that internes have no time for testifying, such a statement would be difficult to prove in court. Lawyers take grim delight in torturing doctors, and this topic is one of their favorites. Judges, too, are skeptical about biological tests, and internes who have had court experience in cases as obvious as this have emerged chagrined and saddened, marvelling that their medical education has taught them so little of the world.

MOST frequent is the automobile accident. A hubbub arises in the driveway; there enters a taxi-driver, possibly helped by one of his fares, carrying the person whom he has run down. The injured person may be cut, bruised, or unconscious, and is put at once into one of several side rooms, where he reclines until the interne reaches him.

Occasionally there is a fracture, but usually the injury consists of bruises; for in spite of prejudice to the contrary, taxi-drivers are extraordinarily adroit. They drive remarkably well, relatively rarely strike pedestrians, and seem to be masters of the "gentle knockover." It is noteworthy that most of the persons so injured are children or are intoxicated.

Inevitably, a few minutes later, the accident room is overrun with arguing friends and relatives of the injured man. The babble rises; there are many opinions of how it happened, with little agreement. Capable, cool Miss "Mac" already has called the station house of the proper precinct, and an officer shortly arrives to take down a detailed account of the accident. Each contestant looks upon the officer as a friend. The facts are extracted from a jumble of conflicting statements, and the report is completed except for the diagnosis.

The interne, meanwhile, has been struggling to arrive at this diagnosis. He has examined the patient as quickly and carefully as possible—locating obvious fractures and suturing lacerations. He has a great interest in the exact circumstances of the accident, especially in the degree of violence, since he often must make the best possible guess as to further injury. He does not want to clutter the reception ward with patients

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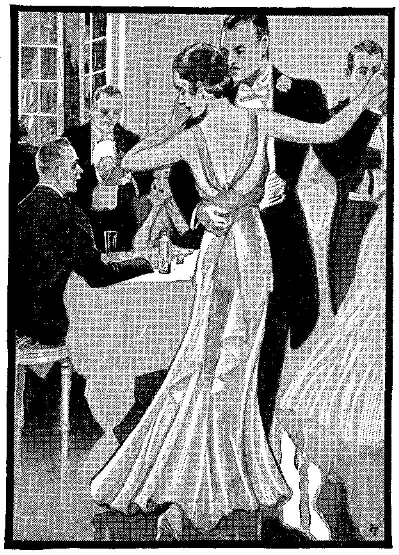

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needlessly hospitalized (for these beds will be really needed before morning), nor does he want to discharge someone who may later develop a serious condition as a result of the accident. If signs of anything really grave are lacking, the patient is liberally painted with iodine, patched up, and turned over to friends, perhaps with an arm in a plaster cast.

MEANWHILE other cases have been accumulating. One of the district's many Saturday-night crap games has ended disastrously. Ike Roberts, colored, lies in an adjoining room volubly conversing with two dark friends, smoking a cigarette and bleeding from five bullet wounds. While the interne bandages these and the faithful Mac calls the house surgeon, Ike explains things to two detectives that have drifted in.

"We was funnin', Mister. I tell you thas all I know about it. Jes havin' a little argument in fun an' he up and shot me. A strange Nigger boy—I never see him before. A strange Nigger from Brooklyn."

"Know his name?"

"Sure. Name of Butler—John Butler from Brooklyn way."

From outside a dapper yellow youth is brought in, under the heavy hand of a plainclothesman.

"Ever seen him before, Ike?"

"No suh, never seed . . ."

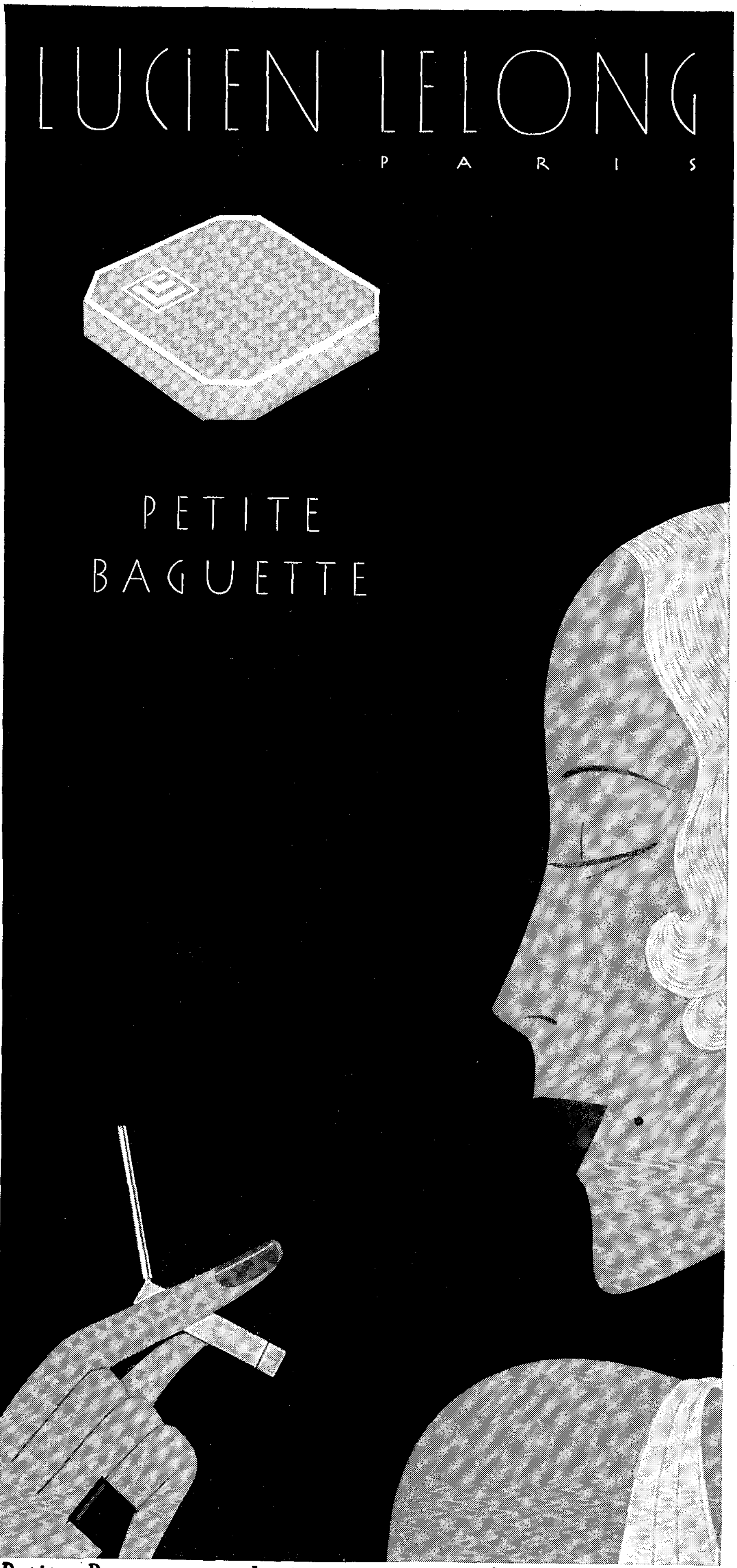
The little yellow man is shivering, and wringing his cap in his hands.

"Nemmine, Ike," he says, "I already tol' 'em about it."

Thus the wounded man's attempt to shield the shooter is defeated. As the detective explains, the shooting is of no great importance, but the violation of the Sullivan law, prohibiting the possession of firearms, *is* important.

The patient's wounds are beginning to be painful; or rather, the excitement has subsided enough to make him conscious of the pain. He begins to whimper a bit as the iodine is applied, and tight dressings swathe the entrances and exits. This, of course, is a case for X-ray examination and admission to the "house." It seems incredible that the bullets have not done considerable damage in their peregrinations through this black body.

When the interne mentions "sending him in" and notifying the relatives, the patient completely loses his nonchalance, and dolefully repeats: "Doc, you don' think Ah'm hurt bad, do you? Doc, you don' think it's bad, do you? . . ." In this case, the injury



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RAE JUVENAY now presents American women with a great new skin culture discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cup moved over the face instantly evacuates the deepest skin pores and leaves the skin immaculately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, at the same time, kneads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface.

Rae Juvenay is a new ingenious method of exercising the face with the same callisthenics as used on the body. It breaks down surplus fat cells and draws up the blood supply to quickly carry them away and leave more graceful facial contours. For the undernourished skin, it likewise helps to build up new and healthier tissues by speeding up the blood flow into the finest capillaries.

It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvenay cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only $2.50. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct giving name of your favorite department store. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES, 570 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

isn't serious. But it's the old story of escape by inches. The passionate yellow boy who stood behind the pistol has only luck and a shaking right arm to thank that he isn't a murderer.

Several more patients are waiting. The Rooney family, already known to the hospital, has a sick baby. The mother, large, moist, and anxious, assures the interne that the infant was perfectly well until two days ago, when a cold developed, and that all day it hasn't eaten, played, hasn't done anything but lie still.

Mac, who already has diagnosed the case in her own mind, whispers that the child's temperature is 103. The interne applies the stethoscope, guessing at the findings in advance. The infant is so obviously ill; there is rapid, difficult breathing, and a cough. Another admission slip, bearing "Pneumonia, Lobar, Right," is filled out; the house officer in pediatrics is called, and the patient, a lump on the large wheeled truck, goes on into the hospital.

QUITE often persons come into the accident room in considerable anxiety after having read "popular" articles on medical subjects. Usually they are women, and often their state of mind is pitiable. One, a young wife of perhaps thirty, comes in hurriedly wearing an overcoat over her kitchen apron. She exhibits an old abrasion of the arm, healing nicely, and says: "Doctor, I'm so worried; do you think this could be a cancer?"

Miss M., from an apartment hotel around the corner, pulls off her gloves to show slightly reddened fingers, and gravely asks whether she has Raynaud's disease. The interne is somewhat at a disadvantage, because, unlike the patient, he hasn't reviewed Raynaud's disease in the evening paper, and in all his experience has seen only one case.

An elderly lady arrives in her car at two o'clock in the morning to have a ring that she has worn for thirty years removed from her finger. It has caused no trouble, but she has read about interference with circulation, among other things, and it had to come off at once.

But this is far too quiet for a Saturday night. Presently a taxi rolls up to the door, and from it emerge two Negroes carrying an inert third. For some reason the two consider the state of the other a great joke. They deposit him on the floor, chuckling.

"He's mos'ly drunk, Doctuh," one informs the interne. "Got a little cut

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on his front, but it's mos'ly being dog-drunk that does it."

True enough, the stab-wound in the chest is tiny, but it is not luckily located. The interne is apprehensive. Rapid examination shows that the newcomer is pulseless, perspiring freely, and that his extremities are unduly cold. Then, too, his comatose condition is not that of intoxication. With some difficulty he is hoisted on to a truck and wheeled into a side room.

His companions deny any knowledge of how it happened, can't tell what kind of a knife was used, and maintain that the patient "came visitin' " in his present condition.

A more thorough check makes it clear that the patient is in extremis. Mac has called the house surgeon and detectives. The former has seen many such cases: "Do what you can for him—there's not a chance to accomplish anything by operation."

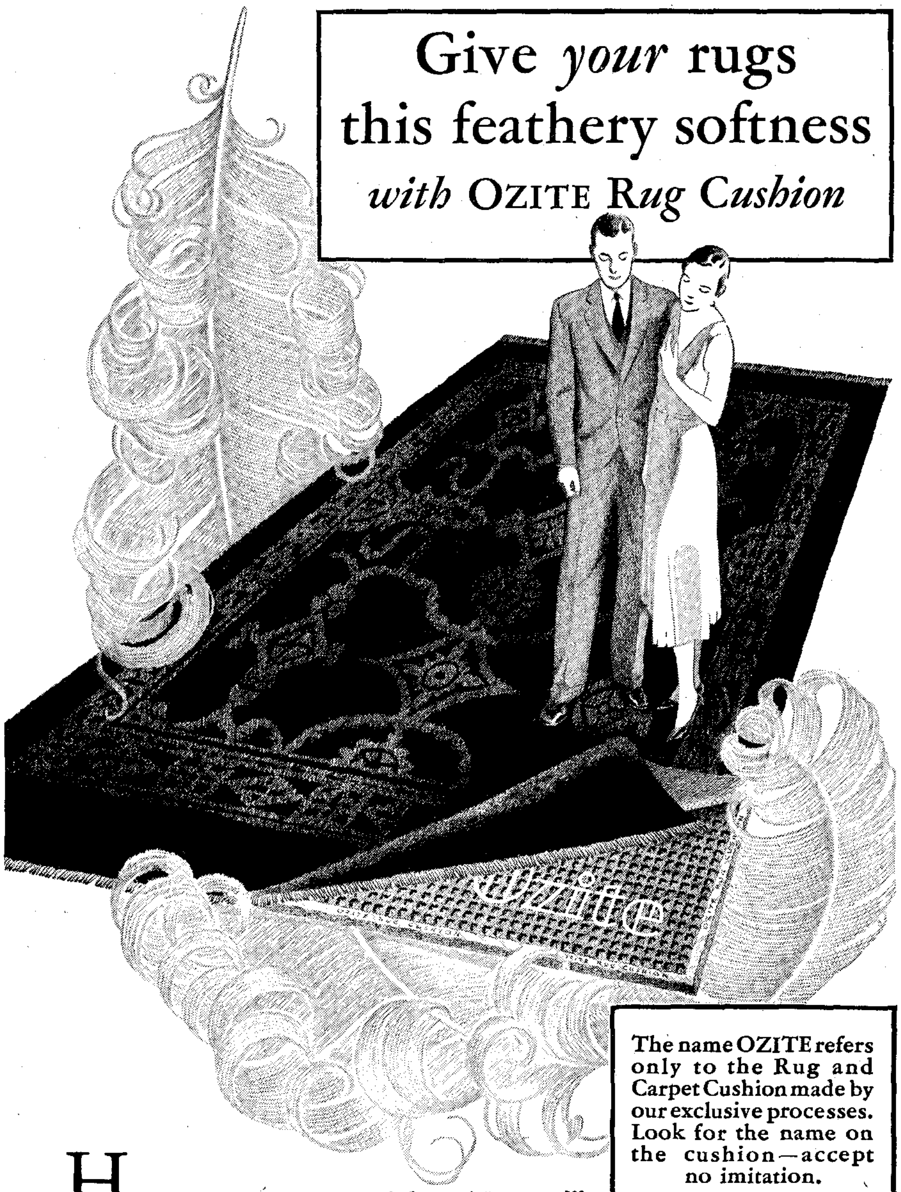
The plainclothesmen, going through the patient's clothing in an effort to identify him, find a tattered and unbelievably dirty insurance policy. It is of recent date, and paid up, but, ironically enough, bears the statement that nothing is recoverable if injury is received in "altercation, fight, or scuffle." Well, perhaps this was done in a spirit of play. . . .

The Negro is sent in to the reception ward. Emergency treatment for shock and hemorrhage is instituted, with little success. Two hours later he is dead and some dark girl in one of the dingy West-Side houses is a murderess. No doubt she was expressing a passionate, if primitive, love when she struck; probably she will be the only mourner.

A PATIENT is awaiting attention in one of the examining rooms. He has been brought to the hospital doors in a taxi, thence in a wheelchair to the accident room. He is a carefully dressed little man of forty, prematurely old. He looks ill; his face is drawn, pallid, worn-looking. His friend says he has fainted at home and has been unable to walk since.

Questions elicit, among other things, the facts that he has subsisted on coffee for two weeks, has had attacks of nausea for over a month. The interne learns also that he has spells of dizziness and suffers from insomnia.

At once the case takes on a different aspect. By a roundabout course the interne seeks to find out what is going on in the patient's emotional life. For some time the latter evades the ques-



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Then you'll want Ozite under every rug and carpet—to preserve them from wear. Be sure, though, that you get original Ozite. Most good stores carry the original—but you can protect yourself by looking for the name impressed on the product!

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Please send small sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free booklet, "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets" . . . including information on stain removal.
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OUR Paul spies you entering our Dining Room. Instantly he thinks: "Where would this person most like to sit? People have such pet likes and dislikes. Elderly people, for instance, and portly ones, must be placed near the entrance where they won't have far to walk. A Grouchy Guest forgets his grouch the minute he's seated where he can look at a Beautiful Lady. Ah, here's *precisely* the table for this person!" So astute is our Paul that you don't even realize you're being psycho-analyzed. All you know is that you're supremely comfortable here . . . the meal so superb . . . the service simply faultless . . . and our revised prices *so* amazingly thrifty. Come, won't you let our Paul seat you?

The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York
Edward Clinton Fogg—*Managing Director*

tions and maintains that he has no financial difficulties, that his domestic affairs are serene, and that he hasn't a worry in the world. Eventually, however, he grows tired of evasion, or yields to an impulse to share his difficulties with somebody—anybody.

"I'll be frank with you, Doctor. . . ."

It develops that he fainted just after a farewell interview with his wife. They had separated several weeks before, because of her dissatisfaction with life under the conditions imposed by recent reverses. Then there had been a reunion, and for a while he had been jubilant. But there was a second separation, and finally an appointment for this evening.

"We tried to patch it up, but—no go; we think the world of each other, but this thing is too much for us."

He had returned to his friend's room, and the fainting episode had followed.

Of course the interne makes an examination. He must not overlook an obvious organic basis. But nothing obvious is found, and "neurosis" seems a pretty likely diagnosis. No ready remedy this time. If "social service" were what the words imply, or if the interne could make the patient see the wisdom of a visit to a psychiatrist, something might be done. The interne gives him a sedative, urges him to resume something like a rational mode of living and to see his own doctor in the morning.

AS the post-theatre rush begins, there are hysterical ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes demanding instant attention to bruised noses and wrenched shoulders. Two taxis have collided—it's not a new story; details are volubly supplied, with repetition and variation, and vehement dissertation as to who was in the right, and who at fault. This goes on while the injured parties walk briskly around the accident room, tenderly supporting the various bruised members. The taxi-drivers, bored, and annoyed at the loss of time, converse at one side while they wait for the officer.

These patients are usually more indignant than hurt. They will go to their own doctors upon leaving the hospital. He will make more of their injuries, because he has the time, and, by heightening the sense of outrage, do a great deal to make them more comfortable. Also he will make diagnoses that will fit more nicely into a lawsuit than will "contusions and abrasions." As it is, there is a good deal of dissatisfaction. The patients finally are

Actually . . .
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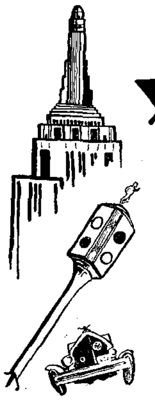
He *wasn't* a NEW YORKER



but—a New Yorker couldn't show better taste. Or find a *more* perfect home. The Parkside—an address that begets respect, rooms that inspire coziness, food that brings benedictions, and an atmosphere that says dignity, charm, comfort. The Parkside is sure to please you, especially if you *are* a New Yorker.

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Eighteen Gramercy Park SOUTH

Cor. East 20th Street and Irving Place
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Weekly $15 up; daily $2.50 up.

Saucy Sayings

I know a hostess who wins her guests clothes at bridge, yet sends them home happy because she served such delightful sandwiches and salads. H. P. Sauce is her wicked secret!

patched up and leave, forgetting the twenty-five-cent fee.

WHEN there is opportunity, the interne may give his attention to one of the several "regulars." These are patients who live nearby, and who appear every evening, invariably, for treatment. Just now it is George. George is about fifty, dark, of uncertain nationality. He is dirty, wears long mustachios, and has an everlasting, forlorn smile. He waits his turn, with a certain obsequious dignity, never uttering a word or stirring from his corner until the accident room is cleared.

No one ever has found out what's the matter with George—if indeed there is anything. But for the sake of tradition, a ritual of investigation is carried out nightly.

"What's the trouble tonight, George?"

"Pain," says George.

It is one of the few words of English he knows.

Then comes the process of localization. Asked where he has pain, George uses both hands in a dramatic but rather halting series of passes to indicate most of his anatomy. Occasionally the interne can find a spot George has missed. If so, he manifests some interest and concern that there should be pain "here" and "here," but not "there."

But George is an obliging soul, and never asks an out-and-out diagnosis. He is satisfied with medicine, and gravely reports that this or that placebo, given the night before, has been "fine." So one turns to the medicine cabinet.

Various things have served in the past; just now peppermint water is working wonders. He knows the taste, and is disappointed when one attempts substitution. It is measured out carefully; George is told that he must go home and to bed immediately after taking it, else he will fall asleep too soon. He leaves, grinning extravagantly and waving "Good night."

THE interne, who works in twenty-four-hour shifts, may retire to an adjoining cubbyhole when the rush is over. Usually, however, he does not sleep long. Late merrymakers wind up the evening's fun with a fight. A milkman is blackjacked by neighborhood roughs. A truck-driver's hand is broken by a falling jack. Someone has a severe toothache; someone else has taken the wrong medicine and is afraid of poisoning. A woman comes in wanting to be told that she is preg-

IN THE
Debutante
SHOP

THE OPERA PUMP
AS DELMAN SEES IT
made by hand, of course

The Opera Pump, simple as it seems, is, by reason of its simplicity, a difficult subject for anybody less than a skilled craftsman. This group of opera pumps is worthy of nothing less than the proud name which each shoe bears. The snug fit...the graceful lines...the lasts...well, it is Delman who created them. Need more be said?

• • •

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Here's the answer to the prayers of all the girls who'd love a lace frock, if there were only a *new* lace to love! It's a copy of Molyneux' model of Ilusionné, a new lace that manages to look crisp and filmy, and utterly devastating, all at once—and that refuses *ever* to look like the limp end of a long season, as so many "picture" fabrics have a habit of doing!

FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR
SECOND FLOOR

Henri Bendel Inc.
Fifty-Seventh Street West

nant; a girl comes in wanting to be told that she isn't. An infinite variety of mishaps may send Mac to tap on the interne's door. Many will come in with trifling cuts or bruises; Mac will attend to these without awakening him.

Early morning, about four o'clock, is the "zero hour" of human fortitude. Persons who have been ill for many days often first seek medical aid then. The patient's friends tell the interne that they thought he would be all right, but that he didn't get any better and "We got scared, Doctor." Illnesses that seem trifling when the sun is shining assume dread aspects in the dead of night. Sometimes these late callers are seriously ill. More often the condition is one that could as well have been treated at home, in the morning.

The home treatment, in the less intelligent families, often is bizarre; these latecomers have been poulticed, often, with unbelievable mixtures, or "cupped" into a sorry cosmetic state. It is when all the measures known to the patient's friends and relatives fail that he is brought to the accident room.

THE most tragic cases that come to the accident room are those of injuries received by workingmen. The violence of the accidents that occur on construction projects, at the docks, or on the railroads, is terrible. One is impressed with the fact that the Machine Age has gruesome disadvantages.

Suicide "attempts" and pseudo-"attempts" come in not infrequently. Usually, those who fail have not had their hearts in the task. Those who sincerely want to die succeed with ghastly thoroughness.

More often hysterical girls are brought in after "taking poison." The interne, taking them aside, may learn that the "poison" is nothing more than baking soda or a few drops of iodine in tea. Almost always he finds a repentant patient. By the time she reaches the hospital, she has decided that the person whom she sought to impress is not worth the trouble.

When the attempt has been more sincere, and has succeeded, there is little for the interne to do but to try to calm incredulous and bewildered friends.

Through the twenty-four hours, day in and day out, this parade of afflicted humanity passes through the accident room, and is being repeated in dozens of other accident rooms in other districts. This much is a tiny figure in the pattern of a city's suffering.

—F. A. FENDER

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ORIGINAL DEVILED HAM
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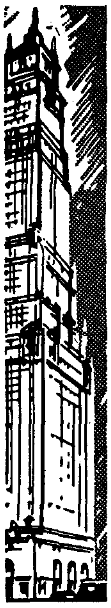

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THE RACE TRACK

Empire City Again — Top Flight on the Doubtful List—A Mud Runner and a Dead Heat

IT'S farewell to racing on Long Island, and over the rocky road we go to Empire City. Horses with bandages—from half a roll of cotton to slave bracelets of adhesive tape. Horses with earmuffs—Claremont's are fastened in with rubber bands, and make his ears look like horns. Well, I do not envy backers on the wrong side of the ledger who hope to square accounts for the season before Maryland and the mutuels. But the clubhouse is a pleasant place, if the weather is fine and you don't take your racing too seriously.

I HAVE heard disquieting reports about Top Flight. Sonny Whitney's filly has injured a knee, but whether this will keep her from fulfilling her engagement in the Selima Stakes at Laurel this weekend, I don't know. The seriousness of such mishaps always is exaggerated. It would be regrettable if she were to run no more this year, for her opposition would be puny in the Selima Stakes—in which she would meet fillies—and as for the Pimlico Futurity, you know how mediocre the colts are this season.

TWENTY GRAND is out of training for the year and the Honourable George has about closed his betting book for the season. Oh, well, the Pimlico stakes will be meat for Mate, as one of my Milesian friends would say, particularly as Sun Beau has been retired from racing.

How my stable has shrunk! Six months ago I selected six horses to follow, with discretion: Boojum, Spinach, Questionnaire, Twenty Grand, Jamestown, and Equipoise. Only one, Spinach, is left and I don't think he has won a race all season. Boojum was beaten in his only start, broke down, and was retired. Questionnaire won the Metropolitan and Suburban—I believe he would have beaten Sun Beau, had they met—and was retired after winning the Empire City Handicap. Equipoise cracked in May, and Jamestown after the Belmont Stakes in June. However, Twenty Grand's place at the top of the list is secure.

THERE were some odd-looking expressions after the running of the Remsen Handicap at Jamaica last weekend. Early in the afternoon, George Harris assured his friends that Cambal could not run in the mud, but, as you know, the Campfire colt pegged back Regula Baddun to win by a neck, with Lucky Tom unable to get nearer than third. There is, I believe, some proverb about the pitcher that was taken to the well too often. After all, Lucky Tom has had a lot of racing since midsummer, and 125 pounds and a muddy track were a bit too much for him.

A DEAD heat was run by the Dorwood Stable's Sir Jonathan and Bill Travers' Oil Queen at Jamaica last week, but it thrilled me only academically. I have seen a number of finishes this season that looked as close, but perhaps they were the workings of that ole davil, Deceptive Angle.

THE most spectacular bit of riding and recovery I have seen all season was in the fifth race last Saturday. Flyalong was slammed on the rails and, stumbling, went to her knees. (No, this is no trainer's alibi.) As she went down, her rider, E. Watters, slid along her neck, and as she recovered her footing he clung to the chin-strap as though on the flying rings.

THE Honourable George tells me that at the recent Windsor meeting, in England, the official handicapper was fined fifty pounds by the stewards for an error in his weights. That sort of thing would never do here.

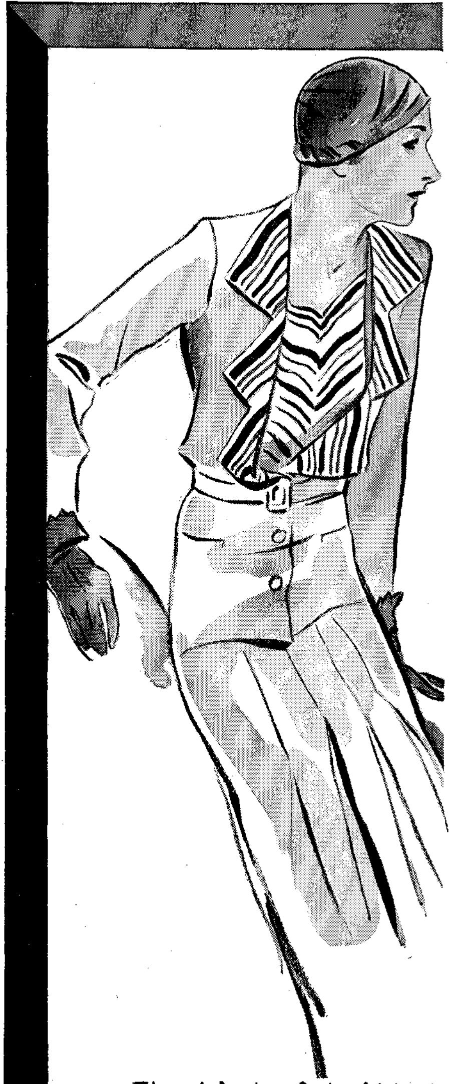
AT JAMAICA: The Phippses rooting home Regula Baddun. . . . Horses racing through the mud, with sound effects. . . . Foxhall Keene braving the elements. . . . Johnson bringing out his collection of overcoats. . . . The trainers forming an Amen Corner under the stand. . . . The sweepers cleaning up the litter to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." —AUDAX MINOR

•

BOOKKEEPER AND TYPIST, THOROUGHLY EXPERIENCED, PREFER ONE WITH SILK UNDERWEAR; EXPERIENCED. TRI-KNIT, 31 EAST 32ND.—*Adv. in the Times.*

As who doesn't.

SPORTS WEAR ORIGINATOR



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*Or made to your
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PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

MADAM President has given me permission to speak before the Orange County Afternoon Delphian this afternoon for a few moments on "Paolo and Francesca," the play that is being given by the Mimes and Mummers of the First Presbyterian Church next Thursday. There are quite a few from First Church that belong to the Society, but the others who don't may attend also. It's non-sectarian, of course, and everybody, Catholics and Protestants alike, are invited. Mrs. Ray Peabody has charge of the tickets which you can buy in advance or get at the door on the night of the performance.

Mrs. James has been studying old pictures and medieval interiors for suggestions for stage settings, which, by the way, will be kept severely simple. You see Mrs. James believes in striving for her effects with color and light values and picturization. Mrs. Bender has made two trips to New York to prowl about the stores hunting for the most gorgeous and richest court costumes. I might mention that her work has only begun when she has the rented costumes unpacked. She has either made or assembled all the simple little dresses for the peasant girls and villagers, and the head-dresses and beaded caps were designed and made by her, with the exception of the unusual ones worn by Lucrezia, which Mrs. Sparley copied from old paintings of the Middle Ages.

The offstage noises that are so necessary for atmosphere in a period play, they are in charge of Martin Hackett. He is responsible for the falling chains and galloping horses and sliding bolts and so on. Little Tommy Inness, Mrs. Inness' boy, who belongs to the Boy Scouts' drum and fife band, will play the bugle offstage.

For the benefit of the members who

LOOK AROUND

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ST. MORITZ
ON THE PARK
Fifty Central Park South
Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

are deeply interested in drama, I might mention that this is the Stephen Phillips version. The Stephen Phillips version. Now let me see, I have some notes here. Oh, yes. Ah . . . now in this version there is no court jester, but the Mimes and Mummers have decided to have a jester just for atmosphere. Ralph Keith plays the jester and he has no lines. He has to rely entirely on facial movements and gestures to put his part across. Just like the movies before the talkies came.

I hope everybody can come. It's going to be quite a thing. And I'm ever so grateful for your attention and I want to publicly thank Madam President for letting me hold up the meeting this way. Don't forget, next Thursday. . . . Oh, I almost forgot. The proceeds will be donated to the new silk flag for the Sunday-school room.

—John O'Hara

•

ON SUPERSTITION

Why should one be
Antagonistic
Toward the foibles
Of the mystic,

And why exhibit
A terrific
Pride in being
Scientific?

This humdrum life
Is even sadder
If one walks cheerfully
Under a ladder.

Perhaps there is
No aftermath
Of ill when black cats
Cross your path.

Yet are you nobler
If you're able
To eat with thirteen
At the table?

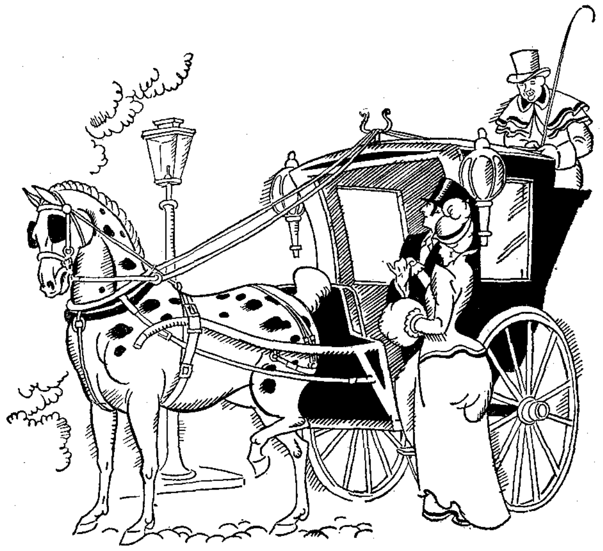
It's stupider
To underrate
The callous pleasantries
Of fate;

Coincidence,
Though often vicious,
Cannot surprise
The superstitious,

And grim despair
Can never master
Hearts prepared
For bleak disaster.

—Angela Cypher

People *(un-inebriated)*
seldom ride
in hansoms now



CABBIES still cling to their stand before the Plaza. But their ancient vehicles serve chiefly as playthings for mischievous stay-up-lates. Central Park's driveways, which once were barred to automobiles, are now a taxi short-cut to Harlem. The gay '90's have fled.

But they left a glorious legacy behind them — a real delight in good food. They taught America to appreciate superb cooking, and fine cheeses — especially Military Brand Camembert.

How the knowing ones loved to order this cheese in the grand cafes of the '90's. And their children, gathering to-day in homes or hotels or saucy hideaways, carry on the noble tradition. They know, these moderns do, that to call for Military Brand Camembert reveals a true epicure's knowledge of cheese.

For this distinguished delicacy is everything that fine Camembert should be. Creamy, tangy-sweet, delicately-flavored. To taste it is to love it. Try Military Brand Camembert with dinner to-night — on crisp crackers or slices of juicy apple — and thrill!

Military Brand
Camembert

One of *Borden's* Fine Cheeses

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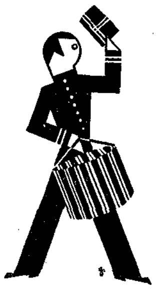
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



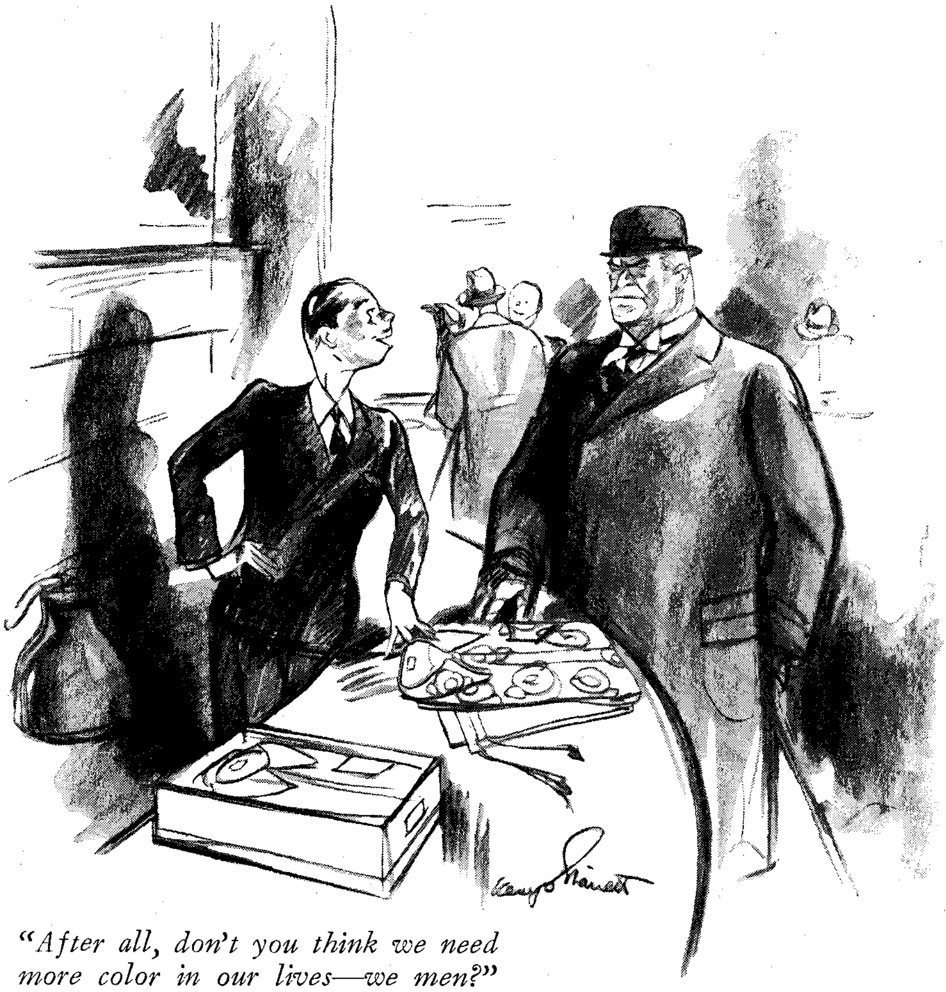
ONE of life's more profound mysteries is why I, formerly the backbone of Fifty-second Street's most flourishing industry, should suddenly have developed an appreciation—nay, a mania—for country clothes. I don't mean the cute little French tricks; I mean stern, striding-across-the-moors clothes. So it is well to mention that Saks-Fifth Avenue have imported from England some dandy chilly-rainy-day country things that have been greeted by the horsy set in Philadelphia with resounding cheers. Belted two-piece suits of sturdy, rough men's tweeds appear here for around seventy-five dollars. Burberry overcoats, cut almost exactly like a man's, with raglan shoulders and such, are also on the premises, and I understand this kind is difficult to find ready-made. There is a golf rain-jacket of gabardine, with the belt built in and a talon fastener all the way up, and some of the funniest-looking Burberry raincoats, terribly smart for the striding type.

So much for rainy weather. Nearby, Saks has some grand soft suede jackets: belted and buttoned, windbreaker style or hinting at it, and such. The range of colors is simply swell, embracing all kinds of odd reds and greens and rich browns, and the prices average around thirty-nine fifty.

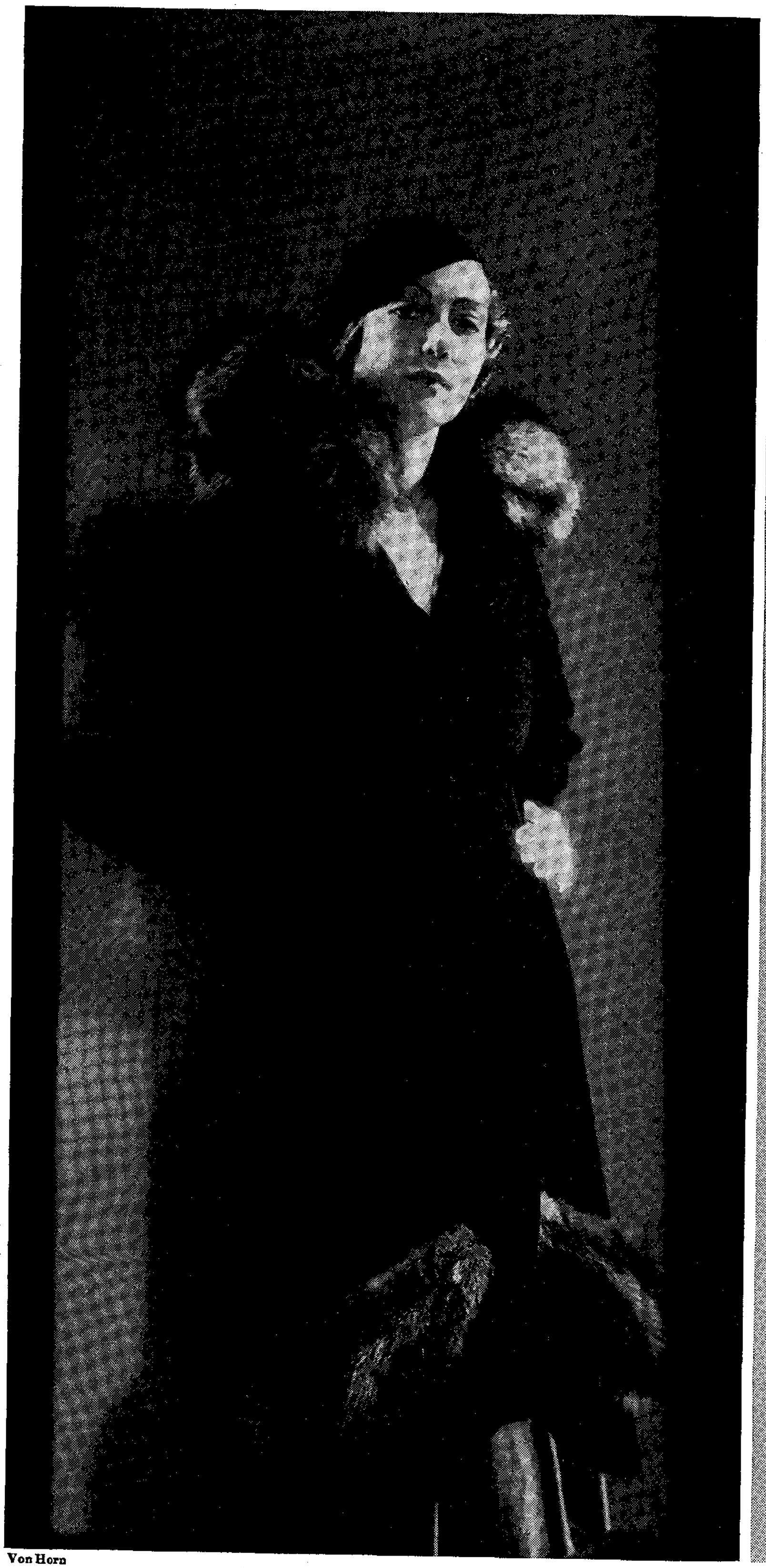
RETURNING to frivolous and feminine subjects—up in Saks' custom millinery department there is, as usual, an uproar about a new idea. They've gone Florentine, for a change, and, after studying the portraits of all the famous poisoners of the Renaissance, have evolved a cock-eyed and becoming version of the tam. These hats clear the left side of the head completely; they have a slight upward tilt toward the back, emphasized by trimming; they descend on the right and practically cut the right eye in half—the profile on that side is one large, soft disc. Veils are used to keep the hair flat on the left. I really think you will be amused, and, besides, a tam mode is usually both youthful and becoming.

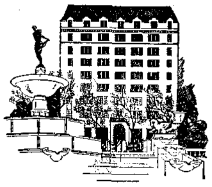
WHILE hats are the subject of discussion, we will barge on into Daché, at 485 Madison Avenue. This is a decorative madhouse of a place, with much the hurly-burly, chic atmosphere you find at Reboux in Paris. Hats, fitted expertly and made on your head, cost eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two dollars—five dollars' deposit and cash on delivery, if you don't mind. The best ones that I saw were very severe, very dashing (maybe I should say Daché), and lots of them had that 1830 flavor that goes so well with demure capes. You know: little squarish boxes, usually dipping down one side, sometimes near the centre. (Where are those bangs that have been threatening for so long?) They do all kinds of turbans well, too, for it is for these that their best customers yell and scream. Ribbed velvet ones, suede ones, ciré-satin ones, fur ones without bulk, and so on. The newest and best are of cloth, stitched all over. The effect is that of felt, but they are soft, soft, soft. If pancake sailors are becoming to you, you should look for some here. They have good ones, with practically no crowns at all. And their yen with veils is either to use them as pompon trimming or to have them shaped so that they make a suggestion of a brim. I do hear that the fitters here are marvellous, so the really dashing women among you should give the place a try.

LUCINDA, at 501 Madison Avenue, has a grand assortment of good ready-to-wear clothes, selected with unusual taste. The woollen, sports-and-street stuff is particularly notable. One smart, tailored beige-tweed street dress has a brown and a black zigzag suede belt, so that it may be worn with brown or black accessories. There is a nice suede-jacket suit: the skirt of tweed, the jacket in contrasting color, and the lacy knit that composes the blouse and the jacket's lining combining the two colors. You can pick your combinations to suit your particular whim, getting as pastel as you like in the process. Suede



"After all, don't you think we need more color in our lives—we men?"





Over
the dinner-dress . . .
the
THREE QUARTER COAT

Here is a puzzle-answerer . . . the perfect wrap to wear over the ankle-length dinner dress. Of stiff Lyons velvet, fitted at the waist, flared at the elbow, trimmed with a generous plenty of finely marked silver fox, it is one of the most flattering of coats . . . also a happy example of our unusually fine collection of formal winter modes.

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the young new yorker shop has others, but this is the wool and Canton crepe they crave. $16.50
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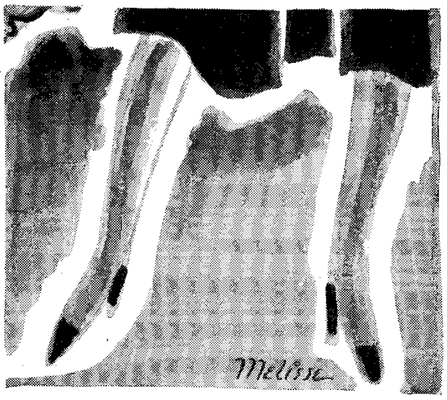


jackets appear over several woolly soft dresses, too.

They do all kinds of day clothes and evening things, as well. And since the stock on hand is comparatively small, people shopping for trousseaux or coming into town to buy an entire wardrobe at one fell swoop should know that they will take anyone contemplating a large order down into the wholesale market, to select from the vast array there. I do hear that the girls simply love the idea.

IN the same building (501 Madison Avenue, you dopes) there is Mr. Henry Stevenson, a tailor de luxe who was formerly associated with Milgrim. The man uses beautiful Forstmann & Huffmann materials, and lines his things with satin of a luxurious quality. The workmanship will make you cry out for sheer joy; in fact, his best coats are made so simply that workmanship and detail are brought out to the utmost. The prices start at $80 for suits and such, though he has dresses for less. One little black woolly suit has a collarless fitted jacket with sleeves of the kimono type. Three half-inch bands of stitching, coming over the shoulders and down on the chest, give it a broad-shouldered look. Similar stitching appears on the yoke in front of the slightly flared skirt. It is $85 and a knockout.

Mr. Stevenson has numerous models (he can be induced to sell these), he has lots of sketches, and he will lend a sympathetic ear to your ideas.

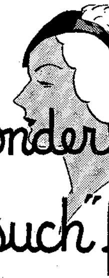
ALL of which reminds me that Mr. Richard Busvine, who used to be with the famous firm of that name, has now joined the staff of Fortnum & Mason and supervises riding habits, hunting costumes, and strictly tailored suits with an expert eye. He is also helpful about riding accessories.

And never, never forget that when Cavanagh, at 247 Park Avenue, makes your riding hats, whether they be felt, derbies, or silk toppers, he not only sees that they fit perfectly and are as correct as possible, but also considers the shape of your face in determining their proportions. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

The Green Room

LITTLE housewives, who like their pots and pans to be just so, swear by the Brothers Bloomingdale, but there are quite a few clothes scouts still



No wonder Eugenie wore such "flip" hats!

SHE was only 5'4" so they say and was not over-weight. Yet it is a mystery how she kept her figure in those days before Hanson Scales.

Today, however, with a handy Hanson Petite, available at such moderate cost, there is no excuse for women not having supple silhouettes. Tested with government weights, the Hanson Petite is beautifully enameled in beautiful boudoir colors. *And it is guaranteed for a lifetime.*

●

At Department and Hardware Stores

●

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(*Est. 1888*)
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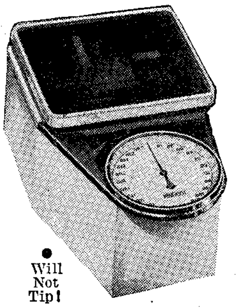
New York Office:
41 Murray St.



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By Appointment to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

Dinner Clothes
by WEATHERILL

EXACTINGLY tailored of exclusive fabrics to ensure the ease and poise every gentleman seeks.

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Civil and Sporting Tailors
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at large who haven't yet heard about the Green Room at Bloomingdale, where the cream of the ready-to-wear is assembled. This is no bargain counter, mind, for chic little flat crêpe day dresses range from the late twenties to the late forties in price. Just a very good little-shop-within-a-big-shop with nice clothes—quite a few Fords, and some copies of French models which have not been done to death. You can find Lyolene's suit with the reddish jacket that has frog fastenings and leg-of-mutton sleeves. This has a pink blouse and a black tweed skirt. There are lots of nice wool Bruyère day dresses, Vionnet coat-dresses, and such. There are good copies of that Mainbocher evening dress in dirty Persian-green crêpe, with two white peonies in front and a double cape thrown over it. For between $100 and $200, there are some grand coats of black wool combined with Persian lamb—copies of Chanel, Vionnet, and Bruyère successes.

Just outside the door, there are some how-do-they-do-it-for-ten-seventy-five dresses that will startle you by the front they put up. Nicely styled, with all junk eliminated, they are a convincingly smart lot. And flappers should look at some jackets of white bunny stitched in strips like ermine. They come in monkey-jacket style with short puffed sleeves; in a short, circular cape version; or in a cape-back jacket type; and they cost seventeen dollars. Even if you sniff at wearing seventeen-dollar wraps in public, they would be elegant for bed jackets. —L. L.

* * *

ART NOTE

Do you find him fair to see,
Innocence upon his face?
Candid as a child may be,
Full of grace?

Lads and little maids, I know
Passing well whereof I speak:
Cupid should be painted so—
Tongue in cheek!

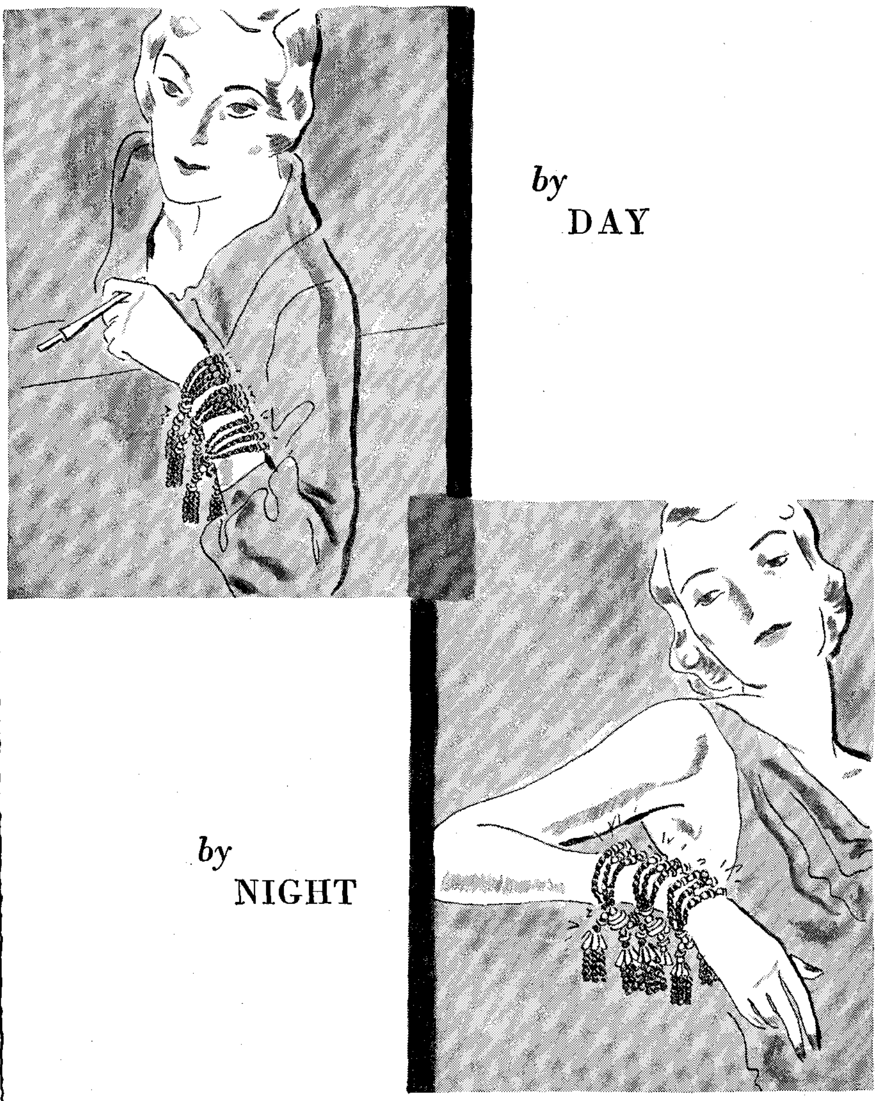
—Sara Henderson Hay

* * *

The excess intracranial fluid, Dr. Cowles asserts, creates a pressure that explains the emotional instability that causes many men to be faithful to their wives, and otherwise perform anti-social acts after becoming the victims of alcoholism.—*The Sun.*

Oh come now—"anti-social" isn't just the word.

MACY'S
34th Street and Broadway, New York City



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TASSEL BRACELETS

YOU'LL see smart women wearing them everywhere this year, three or four bracelets at a time. For daytime, they're of opaque, graduated beads, with metal trim. We have them in jet, rust, Persian green and Persian red. For evening, the beads are transparent, in brilliant shades of ruby, sapphire, or emerald, and are used with rhinestones.

$3.69

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Smart Sandals for Daytime Doings

HERE is daintiness that will flatter any foot . . . style that will be at home with the smartest company . . . comfort the whole day long . . . and design that interprets Slater's impression of correct daytime footwear.

The model shown is refreshingly away from the usual . . . and the little T Strap lends graceful trimness to instep and ankle.

Dark Green Suède, Black Suède, Black Patent

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Ask for your copy of the Slater Sketch Book, showing the new low price range for Slater quality shoes.

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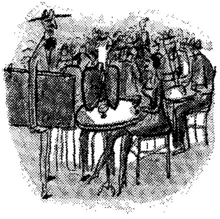
"Style . . . and a touch of genius"

PARIS LETTER



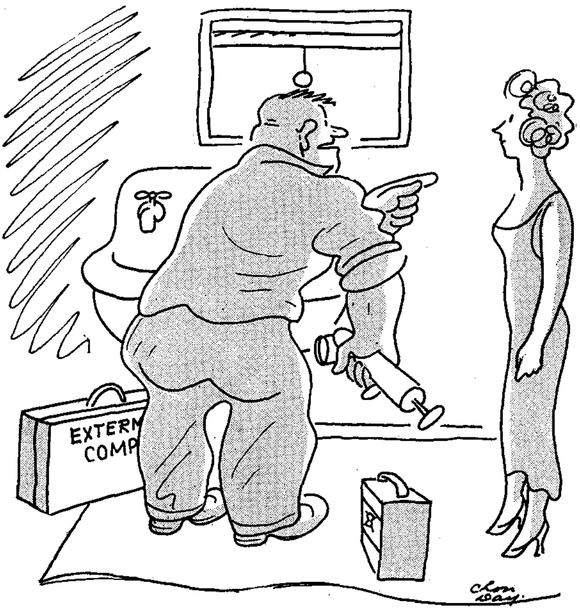
PARIS, Oct. 14

INDIAN summer, the first June weather of the year, and the twenty-fifth annual Salon d'Automobile arrived here simultaneously, the last with five hundred models. Or, as the Paris *Herald* chose to put it, the twenty-sixth Salon d'Automobile has opened with two hundred models. However, the number of the show and of its models is unimportant; the sign of the times is sufficiently upon both. Cheap French cars, which change little from year to year in any case, are cheaper and less changed than ever, and now that Germany has gone thoroughly bankrupt, the dearest, most radical European motor shown was the Maybach-Zeppelin, costing four hundred thousand francs. The Adler, which last year launched the famous Gropius model, should have remained content with it. The Horch has come forward with an engine equalled in elegance only by that of the hand-made Rolls. To the Duesenberg goes the honor of being the longest car on the lot. To the Rosengart goes a wreath of immortelles for having a body whose painting imitates marble. To Citroën goes the popularity prize.

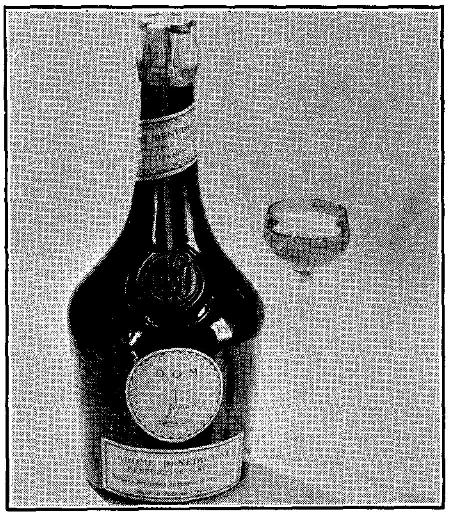
AND to the rival Salon of second-hand automobiles, held in the gutters around the Porte de Versailles, will probably go the palm for the number of sales transacted. Practically the only thing the rich French are spending their money for is more money. The recent sharp decline in hitherto respectable national currencies—such as the Swiss, the Swedish, and the Dutch—and the inability of anyone to exchange Central European paper at any price have produced a shopping craze for bullion that is unprecedented in the history of the land. If the merchant planes flying into Le Bourget crashed these days, they would come down like new Jupiters in a shower of gold, nor would the waiting Danaës be lacking. Gold is being bought in Paris by the kilo, like potatoes, though costing considerably more, of course. The Banque de France will give gold only for two hundred and fifty thousand francs or more in paper money, which, considering that the largest note printed here is for one thousand francs, makes quite a basketful. For decades the French industrialist has ridiculed the French peasant for banking his louis in his sock. At the rate things are going now, soon there won't be enough socks to go around.

THE *N.R.F.*, which ordinarily expends its strength publishing rhymes by Paul Valéry, has taken an option on crime. The popular detective story, originally nurtured here by Gaboriau, Gaston Leroux, and Maurice Leblanc, has suddenly developed a new local vogue and a new writer: Monsieur Georges Sim, who at the age of twenty-eight has already written two hundred and eighty yarns. He is of Breton Dutch stock, is handsome, can write an excellent book in four days (one was started in a glass cage, for publicity's sake), lives on a yacht in canals, and has used sixteen pseudonyms, of which Simenon (the signature of the latest dozen of his books) will probably become permanent. To turn out mystery stories as novel as "Monsieur Gallet Décédé," "Le Chien Jaune," and "Le Charretier de la Providence" once a year is rare; to turn them out at the rate of four a month is rarer.

Simenon's detective is fat and named Maigret; the crimes he solves are published monthly, are the talk of the town,



"I fight 'em openly, Ma'am."



For such Bénédictine
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Aromé Bénédictine—a delightful cocktail flavoring and dessert sauce. Bottled at Fécamp, France, by the original Bénédictine Distillerie, sole owners of the Bénédictine trade mark D.O.M. (alcoholic strength 6%).

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⅓ Aromé Bénédictine ⅓ Garnier's Apricot
⅓ Lemon juice Ice and shake well

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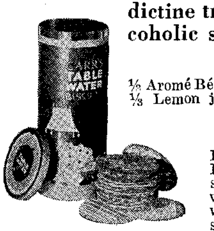

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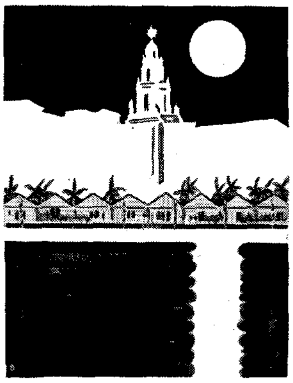

and sell for six francs. The stories are distinguished by a talent for suspense, begin better than they end, and contain in each case a crime curiously suitable to the geographic setting: Antwerp for "Le Pendu de Saint-Pholien," and the Brittany town and inhabitants of Concarneau for "Le Chien Jaune," so realistically undisguised that Simenon will probably be sued. And after his "Crime en Hollande," it is unlikely that he can ever steam back to the Netherlands again.

However, according to his admirers, he never goes any place twice anyway. He always travels (always on his boat, and always on canals), hates heat and wants to go to Tahiti, and spends half a million francs of his royalties a year doing what his year's characters do: hiring a liveried chauffeur because his villain does, losing two hundred thousand francs at Monte Carlo because his hero must. For he says: "I have no imagination; I take everything from life" (and from the exploits of certain of his acquaintances, who apparently include some of the liveliest crooks in France). "I get up at half-past five; go on deck; start typing at six, with either a bottle of brandy or white wine at my side; and write a chapter an hour until noon, when I go on land and lie down in the grass, exhausted. My ambition is to arrive little by little in the class of a Jack London, or—who knows?—even of a Conrad." Monsieur Simenon is mistaken; he is already in a class by himself.—Genêt

•

The mother should not show her annoyance if baby accidentally spits out the first few mouthfuls of a strange food. Of course, it does annoy her, for she has prepared it carefully and knows baby should have it. But baby very easily gets the idea that this is some new kind of game. He can spit out the cereal faster than mother can spoon it into him, and he can always be the winner if he so desires. It is better, then, not to play that game. —*From "Your Baby and Mine," in a California newspaper.*

At that it's more fun than parcheesi.

•

"I came back because I love you," she said. "If you don't want me—"

His voice held the deeps of church bells and the lonely searching of the sea. "*Want you?*"

It grew dark and the plum tree was a Japanese silhouette against the sky but neither of them knew it.—*From a story in Physical Culture.*

What you don't know won't hurt you.

"Great talkers *have no need of ears*"

Benjamin Franklin hit the nail on the head when he said that. That's the trouble with great talkers. They can't find time to listen, to improve themselves.

We try to do differently. We go easy on talk. We need our ears to listen every moment for any suggestion, however small, that will further improve comfort and service at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel. When you come to Philadelphia let us show you.

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Horace Leland Wiggins, *Managing Director*

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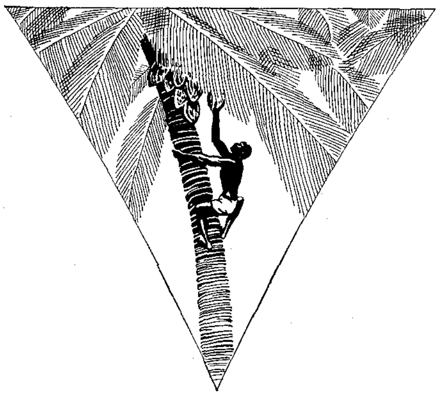

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30,000 displacement-ton luxury liner.

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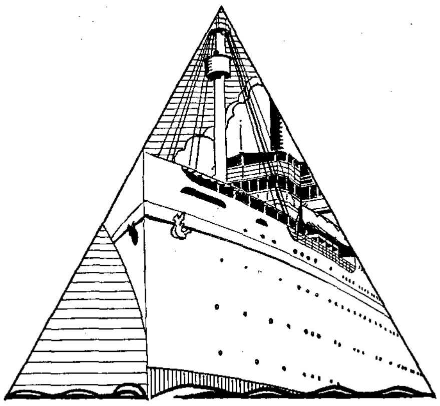
Canadian Pacific



THE ART GALLERIES

Oil—Guys and Moderns—The Young Men Turn to Paint—Road Show

ALFRED STIEGLITZ' An American Place holds another show by John Marin, and this time the display includes pictures in oil. Marin is one of the few great painters of America who usually work in water color. We have never drawn the fine distinction between oil and water color that so many 100-per-centers do. Apparently they consider water color an inferior medium because it doesn't produce so thick a surface. We have seen many water colors by Marin, however, that were heavier in content than most of the oils painted hereabouts.

The oils of Marin will come as a surprise to many of his followers, though he has been working in this medium for at least eighteen years. He becomes more the philosopher in oil, more the realist. In his water colors, he often bewilders one with the many notes he uses in the composition of a picture. In the oils one feels only the strength and cohesion of the subject. They are pictures much in the manner of his Maine-coast series of several years back. Seated across the room which Stieglitz devotes to the oils, you get the full impact of the life upon the opposite wall. We have seldom seen anything as dynamic as Marin's study of the sea and of the realistic hillside that hangs alongside.

The exhibition is an astounding record of one artist's work. With the oils are many water colors and several new etchings. The water colors, we feel, are restatements of the beautiful things Marin has given us before, suffering only from comparison with his oils. The etchings, like all the paintings, follow his formula of stating life in the fewest, and only essential, terms.

The show includes the new Marin book of letters, a collector's item that is limited to four hundred copies. In these letters you will find the libretto of the symphony that Marin never tires of playing. It is a handsome volume.

KRAUSHAAR starts off with a medley that is somewhat less gay than his

HEAVENLY HARMONY! NEITHER SHARP NOR FLAT

+ The tastiest cheese is sharp.
+ Cream, alone, is flat.
+ Blend them a la BLUE MOON, and you have a dainty dairy symphony calculated to make any cow proud; (not to mention the pride of the blenders of BLUE MOON SPREADS) + + + As an overture with the cocktail or a finale with the demi tasse you strike nothing but responsive chords among guests and family when you present the latest harmony hit "BLUE MOON SPREADS."

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When black coffee and cracked ice are your menu...

Quick—bubbly Tarrant's in water—harmless, drugless, pleasant to taste. A saline antacid and "pick-up". Drink it like a mineral water.

TARRANT'S
SELTZER APERIENT

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
by Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University 5 years and who has trained over 4,000 secretaries at the

MILLER INSTITUTE
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opening shows of former years. The important item is the group of pictures by Constantin Guys. Here are twenty-seven of his drawings and water colors, for the most part those bits of court and camp life that are dear to the hearts of all Guys collectors.

Among the water colors and drawings there are one or two by Delacroix, three by Degas, and a Cézanne. Then there are oils by Ingres, as well as by a few moderns: Matisse, Braque, Rouault, Redon, and so on. It is a pleasant show, with something for every taste, but it is seldom exciting.

THE Brownell-Lambertson Galleries are the latest to hold a show of the younger men, and here you can find a pretty good cross-section of local painting. Some of the men whom we have not heard so much about hold the most interest. There is the stunning "Holland Tunnel" of Gaston Longchamps. He is a French boy, to be sure, but he is becoming American faster than he probably realizes. Firmly schooled in the Continental traditions, his appraising eyes have managed to set forth our scene with a good deal more social comment than is usually contained in a picture by a native. Fiske Boyd, who has worked himself out of his devotion to Turner, shows a fine use of the sky-line, an expert blending of his lyricism with the realities of our architecture. We liked, too, the canvas by George C. Ault and a study by Arnold Wiltz. Then there are Wood Gaylor, Hans Hofmann, Emil Holzhauer, and W. Steele Cooper, whose "Roof Tops" has a nice color. It is a merry show and will last until the end of the month.

STILL another travelling exhibition has turned up. This one is called "Forty Modern Americans" and is sponsored by the American Federation of Arts, an organization that is noted for its love of the antique in painters. It will be at Rehn through this Saturday, October 24.

In this group we liked the Morris Kantor, the Nicolay Cikovsky, and the John Carroll. Glenn Coleman seems to be turning away from his customary pattern. Mr. Ganso is represented by one of his regrettable Pascins, and Mr. Fiene has gone quite early Picasso. Mr. Fiene seems to pick a new idol nearly every season. Henry V. Poor has a canvas on exhibition, as has Arnold Wiltz, another of our favorites. It is a good show and one that probably will not be seen here again.

—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

FOR FINESSE IN FACIAL EFFECTS—INDIVIDUAL MAKE-UP

MAKE-UP
FOR TITIAN

Here is Marie Earle's Titian-Type. To emphasize her distinctive coloring, she chooses Marie Earle *Eye-shadow* in Brown; *Mascara* and *Eye Crayon* in Chatain. Her *Face Powder* is Chair, her *Lipstick* and *Rouge,* Light.

BE SMART! Be subtle! Dramatize your individuality with make-up aids cleverly chosen—skilfully used. Whether yours is the striking coloring immortalized by Titian—or another of the five distinct beauty types—for the most fascinating facial harmonies, follow the Marie Earle Make-up Chart helpfully evolved for your own coloring!

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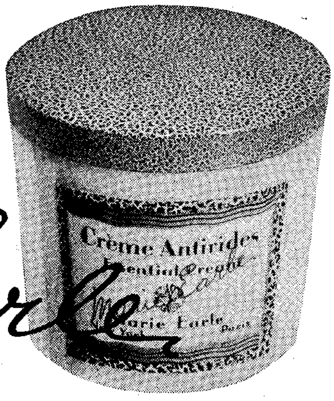

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TONIGHT?

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Cafe des Invalides is not a substitute. It is seven-eighths Mocha and Sumatra Java coffee—deliciously blended by experts—with harmless vegetable substances added which, while bringing out the delicate coffee flavor and aroma, also *neutralize the effects of caffeine.* Remember, Cafe des Invalides has **nothing taken out.**

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Gentlemen:—
I want to drink Cafe des Invalides. Send me your free sample.

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

The Clearview Class—A Field Day for the Ladies —Notes on Schooling

THERE are few things more depressing than a small horse show in a Jersey armory, but nevertheless there was one last week at Westfield. The summer shows, maligned though some have been, seemed splendid compared to this one, with its smell of shavings and tanbark, its strident mechanical music, and its narrow, brick-walled ring.

F. E. Robinson has populated the state with his Clearview saddle horses, and most of them were at Westfield. The saddle-horse division, in fact, was by far the strongest, being well filled with above-average entries and without a single star. The hunters class really consisted of Mrs. Harry Frank's string, which got no competition for the higher ribbons except among themselves. And the open jumping class the first night produced so many bad performances that the chatty and optimistic announcer had to change his tune from "Number Nine coming up" to "Number Nine about to start."

REPORTS of what happened at the Kentucky State Fair show, the only simon-pure saddle-bred affair in the world, are beginning to trickle in. Apparently this effete age has taken its toll of disappointed exhibitors, for the judges no longer have to leave the ring by an underground tunnel, but can do their worst and stalk out the main entrance in safety.

At this show, one realizes that the American saddle horse is a distinct and useful type, and that in at least one strain it can excel longer-established breeds. Sweetheart on Parade, Mrs. Roth's famous five-gaited mare who won the open stake, is half-trotting bred, and yet she shows no sign of it except in her speed at the trot.

Joanna Jones, Sweetheart on Parade's nearest rival, made the show an unprecedented field day for the ladies—in fact, their only severe setback was in the three-gaited division, when that great mare, Lady Margaret, who was making her first invasion of the Solid South, lost to Tea Caddy, with Bob

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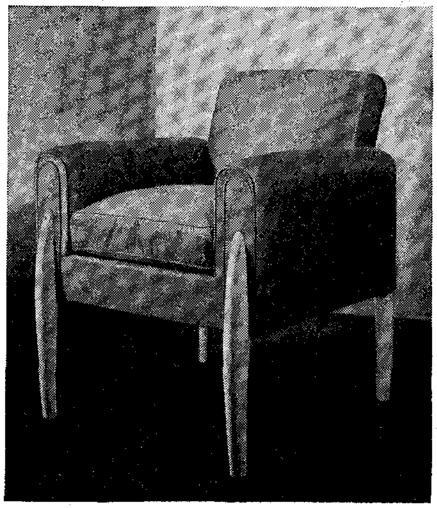

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Modish Frocks for Tea
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Bewitching Gowns
for Dinner and Dance
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Smart apparel for Sub-Deb, Debutante and Matron
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Imports, Original models — individually styled
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ROOSEVELT
AVIATION SCHOOL
119 W. 57th St., or Mineola, L. I.

Moreland, the wiliest old fox of them all, up.

THE Monmouth Hounds held their annual race meet last week with a rather light entry from the little group of familiar faces which has made up hunt racing this fall. Only four went to the post for the Gold Cup race, and one of them, Rosshill, again proved that only his native air can keep him on his feet, for he fell in Jersey as he did on Long Island. Allison Stern's Waverley Star, ridden by Jim Ryan, made his first start of the season a winning one and beat Primero, the remaining contestant, after Stern, on Papley Spinney, had taken the first fall he has had in a long time.

Incidentally, Waverley Star, who ran so well last season that he was shipped back to England, the land of his birth, proved completely expatriated when he got there. He ran a couple of races, over easy courses, which indicated beyond doubt that it would be sheer optimism to keep him pointing for Aintree. The race last week should do him a lot of good, and he ought to be just about the best bet for the Jersey Cup.

IT'S pretty hard to see where the horses are coming from to fill the Grasslands race in December. So far Waverley Star is the only one of near-Grand National calibre, in spite of his failure abroad. Jock Whitney is building a course something like Grasslands for his charity meet in November, so that aspirants will at least get a public schooling before they go South. He is also having a race over Aiken drag fences, which will further complicate the hodgepodge of courses that poor, unsuspecting horses are asked to run over from week to week. The whole trouble is that no one can afford to duplicate all the different types, schooling over the originals is never allowed, and so the lesson has to be learned and the race run simultaneously, which is too much for any but the most precocious horses.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Sign in a Brooklyn cafeteria*]

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A bility
P oliteness
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T ruthfulness
O riginality
L oyalty

No Smoking

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
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THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
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It's not only good manners to avoid offending others with your smoking. It's good sense. The best way to insure your own enjoyment.

For the same reason that OLD GOLDS do not taint the breath, or discolor the teeth . . . for that very reason OLD GOLDS are a finer smoke . . . easier on the throat, more delightful and appealing to the taste.

Pure tobacco . . . that sums it up. Sun-ripened tobacco . . . sweetened by nature herself. Tobacco so good it needs no added flavoring.

If you'll take a dare . . . and try *natural-flavored* OLD GOLDS for a day . . . we predict OLD GOLD will win another life-long friend!

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

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FORREST THEATRE 49th St. W. of B'way
Eves. at 8:30-Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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1931 SCANDALS 1931
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Rudy VALLEE Ethel MERMAN Willie & Eugene HOWARD
Everett MARSHALL Ray BOLGER GALE Quadruplets
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Die Grosse Sehnsucht
("The Great Passion")
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"First class comedy splendidly played and altogether splendid entertainment."—Burns Mantle, Daily News
MESSMORE KENDALL'S Production of
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S New Play
THE BREADWINNER
with A. E. Matthews, Marie Lohr, Eric Cowley
BOOTH Thea., 45th St. W. of B'way.
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Return of Greta Garbo—Made in France —And Just Pictures

GRETA GARBO, the recluse, has another triumph. I might even say a bit more and add that she has the triumph of her career to this date in "Susan Lenox." In the past few years one has had to admire her good looks and her peculiar genius through such a haze of unfortunate pictures that it has been a little exhausting. Even "Anna Christie," for instance, was somehow not exactly the right story for her. There have been so many little garbos, too, looking pale and distraught on the screen, that the vogue was on the verge of becoming definitely obnoxious. Now she appears, and with the first glimpse we have of her we see that those long solitary hours of hers spent in maidenly meditation, barricaded from the world, have done nothing but enhance her beauty, and that also, curiously enough, there is no one else at all like her anywhere. The little garbos and Garbo herself are very different affairs.

It seems to me that the story of "Susan Lenox (Her Fall and Rise)" shapes up into a very good scenario for our purposes. It's romantic love fundamentally, with that good snack and seasoning of the sordid which makes romance palatable to us these days. It becomes a familiar movie plot, heaven knows, yet it seemed to me to drag and to become too trite, or rather to threaten triteness, only once: in that scene where the frightened girl runs into the young man's lonely cottage. So many frightened girls have bounded into bachelors' quarters from out the night and the storm! As this particular situation ends with Garbo driving a mad team of horses down the country roads, swinging the whip like a Boadicea, our apprehensions are jolted out of being.

I AM told that the movie wanders far from the original David Graham Phillips novel. Some day, perhaps, I shall read the book and find out for myself, although the question doesn't much disturb me. I am one of those who rather like stories of these very

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A Comedy by EDOUARD BOURDET
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RONALD SQUIRE
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
Eves. 8:15. Matinees Thursday & Saturday 2:15

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A new play by Jeffrey Dell with
CHARLES LAUGHTON
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Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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"HE" by ALFRED SAVOIR
Adapted by Chester Erskin
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LAST WEEK
GUILD THEA. 52d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

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Under the Auspices of the Theatre Guild
MARTIN BECK THEATRE
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(In association with HARRY MOSES)
GRAND HOTEL
with
EUGENIE LEONTOVICH, SAM JAFFE, SIEGFRIED RUMANN, HORTENSE ALDEN & others
NATIONAL THEATRE, West 41st Street
MATS. WEDNESDAY & SAT. at 2:30
☞ No one seated during first scene
Curtain promptly at 8:30 sharp

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Eves. 8:40, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
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"An Amusing Evening"
"It deserves to find favor in a season that so far has been conspicuously short of comedy." *Wm. C. King, Eve. Post.*
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Smart New Yorkers are flocking to—
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Dramatic French Screen Hit!
with ALBERT PREJEAN
Star of "Sous les Toits de Paris"
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Little CARNEGIE, 57th St., East of 7th Avenue

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Staged by the author
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AFTER TOMORROW
BY HUGH STANGE & JOHN GOLDEN
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Eves. Best Seats $1 to $3 at Box Office

ROYALE Theatre 45th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
MAE WEST
As BABE GORDON in the frank play she has made from her 1931 best seller
THE CONSTANT SINNER
(The Saga of a Saleswoman of Sex)

CHRYSTAL HERNE
IN A MODERN COMEDY ABOUT MODERN WOMEN
LADIES OF CREATION
By Gladys Unger
CORT THEATRE 48th St., E. of B'way. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

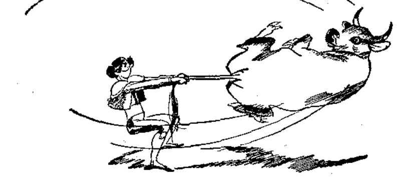
beautiful girls who fall to the gutter and then "make the gutter pay"—a line from this drama—and become magnificent courtesans, and then throw all that over to follow the man they love and cook for him and do his laundry. Now I have told you the plot. But the thing about all this is that Garbo makes it seem plausible. She is first the young, pitiful girl; she is later the *femme fatale*; she is at last the woman of heart and experience. She makes her lines, which are mostly brief and to the point, moving and eloquent. Her low voice, never rising, touched with accent, is rich in meaning. You may gather, by this time, that I have become an admirer of her, and I need only say in conclusion that in Clark Gable she has a competent and satisfactory leading man.

THE French, that delightful people who understand the art of living so well, occasionally send us nice pictures. The latest import, "Un Soir de Rafle," at the Little Carnegie, is somewhat in the class of the pleasant "Sous les Toits de Paris," with one of the young men of that picture as its lead. It's Montmartre and La Villette and some of those little streets off the Place de la Bastille, I suspect, and a boxing match in the Salle Wagram. The picture repeats itself and is a bit longish, I think, but it has that Parisian touch to it. That French of yours will be quite adequate too.

NOW to come down to the little things of every day, among which I must list "The Spirit of Notre Dame," although it is dedicated to the memory of Knute Rockne. I shall be brief. This especial football picture is actually very ordinary, except for the fact that there is practically no girl interest, and there is a little more of the gridiron, therefore, than usual. As usual, too, the students, including Lew Ayres, are marked with that maturity and experience which characterize movie undergraduates, so that any group of them suggests at best a party of insurance men at play, or even a party of movie actors in repose. "Heartbreak" is love and aviators and the war and the Italian front and Vienna and all a sob, though it doesn't last long and is choked off with the signing of the Peace. "The Beloved Bachelor" is one of those little trials there is no reason on earth for you to undergo, about the bachelor and his ward and how love comes to them at last.

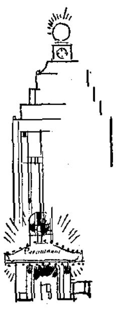
—J. C. M.

an old spanish custom



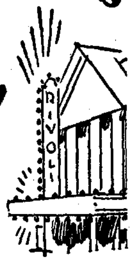
take the bull by the horns, face the situation squarely and admit to yourself that new york's best entertainment is consistently at

the paramount



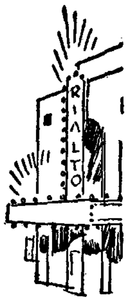
where there's "the woman between" . . . in this instance lily damita . . . torn between her film love for her husband and his son . . . cab calloway and his band burn up the stage.

the rivoli-united artists



where there's paramount's "monkey business" . . . and what business! . . . the four marxes in another grand galaxy of gags.

the rialto



where, in spite of the depression there's "palmy days" . . . samuel goldwyn's . . . with eddie cantor whose palm was crossed by more than one piece of silver in order to turn on all this hilarity.

luxurious and comfortable these are

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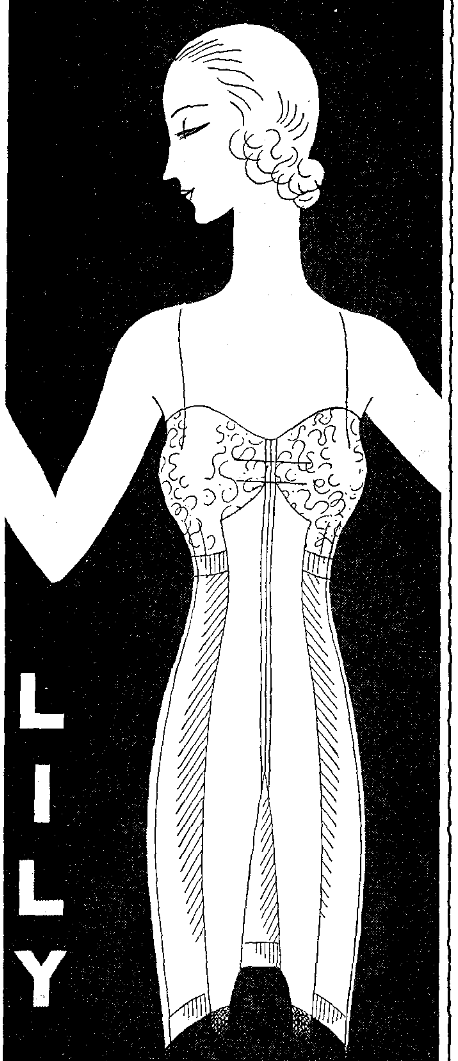

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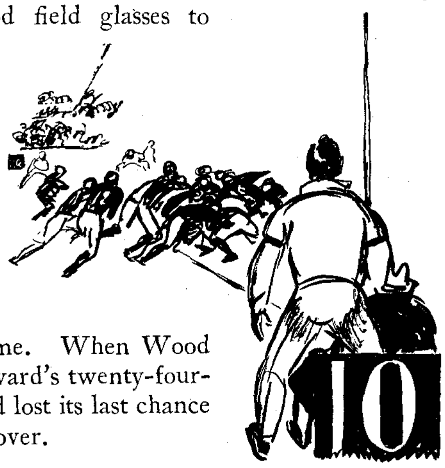
FOOTBALL

Harvard at West Point—Wood's Passes—Touchdown by Chipmunk — The Bunk

THE Harvard-Army game, of course, was the most exciting of the season so far. It developed, as a matter of fact, into two separate games, each exciting in its own way, and each so close that Harvard's one-point advantage at the end was just about a fair gauge of Harvard's superiority.

Army teams, playing for the benefit of the officers' mess and such townies as are sufficiently energetic to climb the trees behind Michie Stadium, have fallen into a way of taking home games more or less in their stride. The first period of the Harvard game was a regulation Michie Stadium performance. The second period wasn't, but both Harvard touchdowns—the result of Wood's forward-passing, aided in one case by penalties against Army—looked a little fluky. Major Sasse showed he wasn't much worried when he let his second-string backfield, which had gone on after the first quarter, stay till the half.

The game didn't really become a battle till the third quarter. By that time, Harvard had settled down to protect the slimmest kind of lead and Army didn't dare take chances that might have led to a third Harvard touchdown. It was the kind of football you need good field glasses to watch—unspectacular football in which an absurdly small margin made all the difference. The only exception was Johnson's fifty-six-yard run in the last quarter, the only long run of the game. When Wood caught him on Harvard's twenty-four-yard line, Army had lost its last chance and the game was over.



TO say that Harvard's touchdowns looked like flukes sounds unfair, but it is really a compliment to Wood. In the first place, there is always an element of luck in forward-passing, just as there is in punting. The best passers usually have the best luck. Then the most effective Harvard overhead plays are so designed that the man who takes the pass cuts in behind the line of scrimmage. Wood throws his pass, apparently, directly at his opponents' secondary defence. His man, White or Nazro, is supposed to be there just in time to grab the ball out of their hands. When he succeeds, it looks like a fluke—particularly if you are not sitting close enough to the play to see the perfect timing that makes it possible for the receiver and the ball to be at the same place at the same instant.

Barry Wood made his reputation in the Michigan game two years ago and he has maintained it very competently ever since. Watching him against Army, we compared his methods to those which Benny Friedman has been teaching Booth and the other Yale backs this year. Friedman favors the same sort of pass—short, flat, direct throws that depend entirely on precision at both ends—but his technique, which the Yale backs are learning, is different. He passes with a short, quick motion, letting the ball go when his hand is close to his right ear. The arm-action resembles a catcher's throw to a pitcher except that Friedman uses a long follow-through which brings his right arm across his body and his right foot forward as he lets the ball go. Wood stands up straight, swings his arm wide, and seldom follows through at all. All this prompts the obvious conclusion that good passing is less a matter of form than of spotting an eligible receiver and throwing the ball where he can get to it.

BOTH teams played straight football on Saturday. The Army power plays looked definitely stronger than Harvard's and will doubtless improve further by November. The thing that was particularly encouraging about Casey's team was a sort of football intuition which neither of the other Big Three teams seems to possess this year. Wood—it was really his game—supplied an almost too obvious example of what we mean on Harvard's try for point after the first touchdown. By running with the ball, instead of trying to kick after the pass had been fumbled, he made the point which—

as it later turned out—won the game.

It also seems to us that Eddie Casey has been exceedingly smart in teaching his punt-receiver, usually Wood, to signal for a fair catch wherever possible. Why more coaches do not follow this procedure, we fail to see. It saves wear and tear on the running backs. Once in twenty times a receiver may see a hole ahead of him. When this happens, he spots it before he catches the ball. If he has been making fair catches regularly, he has the additional advantage of doing the unexpected when he tries to run the ball.

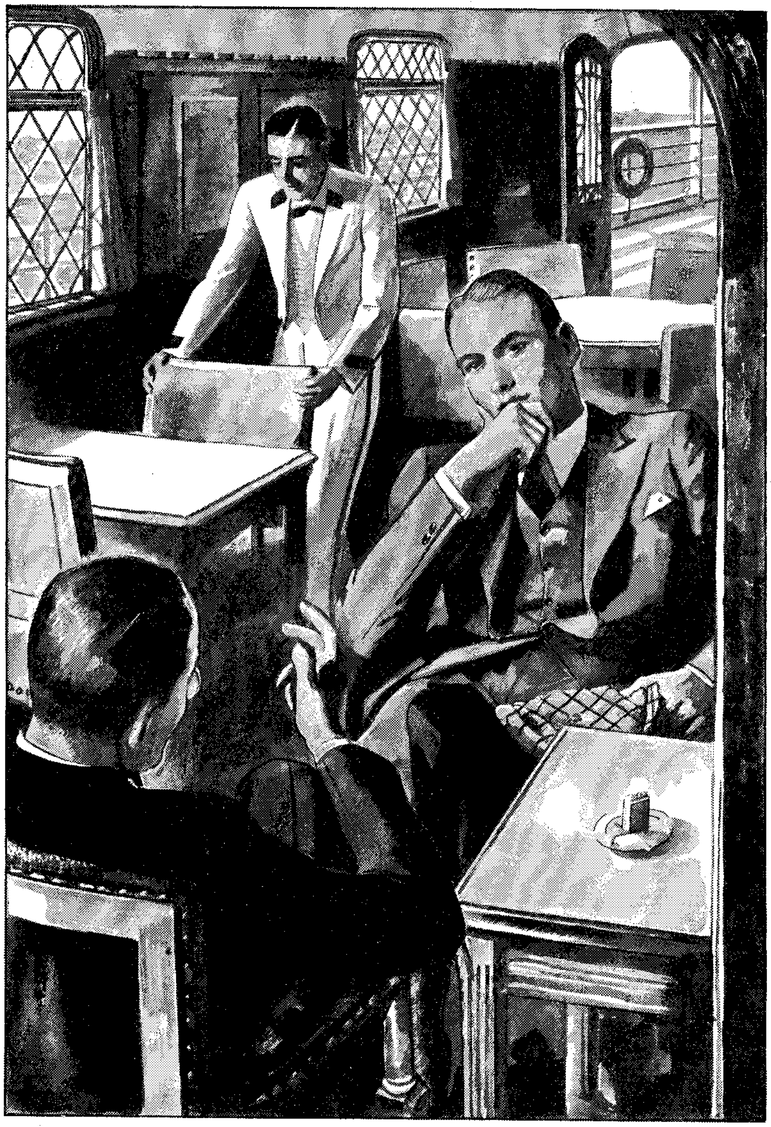
ONE other thing that interests us vastly, while we are on the subject of Army vs. Harvard, is the case of the stray animal on the football field. In almost every game there is one—usually a dog, but sometimes something more extraordinary, like a field mouse or a squirrel. At West Point, it was a chipmunk. The chipmunk began by trying to climb the south goal-post and then, when a colonel tried to catch it in his hat, ran the length of the field, zigzagging to avoid football-players and shying from the noise every time it neared the sidelines. Everyone forgot the game as long as it was possible to see the chipmunk. After making a touchdown, it disappeared.

THE other games on Saturday were considerably upsetting to our sense of the fitness of things. When Cornell beats Princeton 33–0, it is time to tear up the Princeton team instead of the goal-posts.... The Columbia-Dartmouth game must have been an enormous relief and satisfaction to Lou Little, after last year's (52–0, we think) defeat. . . . It begins to look as though the Owen D. Young round-robin tournament, the one with Princeton and Columbia in it anyway, may draw some sort of crowd. . . . The 27–0 beating which Yale gave Chicago does not mean much at this stage of the season, but it may serve to quiet talk, which we hear has reached the Yale campus, to the effect that too many coaching systems are ruining Yale football and that Dr. Stevens will find his resignation in demand at the end of the season. —R. L. T.

•

It is a large pie consisting of twenty-four woodcock to which interesting historic associations are attached.—*From a Dublin dispatch to the Times.*

How firmly?



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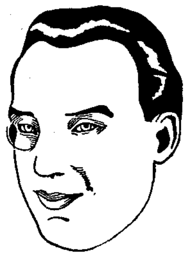


MRS. GITTLESON

THE boys speak of Sam Gittleson's success in law in tones of great respect. It's a funny thing, but every time I hear Sam Gittleson's name mentioned I think of his mother.

You see, I lived in East 119th Street when Sam was going to school and when Mrs. Gittleson's candy-store was the sole support of the two. I still can see Mrs. Gittleson lugging a pack of newspapers to her store on cold wintry mornings. I was working for Mandelkorn, the grocer, at the time, and the sight of Mrs. Gittleson and her morning bundle was a daily occurrence.

Her chief joy was the marble soda fountain with the big silver spigots. In those days the syrup bottles lined the top. Each of the bottles was marked with the name of the flavor: "Strawberry," "Vanilla," "Chocolate," "Pineapple." The chocolate bottle had its label almost off, from being used so much, I guess. The syrups were seldom in the right bottles. Vanilla and chocolate were the two flavors most in demand; these were in the right bottles.

When you asked for a strawberry soda Mrs. Gittleson would reach for the bottle, and ask you: "A penny gless odder a two-cent gless?" Then she would reach for a glass—the size depended on your answer—and pour an inch of syrup. She would lift the glass to the silver spigot, pull the knob forward until the charged water came near the top, and then push it backward for a squirt of strong fizz. A large spoon would stir the mixture, causing it to bubble so that it ran over the glass, and there you were.

The Jewish mothers in my neighborhood preferred one drink to all others: malted milk. Only they called it "a multed." Sam Gittleson occasionally assisted his mother in "tending the counter," but when it came to making malteds it was the one job he left entirely to her.

I can still see her in back of the candy counter arguing with the Wops.

"How many times I told you you shouldn't lean on the counter? So if you break the gless, then you be satisfied, ha?"

THE counter was stocked with all kinds of penny candies. There were chocolate sponges, Hershey bars, silver-covered kisses, colored discs with mottoes on them, shoestrings (dots of speckled candies on long strips of papers), twists, Tootsie Rolls, butterscotches. There were Indian nuts to be scooped up in a wooden container, glass dishes holding nine-for-a-penny, a wooden box with sticky "halvas" (a Turkish confection), charlotte russes ("charlie ruses" Mrs. Gittleson called them), and apples-on-a-stick.

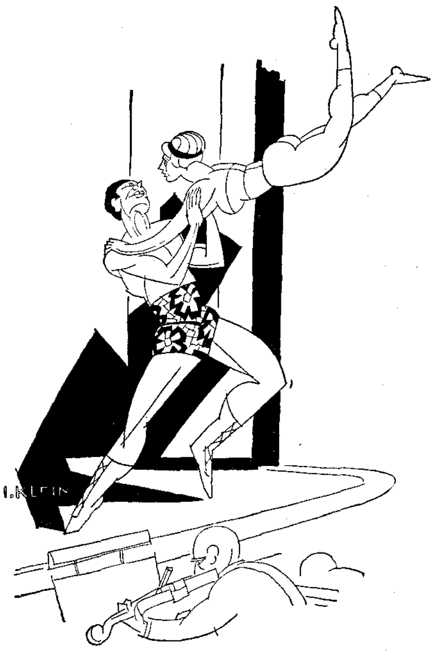
On the left of the counter were the cigarette files. The Turkish Trophies, plain and corked-tipped, were in demand in my neighborhood. There was also a call for Meccas, Hassans, and Sweet Caporals. I can still see the picture of the Helmar girl on the wall of the candy-store.

In summertime you bought bounce balls. Mrs. Kehoe, the school teacher, helped to create a demand for rubber balls. Once a ball fell into her garden, it was gone. She seized it, pulled a hairpin from her head, punctured it, and threw it back. She was mean and we hated her.

Then there were "cockamanies," painted strips of paper you applied to your wrist, and rubbed with spit until the image was transferred to your hand. It was an exciting form of tattooing and there was quite a demand for them.

On Halloween Mrs. Gittleson sold a lot of chalk. You turned your coat around—wore it backward. If you didn't, you would be pelted with a stocking filled with flour, or else your coat would be chalked. Halloween saw only the heroic, the reckless in the streets.

MRS. GITTLESON kept a "trust" book. You'd order five or ten cents' worth of candy (if you had a



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FOR A QUICK CLEAN-UP: When traveling, Pond's Skin Freshener is deliciously refreshing. Always carry a small bottle in your suitcase or handbag.

Pond's SKIN FRESHENER

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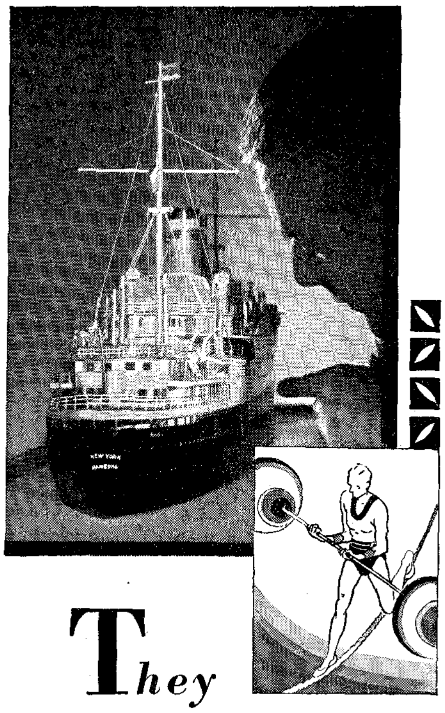

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party you would buy five cents' worth of the stuff called "chicken corn" and get a heaping bagful) and say "It's for trust." "Fa trust," Mrs. Gittleson would repeat. She would then take her "trust" book, thumb the pages, until she found your name (it would be written in Yiddish), and then apply the amount against your credit. She had a very bad memory and I imagine that she lost a number of dollars because of her "trust" book.

Mrs. Gittleson often let us look through the *Evening Journal.* At her newspaper counter I followed Desperate Desmond and his adventures, suffered with Little Nemo his horrible nightmares, followed Gus Mager's monks and their didoes, and watched McManus' Newlyweds before he created "Bringing Up Father."

Mrs. Gittleson had a stock of words which she frequently used to express her contempt. If any of the Jewish dowagers ventured out wearing a hat, Mrs. Gittleson expressed her scorn in the word "Yenkee!" If you ordered an ice-cream "korn" and the ice cream fell to the sawdusted floor because it was insecurely scooped, she called you "slob." Or if you asked for a piece of paper to hold the sticky apple-on-the-stick, her retort was "Fency!" The most devastating of all, of course, was "*goy*."

YES, Sam Gittleson is a successful lawyer and when you speak of him it is in tones of great respect. Yet I can't help thinking that he is not nearly as successful as Mrs. Gittleson.

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

LOVE AFFAIR

Here I go and there—
There he goes and here,
Who is just a little
Less to me than dear,

Who is just a little
Less than something lost,
Shut between a whisper
And an orchid's cost,

Who is just a trifle
More than jest or rhyme,
Debtor to a moment,
Creditor to time—

Coming just a little
Early or too late;
Slightly, very slightly
Dull, and yet—my fate!

—DOROTHY DOW

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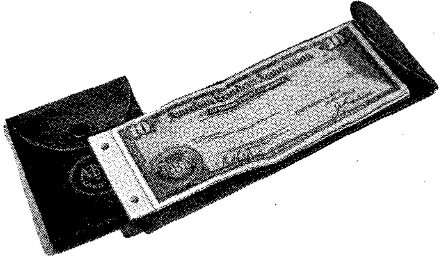

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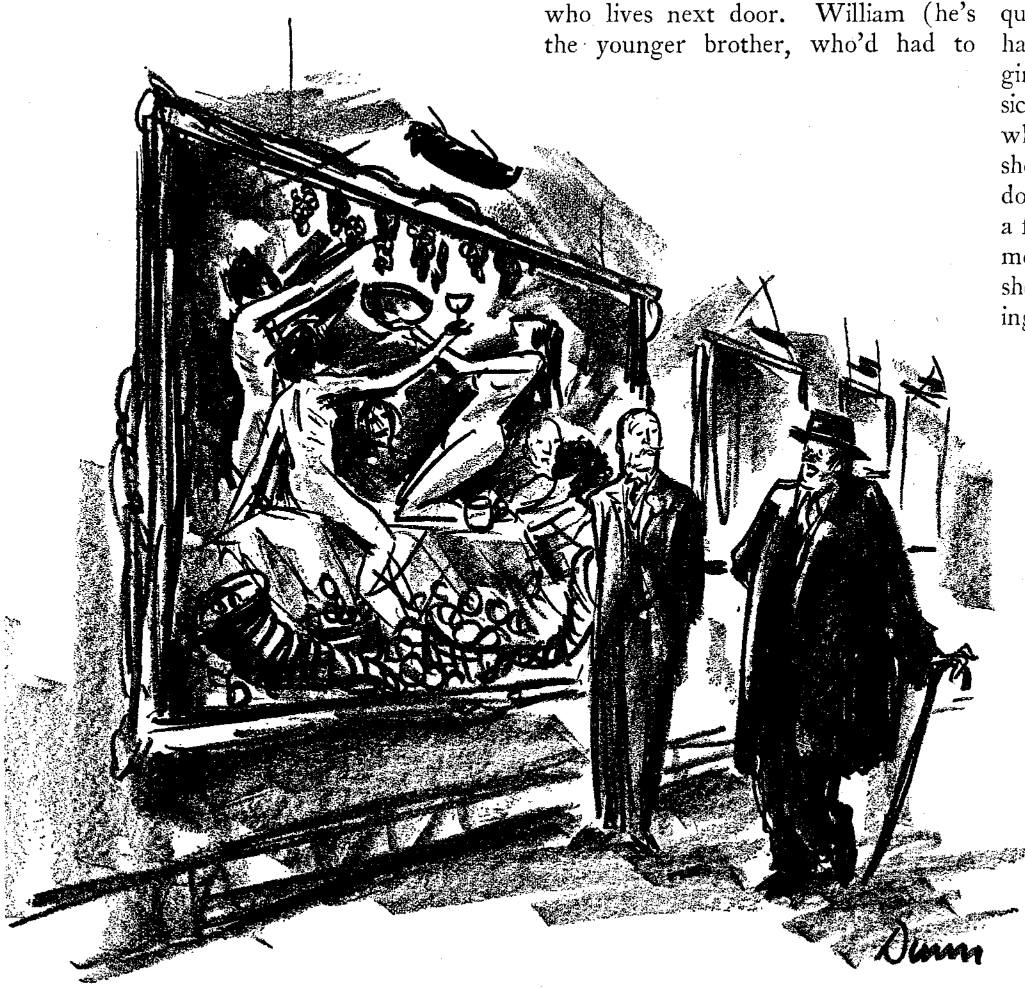
BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS

Life at Dead Centre

THIS is the season of the year when the big shots of literature, from their retreats at Cannes or Capri, in Cornish fishing villages or the Italian hill towns, begin sending in their manuscripts, full of searching analysis of the American scene, in plenty of time to be got out for the Christmas trade. Before we know it, we'll all be over our ears in important names, and I for one rather dread it, though I'm not sure I can quite tell why. It's not that the established novelists aren't good enough reading, as a general thing; undeniably they are, particularly if you have time and leisure to examine them. But so are the people you meet at large, formal gatherings pleasant enough too, if you can get them alone. The trouble is that, at the party, there's so much weighty talk, and so much decorum; there's the deadening assurance that nothing untoward will happen, that no one will say anything unexpected, and all the time you're wondering if you wouldn't have had much more fun somewhere else—maybe off alone with someone nobody ever heard of. I know I'll often be feeling the same way in the solemn press of notables to be published during the next few months. If I weren't afraid you'd all get mad at me, I'd just duck the whole thing, and spend all my time till the crush is over reading people who've never had a book published before.

AT any rate, there's one first novel I'd like to call to your attention this week. It's "Laugh and Lie Down," by Robert Cantwell, published by Farrar & Rinehart, and it seems to me to have considerably more than "promise": it's a very good book in its own right.

The plot of the thing is simple enough to be almost nonexistent. It's about two young fellows—both of whom, since their father's death, have been kept pretty busy supporting their mother and the younger children—and their mixed-up love affair with the girl who lives next door. William (he's the younger brother, who'd had to leave college and go to work in a factory) meets her first. Her name is Berenice; they like each other, but before they get beyond a kind of adolescent dalliance, Kenneth comes home from a draughtsman's job out of town and, honestly unaware that his kid brother is capable of a serious affair of the heart, takes a liking to the girl himself.



"I'd buy it, but I'm afraid it would always give me the feeling I was living beyond my income."

So now it's Kenneth and Berenice who are running around together; William looks on, translating his disappointment into cynicism and his fierce preoccupation with the girl's welfare into resentment at his brother's occasional bouts of drunkenness. His attitude, in fact, is the old one of the discarded but still devoted suitor, but with all the traditional garniture of noble emotions supplanted by a hard, defensive irony. One comes to understand too, without the author quite telling you or any of his characters ever quite realizing it, that William would have been the happier choice for the girl: he understands her interest in music; he has a deeper sympathy with her whole nature than Kenneth. All that she ever perceives, however, is that she doesn't love Kenneth, and when at last a friend of the family lends her enough money to go away and study the violin, she finds her interest in that evaporating too, and soon returns, disgraced.

By that time it's all too great an imbroglio for remedying, anyway. William turns lazy, loses his job, dabbles in crime; Kenneth goes in for heavier drinking; Berenice becomes apathetic. In the end, the three of them put into effect a sudden and rather ginny resolution, and drive off madly, together. The car is wrecked on the road.

The thing which chiefly distinguishes the book, I think, is its almost perfect portrayal of the appalling inertness of the average life. In each of the characters, impulses are constantly being born, and dying before they can be liberated in action. William meditates a holdup, Kenneth plans to leave town, Berenice at times almost becomes aware that William is the one she loves; each of them senses

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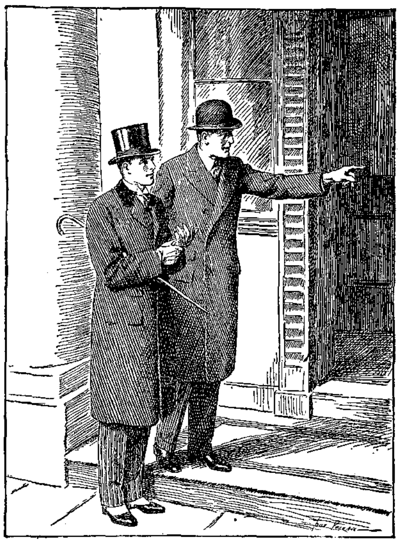

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helplessly that no one is getting anywhere, but always a tangle of counter-impulses nets them in: it is only when circumstances force them to it that they move at all. Even their final gesture of escape they realize to be foredoomed to failure. They know the car they're in is a stolen one, and is sure to be stopped; nevertheless, they go, hoping that whatever happens will settle their difficulties.

Reading back, I'm struck now with the fear that I've made this book seem a very melancholy one to you. It is, in its essence, of course; but as you read, the author's vigorous observation, and his strong, elastic style, together with the sense he contrives to give you of the play of drama underlying his characters' almost static relations, combine to make his story singularly alive and forceful. Obviously plausible artistically as such a conclusion is, however, I wish Mr. Cantwell hadn't chosen to resolve his situation by quite so abruptly mechanical a device as an automobile wreck.

THERE are some other books I'd like to mention, too. "A Season in Hell," by Jean-Marie Carré, translated by Hannah and Matthew Josephson, and published by Macaulay, is a life of that ever-unsolved enigma of French letters, Arthur Rimbaud. Its chief value is that it gives a somewhat more detailed account than I've seen before of Rimbaud's life after his flight to Africa; but if it does little to solve the mysteries of the man's poetic career, it at least does nothing at all to add to them, and makes him seem, in spite of his inexplicable vagaries, much more human than more melodramatic commentators have done.

You might like also "U-Boats Westward," by Ernst Hashagen, translated by Lieutenant-Commander Vesey Ross, published by Putnam. Mr. Hashagen was during the war a commander of one of the German submarines, and his book is a straightforward account of the strange life in the undersea boats. In spite of the almost day-by-day recital of the events on his cruises, the author manages to make his chronicle singularly vivid, perhaps because his own recollection of those days is still pretty dramatic. One gets the idea, from several passages in his book, that even now he'd relish loosing a few torpedoes at British merchantmen—a state of mind which, though hardly laudable, is somehow refreshing in these times of loud good-will and vociferous international amity. —R. M. C.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Judith Paris, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). A sequel to "Rogue Herries," carrying on the romantic adventurings of the mad Herries family in eighteenth-century England.

Two People, by A. A. Milne (*Dutton*). Rather buttery, but readable, tale of a young author, his lovely wife, and the perils of success.

A Calendar of Sin, by Evelyn Scott (*Cape & Smith*). *L'amour à travers les ages*—or at least through several generations of a Mid-Western family. Heavily documented as to background, but rather ponderous as to plot. Two volumes.

The Devil Man, by Edgar Wallace (*Crime Club*). Oddly enough, not a mystery story at all, but a fictionized account of the doings of Charles Peace, a famous miscreant fifty years ago in England. Very good.

The Glories of Venus, by Susan Smith (*Harper*). Life among the artistic expatriates in Mexico, pleasantly told.

Skyscraper, by Faith Baldwin (*Cosmopolitan*). Rather pretentious novel about life in the skyscraper era.

The Wet Parade, by Upton Sinclair (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A treatise, in novel form, on life under prohibition, showing mainly how hopeless the whole thing is.

Penhally, by Caroline Gordon (*Scribner*). The saga of a Tennessee family, from 1826 to the present. Very well written.

Perhaps Women, by Sherwood Anderson (*Liveright*). Rather confused prose sketches about women, and industry.

First Person Singular, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). A collection of short stories, gracefully and expertly contrived, having to do with the tense little trivialities of human conduct.

If I Were You, by P. G. Wodehouse (*Doubleday, Doran*). The tale of a tangle between a barber and an earl, told with the author's accustomed lightness and wit.

The Love of Mario Ferraro, by Johan Fabricius (*Simon & Schuster*). The wanderings of a guileless young Don Juan, described in interesting, if a little over-elaborate, fashion.

Susan Spray, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (*Harper*). The story of a country girl whose passions and whose religious fervor got mixed in ways that psychologists made clear some time ago.

S. S. San Pedro, by James Gould Cozzens (*Harcourt, Brace*). Shipwreck at sea described vividly but with almost too much restraint.

John Henry, by Roark Bradford (*Harper*). The mighty deeds of the legendary hero of the Mississippi River roustabouts. Very lively and colorful reading.

Snug Harbor, by W. W. Jacobs (*Scribner*). Omnibus collection of fifty-eight of his tremendously funny tales of the London docks. If you don't know his stories you'd better try them.

Brothers in the West, by Robert Raynolds (*Harper*). The Harper Prize novel for this year. Better than average fiction, but a little too pompous about it.

New England Holiday, by Charles Allen Smart (*Norton*). A story of a mixed group of youngsters, weekending in the country, very well handled and refreshingly told.

Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather

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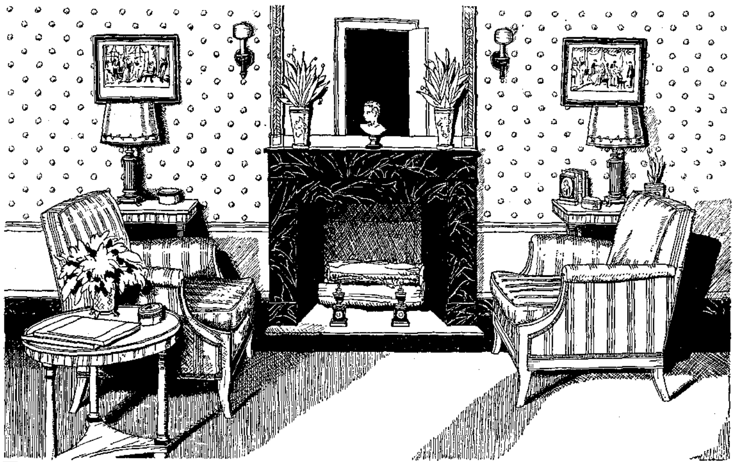
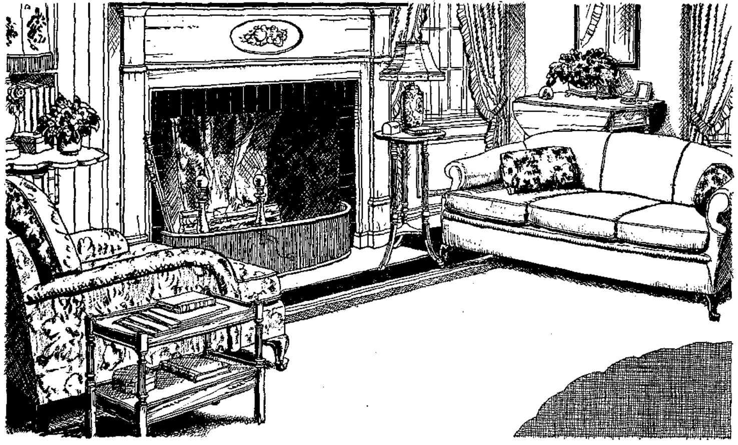


A charming Empire fireplace ensemble. The chairs, typical of the early Nineteenth Century, are covered in striped damask and are $105 each. The French period table, round topped, in mahogany, $19.75. The tables flanking the fireplace are mahogany, $24.75 each. Lamps with fluted bases, $25 each. The ensemble, 7 pieces $329.25



An Eighteenth Century feeling pervades this distinguished fireplace ensemble. The deeply cushioned sofa covered in ripple cloth is $155; the restful club chair in smart damask cover, $79.50, and the two-tier table alongside, $14.50. Table with lamp, in mahogany, $16. The porcelain lamp, complete with shade, $45. The ensemble, 5 pieces . . $310

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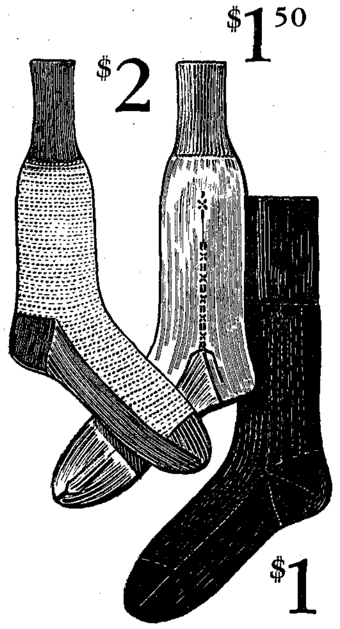

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GENERAL

COUNTER-STATEMENT, by Kenneth Burke (*Harcourt, Brace*). A penetrating analysis of the principles of the arts, reëstablishing forgotten truths and clarifying hazy issues.

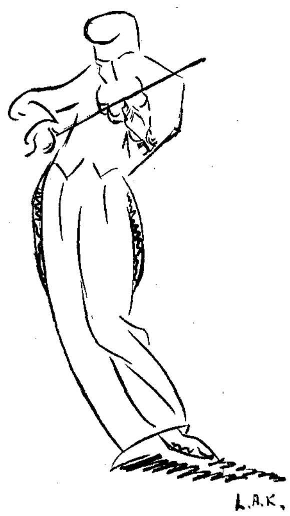
JAKE LINGLE, by John Boettiger (*Dutton*). Tale of the chase for Lingle's murderer, succinct as a court record, and more exciting than any mystery novel.

THE GREAT MOUTHPIECE, by Gene Fowler (*Covici, Friede*). The life of William Fallon, notorious criminal lawyer of a decade ago, racily but too romantically told.

GIUSEPPE VERDI, by Francis Toye (*Knopf*). A sympathetic but sound account and estimate of the most famous of Italian composers. The synopses of operas, with musical illustrations, are especially valuable, as they cover not only Verdi's famous works but many which are not easily accessible.

CHOPIN'S COLLECTED LETTERS, assembled by Henryk Opieński, translated and edited by E. L. Voynich (*Knopf*). Almost three hundred letters, of varying interest and intelligibility, but all helping to create a more plausible personality than you will find in many Chopin biographies.

LETTERS OF GIACOMO PUCCINI, edited by Giuseppe Adami, translated by Ena



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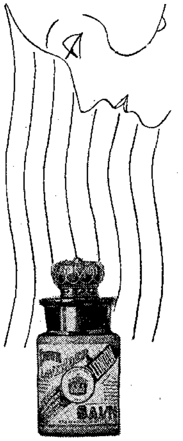

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THE BROWN DECADES, by Lewis Mumford (*Harcourt, Brace*). A very thoughtful and well-considered study of the arts in America during the years 1865 to 1895.

1900 A.D., by Paul Morand, translated by Mrs. Romilly Fedden (*W. F. Payson*). Life in Paris at the turn of the century, lightly and amusingly surveyed.

GRAFT IN BUSINESS, by John T. Flynn (*Vanguard*). The businessman judged by the same standards as a public official, with interesting results.

COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL, by Hamlin Garland (*Macmillan*). A continuation of the author's literary reminiscences, begun in "Roadside Meetings." Very interesting.

AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHT DAYS, by Wiley Post and Harold Gatty (*Rand, McNally*). The record of their trip makes interesting reading, after all.

FEBRUARY, 1917, by Aleksei Tarasov-Rodionov (*Covici, Friede*). A record of the first days of the Russian Revolution, by a participant, very dramatically done.

PRETTY PICTURES, by O. Soglow (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A collection of his delicately amusing drawings, many of which appeared in THE NEW YORKER. You'll want it.

REJECTIONS, by Alan Dunn (*Knopf*). A bookful of his most ironic sketches. Well worth having.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BUY A BOOK!, by Helen E. Hokinson (*Minton, Balch*). Her gay drawings, which you've seen in THE NEW YORKER, now in a book.

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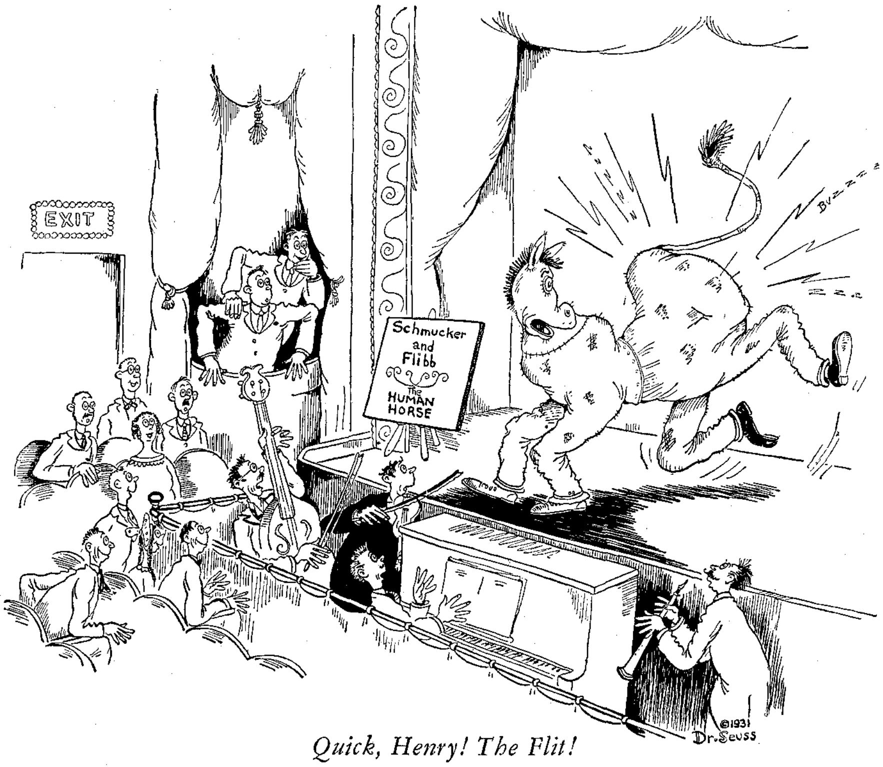
Good evening, Edw. W. Wallingford!

•

She was like an old-fashioned cameo in a gold band, sitting there in black, fastidiously holding her cigarette, the firelight flushing her cheeks.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Well, we like to think of Martha Washington as reaching for a sweet.



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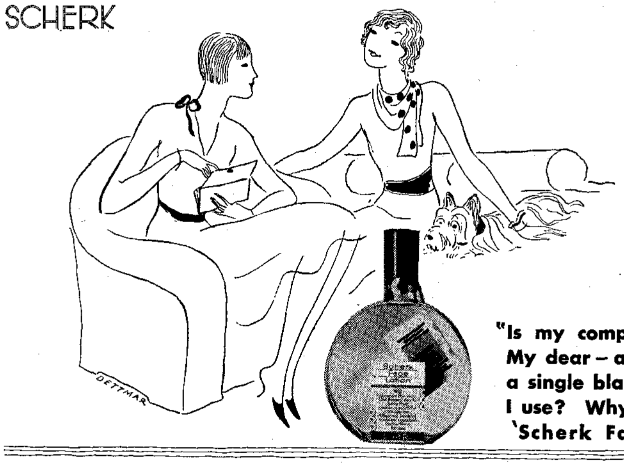

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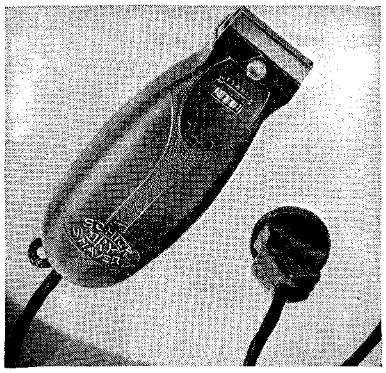

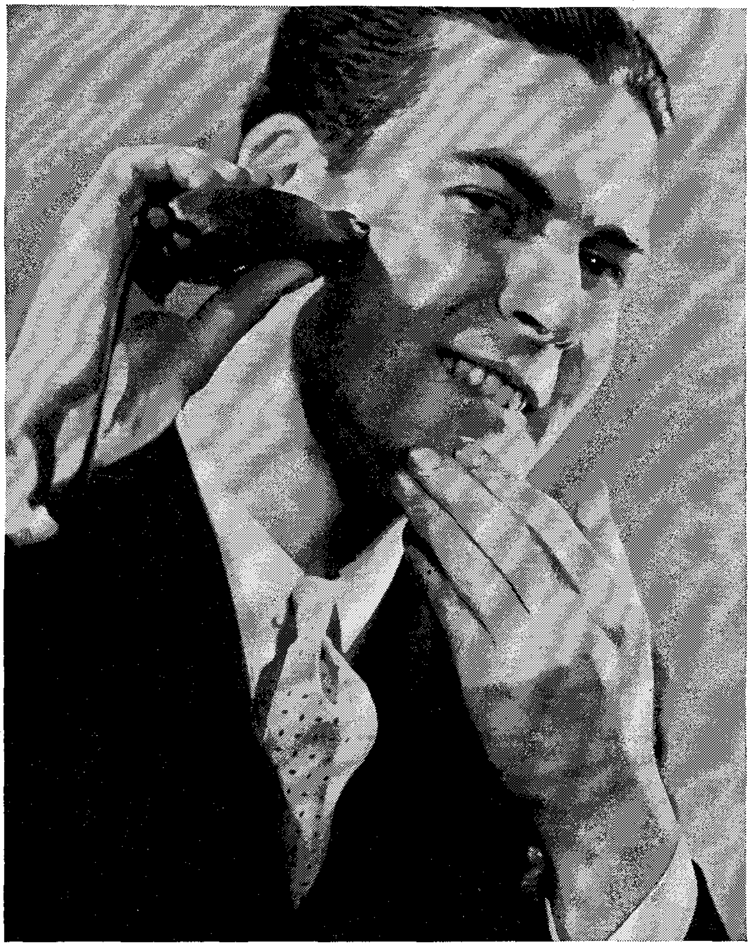

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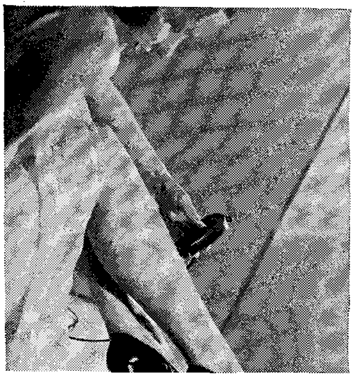

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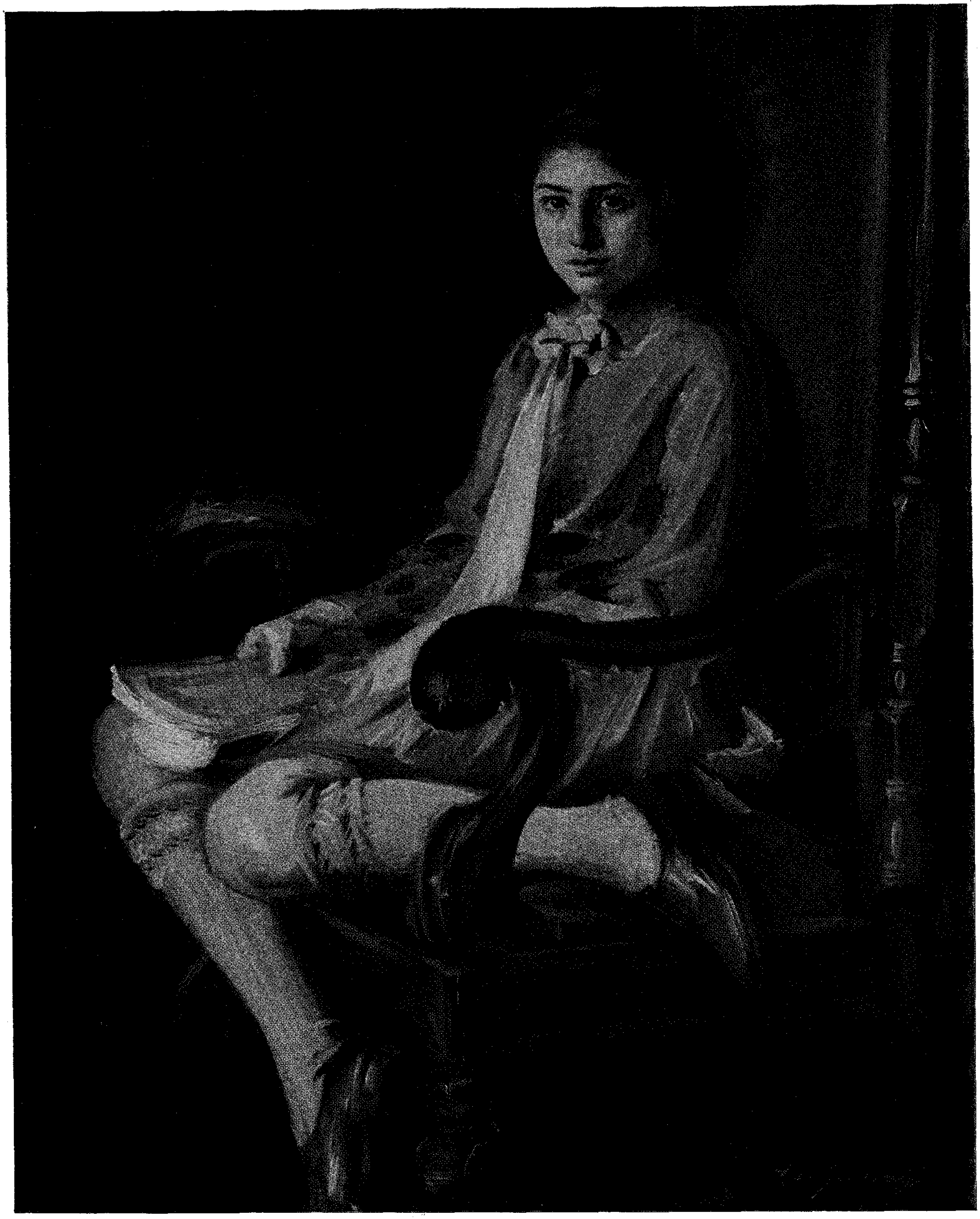

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THE NEW YORKER

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